

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

SAMUEL ELVERTON; OR, SISTERLY LOVE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

In Three Parts,—Part III.

BY HENRY J. BOGUE.

Take hence the cup! O deadly foe
Of happiness the whole!
Away—away! I feel its blow,
True palsy of the soul!
Henceforth I ask no more of thee,
Thou bane of Adam's race!
But to a heavenly fountain flee,
And drink the dews of grace!

MS. POEM.

The whole work of reformation which had been begun in Samuel's soul, was soon in ruins. He gradually lost sense of the danger and guilt of his situation: by joining in the merriment and glee, he soon abandoned himself without reserve, to the unhallowed emotions of the scene.

A maddening delirium took possession of his brain, and late at night he sunk down into insensibility, in complete and confirmed subjection to his besetting sin.

When he awoke he found himself in his bed, in the room where he was accustomed to sleep in his father's house. The light with which the apartment was filled, immediately informed him that the morning was far advanced; but its beams were connected with none of his accustomed associations of cheerfulness. He gazed about a moment, with a look of bewildered amazement, but the dizzing and aching sensation of his head, to which he had so often in former times awakened, the feverish irregular pulsations with which his whole body was throbbing, and the recollections of the past night, which began to flash upon him, although they were mingled with the terrific phantoms that had haunted him in his sleep, soon informed him what had passed, and where he had been spending his precious time.

"My ruin then is fixed," said he, with a most bitter emotion, as a cool conviction of the reality of the scene succeeded the indistinctness of his first recollections.

"Yes—my destruction is sure;—I have tried with all my power to contend against this demon, but in vain; I will try no more—all attempts are useless."

As he cast his eye forward unto the future, and there flashed upon it a glance of the consequences which attend the desperate resolution of giving himself up, without further struggle, to his fate—his own prospects in life ruined—his father and mother broken-hearted—and the gloomy view beyond the grave, to which his thoughts involuntarily

extended themselves—a fit of shuddering and sobbing came over him, which seemed about to separate the soul from the body.

He was, however, soon composed, and his mind settled down into a state of sullen despair. He arose from his bed, and went down to join the family, whom he once loved, and who were once so inseparably attached to him: but he found not the bright and cheerful looks which he had been accustomed to meet among them in happier days. His sister was sitting in the parlor in tears; his father, he was told, was at his mother's bedside—she had sunk under the shock which her son's relapse had given her, and was now a prey to wild insanity. Samuel stalked from room to room, overwhelmed with remorse and horror. In a few moments he met his parent in the passage, from one room to another, and with a voice trembling with emotion, he said to him,

"Father, I would have spared you this sorrow, if I could, but I have tried and cannot. I am unable to resist this temptation, and I have now nothing left but to drown the remorse that I feel, while the means are in my reach. Let me have one look at my devoted mother, and then, if you can but forget that such a one as I ever had existence, I will trouble you no more."

He pressed by his father, after having said this. The father was too much bewildered and confounded to make any resistance, and Samuel entered hastily his mother's apartment, and gazed a moment at her death-like appearance—her quivering lip—her fixed and glassy eye.

The mother turned her care-worn face towards him, and looking a moment, asked with a melancholy tone—

"Is this my son?"

Samuel turned quickly away, went down stairs in the greatest perturbation, and rushed out of the house—and he then formed a resolution never to return to his sorrowful home.

His first step was to resort to a tavern, and by an additional potion of what had been the cause of all his sorrows, to restore a kind of composure to his mind. He then went on board a packet, and engaged a passage to a distant city, where he resolved to give himself up, without restraint, to the dominion of intemperance.

"Whatever shall come upon me," thought he, "after death, I suppose I must endure; but I can at least drown conscience while breath animates this body."

But it would be tedious, and too great a trespass on the reader's patient attention, to trace particularly the remainder of his career, in the paths of dissipation. It was that of every other traveller on this broad road to ruin.

Intemperance soon brought upon him those sordid and degrading vices, which ever follow in her train; and the once generous, educated, noble-minded Samuel Elverton became a sot, despicable even in the eyes of profligates like himself. He found, likewise, the drowning of conscience no easy task. Hideous spectres would haunt him in solitude; he could not close his eyes at night without seeing the ghastly look, which his dejected and disconsolate mother had turned to him in their last interview; and the sound of the words—"Is this my son?"—was continually in his ears. He lingered a year or two in this way, but existence was a weariness to him.

On a summer's afternoon, after he had been sitting alone in his room, apparently in a deep reverie, he started up from his seat, and said to himself, in a calm tone—

"I can endure such a life no longer; I will know and try the worst that is to come upon me."

He went to his closet and took one of his pistols which were hanging there. He loaded it, examined carefully the lock and flint, and went back to his seat. He took from the drawer of his table, pen, ink and paper, to write a farewell to his father and sister;—the news of his mother's death he had read some months since in the papers. He continued uninterrupted at his employment, until supper was announced. He then concluded abruptly—folded, sealed and directed his letter, and laid it upon the table. He then joined the family, and partook with them the evening meal, in his usual silent dejection.

When the family arose from the table, he left the house, walked slowly through the city, until he came to its outskirts, near the Schuylkill, where a few boys were accustomed to assemble to enjoy their sports.

"O! were I one of you," thought he, as he passed them, "what I different life would I lead."

The boys took notice of his miserable look, and it occasioned a slight cessation of their mirth; but the stranger passed on, a short turn round a corner soon hid him from their view, and the sensation he had awakened, like all other impressions upon childhood, passed quickly away.

The report of a pistol, which followed, occasioned a little notice, and a passing remark;—the boys gradually dispersed to their homes, and in a few hours nothing was disturbing the stillness of the night.

The watchman, when going his accustomed rounds, heard the groans of a man in agony. He hastened to the place whence the painful noise proceeded, and to his horror he beheld Samuel weltering in his gore. He sprung his rattle, and instantly many of his

fellow watchmen were on the spot. They raised the man from the bloody place on which he lay, applied a handkerchief to his wound, and conveyed him to the house of a physician. By medical aid he was resuscitated. But during his unconsciousness he cursed the companions who allured him from the path of virtue. That intelligence caused the doctor to have a good watch at his bedside, and when reason resumed its sway, Samuel could scarcely look at his disinterested friends. Kind words were spoken to him, and he soon felt that he would recover. The wound was not mortal.

His absence from his lodgings, which was so frequent an occurrence, excited neither surprise nor alarm; and a lamp being left burning upon the hearth in his apartment, as usual, the family retired to rest.

On the following morning, at the hour of breakfast, the chamber-maid went to Samuel's room, and after knocking once or twice in vain, she softly opened the door, and was surprised to find that the bed, in which he should have slept, was undisturbed, and the dying flame of the lamp had not yet ceased its flickering.

She communicated the information to the family; the news of Samuel's disappearance was soon spread through the city, and in a short time three of the boarders were proceeding to the spot to which Samuel had directed his steps, under the guidance of some of the boys who had recollected the circumstances of the preceding evening. Samuel was not there.

The same watchman who had discovered Samuel, perceived their movements, and having heard their many anxious inquiries about Samuel, he joined them, told all that had occurred, and then guided them to the house in which their unfortunate friend was placed. The doctor would not allow them to see him, fearful that their appearance might be productive of injurious results, for they were considered to be the men who had allured Samuel to the scenes of dissipation.

When they returned to their home, all that had happened was told, and the excitement ceased.

Four days after, a female, half frantic, knocked at the door of Samuel's boarding house—admittance was gained—she was told of his sudden disappearance from the house, his attempt to commit suicide, and his present abode. Unwilling to take refreshment or rest, even for a short time, she hurried, like a pursued deer, to the doctor's residence. She gained admittance from the servant to Samuel's room;—and being overcome with fatigue, she fell upon his bed;—weakness prevented him from raising himself up—but when her

bonnet was taken off, he looked at her, and he beheld his **SISTER** !

Day and night she watched by her brother's bed-side. He grew better—a sister's love was amply recompensed. She wrote to her father—and in that letter she dwelt upon the son's promise to lead a life of virtue.

To the honor of her sex be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with woman too high or too dear—nothing is too arduous. The voice of pleasure may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction, never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, and fears not consequences.

Courage is most easily acquired by her who is already possessed of its firm basis, health; for when the body is enervated, the mind becomes enfeebled, torpid, and incapable of exertion; thus the invalid is rendered a prey to nervousness and fear, and trembles at the remotest symptom of danger; while the person in health looks with an intrepid eye on difficulties, sufferings and death, remaining undismayed by the appalling spectacle. For then she displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties, nor evades them:—that resignation which neither utters murmurs nor regrets:—and that patience in suffering, which seems victorious over death itself.

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One year passes away. A father, a son, and a sister enjoy happiness. Their benevolent breasts are fraught with a tenderness of feeling, whose luxury is known only to the virtuous. That son is rescued from the degradation and misery that heretofore attended his footsteps. He was led by degrees to resume that station in society for which nature had fitted him, but for which he was disqualified by an indulgence in habits which caused him to be shunned and despised.

Reader, if you do not wish to live in squalid misery, in degradation, and in infamy, and thereby suffer more than a thousand deaths, shun, O, shun, I beseech you, **THE INTOXICATING BOWL**.

SECRET LOVE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MAKE room—give her air—has any one salts?" were the cries that rang through the crowded ball room, startling the careless lookers on, and even arresting the dancers. The music stopped, and a rush was made toward one of the windows.

"Who has fainted?" asked my aunt.

"I don't know," replied a passer by.

"I believe it is Miss Henley," said a third, hastening forward with a glass of water.

"Miss Henley," replied my aunt, turning to me, "then I know it all. Poor, poor girl!"

"What do you mean," said I.

"Come hither into the balcony, where we will be unobserved, and I will tell you."

We stepped out into the night. Calmly and beautifully the moon was sailing on high, silvering the garden trees around, and flinging her mystic beams in patches along the gravel walk; while a light wind, ruffling the leaves pleasantly, and fanning my forehead with its cool breath, wantoned around. The contrast with the glare and bustle within was striking. We lingered a few minutes on the portico, but one or two persons approaching, we descended into the garden, and it was while walking to and fro in one of the paths, that my aunt related the following story.

"Amy Henley is one of the meekest of her sex, and four years ago, when she was just eighteen, few could vie with her in amiability or accomplishments. Nor is she without personal attractions, though these alone, perhaps, would never have distinguished her above the crowd. She has but one defect—she is somewhat lame. The deformity which produces this is, however, so slight that it is never betrayed except when she walks. But, if she is unfortunate in this respect, her richly stored mind and her fine imagination amply compensate for it. Indeed none can converse long with Amy Henley without being fascinated, and perhaps few girls have had more suitors, many of them such as any woman could be happy with. But it has been Amy's misfortune to form a secret attachment which has long controlled her heart, and which, I grieve to say, has ended in disappointment. But let me go back to the time when Amy was scarcely seventeen, and when no sorrow had ever dimmed her beautiful brow.

"The residence of her parents at that time was in the country, at a spacious and elegant mansion on the banks of the Susquehanna. They had but two children, Amy and her brother Henry, now the lawyer, whom you have met. At that time he had not finished his collegiate course, and, like all undergraduates, had a bosom friend, with whom you also have a slight acquaintance, Albert

Morford. As Henry always spent the vacations at home, and as Morford was an orphan, and had no friends to go to, an invitation was given him to accompany Henry to Henley Hall, and accordingly he came. You know that he is generally admired by our sex, is talented, and has peculiarly winning manners. He soon fascinated the whole household, even to the servants, and with the old folks he was indispensable. A few generous acts of charity, springing from a feeling heart, had recommended him to the mother; and his daring in field sports, for which Mr. Henley entertained a passion, established him in the heart of the father. Then he was always affable and kind, ever ready to yield his own pleasures to those of others, in short the very person to visit at a country seat in a somewhat secluded district. Nothing could be done without him. His advice was asked on every occasion, and, when he concluded his visit, his praises were trumpeted daily by the family until his return at the ensuing vacation. And for a while even Amy was as fervent, if not as loud, as any.

"The second visit of Morford established him, if possible, in greater favor than his first. He hunted with the father—he conversed respectfully with the mother—he was obliging to all the servants, but especially to the housekeeper—and he was always, when disengaged from the others, at the service of Amy, to read to her, ride with her, or attended her in her errands of charity around the neighborhood. Yet these attentions were always characterized by a frankness which precluded the idea that he was in love with her, though at length Amy, ignorant of the world, and endowed with a too susceptible heart, began to think otherwise. Poor girl! she had seen little of human nature, except as it existed in her own family, and she fondly dreamed that was a representative of the great world without.

"'Tell me not that men are as you describe them,' she said one day to Morford, when he had been picturing man as he exists in our own cities, 'for if you speak the truth—if there is so much hollow-heartedness, deceit, and wrong in this world, I wish not to live.'

"To a girl of such sentiments—so romantic and susceptible—Albert Morford was a dangerous companion. Not that he would knowingly have trepanned her affections from her, for his was a nature incapable of such baseness, but then his constant attentions to her—and she was at that age when attentions alone are almost irresistible—united to his eloquence, his manly beauty, his finished manners, and the reputation he enjoyed for talent, gradually established an interest in her heart, even before she was aware of it. Day and night she thought of him, all unconscious to herself, for as yet she knew not what love was, and innocently regarded it as the most natural thing in the world that she should think of her brother's bosom friend. It was not until the second year of Morford's visits that she even knew she

loved him, and then, and then, the delay of his arrival for a week, coupled with the knowledge that he had gone to the Springs with a distant cousin, who was said to be extremely beautiful, first aroused her to the state of her heart, by filling her with a strange uneasiness, which often subdued her to tears, and which at length she knew to be jealousy, that sure symptom of the presence of love—though, by the bye, love often exists without it. From this hour the unhappiness of Amy began. Hitherto she had never known sorrow, but life had been to her a beautiful dream. Now all was changed. Once aware of her love for Morford, she was tormented by continual doubts whether that affection was returned. At times she would imagine that he loved her, and then again she feared that he did not. Oh! how she watched his every movement—how she listened to catch the tone in which he spoke—how she looked for his return at dinner or supper when he had gone out with her father, brother or others. But still his demeanor was a puzzle to her, for unsophisticated as she was, she could not perceive that his attentions were only those of a near friend, and thus, exasperated by one thing to-day and depressed by another to-morrow, she lived on, loving deeper and deeper every hour of her existence. Often a word casually dropped by Morford, and to which he attached no meaning, would afford her food for delicious thought for hours; and then another word, uttered with as little thought, would cause her a sleepless night and a pillow wet with tears. Our sex is not understood by the other, for how much would they prize our love if they knew the agony of heart we suffer at times, even when the passion is reciprocated. A light word or passing jest, forgot by a suitor as soon as uttered, has wrung many a maiden's heart with torture for hours, nay days and weeks, until explained. But I wander from my story.

"Could Amy have read Morford's heart—and had she been more acquainted with the world or with his sex, she could have read it—she would have seen that he did not love her. Yet he admired and esteemed her—admired her for her talents, and esteemed her for her amiability. Had it not been for that unlucky lameness he might even have loved her; but Morford was quite as romantic, in his way, as Amy, and having formed to himself a beau ideal of a wife, in which personal beauty, or at least an absence of deformity was regarded as essential, he was protected from the arrows of the god, so far as Miss Henley was concerned. It never entered into his thoughts that Amy could love him, simply because he never thought of loving her, and he had none of that despicable vanity which is ever alive to one's own charms, and imagining that others are equally so. Thus days glided into weeks, and weeks became months, and Morford and Amy still continued in this dangerous proximity—the one pleased with the good

sense, accomplishments and virtues of the other, and thinking how dull Henley Hall would be without such an inmate; the other lavishing her whole soul on her visitor, dreaming of him by night and musing on him by day, with an adoration of which only a first love, and that love secretly indulged, is capable. Growing with her youth, and strengthening with her strength, the passion of Amy for Morford soon came to form a part of her being—to be so inextricably interwoven with her every thought that their separation would be death. Alas! for her.

"Thus time passed. Again and again they met and parted, and still Morford was ignorant with what devotion he was regarded by Amy. At length an incident happened to open her eyes.

"During one of his visits to Henley Hall, a ball was given in the neighboring country town, and, as it was to be a festive occasion of unusual splendor, it was resolved that the whole family should go. Amy never looked better, nor was in better spirits, than during the ride there, and for some time after she entered the room. It is true, her infirmity prevented her from dancing, but she loved to gaze on others engaged in this graceful pastime, and her accomplishments and conversational talents soon drew around her a little circle of admirers. It was now that Morford, who had been her attendant thus far, stole from her side, for he had noticed in another part of the room a lady of extraordinary beauty, who had been known to him by sight a long time, and to whom a mutual friend had promised him an introduction. They were now presented to each other, and Morford soon found that all he had heard of her wit, eloquence and accomplishments had not exaggerated them. He was soon completely fascinated by his new companion. They talked together, they promenaded together, and they danced together, and it was not long before he forgot even that Amy was in the room. He was soon, however, recalled to the fact. Amy had followed him with her eyes on his retirement from her circle, and all at once it was noticed that her spirits deserted her. This was when Morford was presented to Miss Wevill. His interest in her soon became apparent to the keenly sensitive heart of Amy, and she watched their movements with feelings that no words could describe. Her cheek now deadly pale and now flushed with crimson, would have revealed her secret to any keen observer, who had known the circumstances of her intimacy with Morford. But none such were there. She made several efforts to control her emotions, but all in vain. She saw that Morford loved her not, for there was a devotion in his every look when speaking to his companion, which he had never shown to her. At length her physical nature could understand her agonized emotions no longer, and when he and Miss Wevill swept by in the dance, both so deeply occupied with

each other that Morford seemed to have forgotten where Amy sat and passed her without a look, she could endure it no longer, but placing her hands on her heart, rose to leave the room. Before, however, she had advanced many steps, a deadly sickness came over her, and she fell fainting to the ground. A general cry of alarm broke from the spectators, and then Morford's attention was attracted to the insensible girl. He ran to her, and was among the most active in restoring her; but when she opened her eyes, and saw who it was that stood by her, she turned away with a shudder. On her retiring he would have accompanied her to the carriage, but she shrunk from him with undisguised aversion. Her mother now, for the first time, understood her daughter's heart, for what woman could shut her eyes to these symptoms? Morford too saw all.

"I have but little more to add. Morford did not return to the Hall that evening, and on the ensuing day left that portion of the country. He had no heart to bestow on Amy, even if he could have loved her, which estimable as she was, he could not; for, alas! love is a thing we cannot control, and makes slaves of us all. But it was a year before he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Wevill, so shocked had he been by the result of that evening's devotion to her. Nearly another year elapsed before their marriage, which, you know, occurred about a month ago.

"And since that fatal evening Amy has pined away. Change of scene has failed to bring the sunshine back to her heart or the smile to her eye. She has been, with her parents, to Niagara, and is now on her return home. It is most unfortunate that our fair hostess was ignorant of her story, else she never would have invited her and Mr. Morford here on the same evening. I have no doubt that this unexpected meeting with him and his bride has proved too much for the acute feelings of Amy—but let us go in again, and I will find an opportunity to enquire."

It was as my aunt said.

A few words, and this sad story is closed forever. Amy never looked up again. The marriage of Morford had been kept a secret from her, and this startling announcement of the fact proved too much for a frame already wasted with sorrow, and a heart long since buried to this world. She went home, and as fall drew on, an alarming cough made its appearance, the sure premonition of consumption. The snows of December fell on her grave.

Original.

SELF-CONVICTION.

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

It was Saturday evening, and I had returned home wearied, chagrined, and disappointed, from the conviction that I was reluctantly obliged to admit that I had been over-reached in a bargain of considerable importance; and where, too, I had felt doubly secure in having placed implicit confidence in the honesty of the individual in question, and also in having trusted in the sufficiency of *my own* judgment to appreciate the true value of the purchase. Alas! I was doubly deceived, and found I had indeed paid too dear for my hobby. Now, the conviction of a bad bargain, without any cause for self-reproach in the matter, would in other days have made me eloquent in the abuse of mankind. Even now I felt some risings of reprobation in my mind, that my confidence should have been so abused; but this implication of self with the subject, acted as a complete sedative, outwardly, at least, and like casting oil upon the waters, it calmed the waves on the surface, if it could not still their swelling below. Not being able to abstract my mind from the subject, I sat silently revolving the purchase again and again, to catch all its relative aspects and bearings, until I had quite philosophized, if not *christianized* myself into resignation, and in a quiet frame I sought my pillow. But no sooner were my outward senses sealed in sleep, than the subject again presented itself, and with all the variations of kaleidoscopic combination, demanded a new hearing. Again I could not escape from the dreamy conviction that I had indeed been *basely cheated*. So that after a perturbed and feverish night, I awoke on Sabbath morning unrefreshed in body and unfitted in spirit for the enjoyment of the day. But I resolved *not* to indulge a half inclination I had to stay from church. So determined was I to *go* that I found myself there much earlier than usual. The preacher had not yet arrived, and the congregation were only beginning to collect; and coming in singly, as they mostly did, I had ample opportunity to observe and ponder upon each individual that entered. And, verily, it seemed to me to be the gathering together of the way-side hearers. The lame, the halt, the deaf, and the blind were there. Their afflictions were various, their *want* was the same, and a similar impulse had probably drawn them together—a hope that the angel of the Lord might stir the Gospel pool for them, and that they might step in and be made spiritually if not physically whole. The first whose infirmities I particularly noticed was an aged female, who appeared to have lived beyond her three-score and ten years; for besides all the ordinary indications of age, she was lame, and came halting in with her crutch. After she had taken her seat, she appeared to be quite overcome with her exertions, and with the confined air of the church, and to gasp as it were for freer breath. She first wiped her face, then made use of her fan, and finally laid aside her bonnet, by which was exposed to

view a face that might have been a study for a painter. In it there beamed, through the shriveled features of age, and physical traces of suffering, such a sun-lit expression of spiritual triumph, that it forcibly reminded me of the last poetical breathings of Cowper's muse—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O, bear me ye cherubims up,
O waft me away to his throne!"

There came over her whole countenance such a sweet, chastened look of devout resignation, that my feelings were deeply touched; and in comparing her situation with mine, and also her spiritual condition with my own, I felt rebuked and ashamed to call myself a Christian. The next who entered was also a female, aged, but not infirm. She hastened in with a quick, if not elastic step, and took a seat just in front of me, and after reverently bowing her head in prayer, she raised her eyes to the pulpit as if in wonder why the preacher was so late. But *he* was not out of time—*she* had "*made haste*" to be there. She looked inquiringly about for a few minutes to see who had assembled, then seemed to call in her wandering thoughts, and settle down into a grateful remembrance of the past, as though she were counting up the mercies she had, through a long life, received from the hands of her Lord and Master, and to be looking forward to that rest that was soon to be hers. She was coarsely clad, and evidently belonged to the class, in the language of the world, of the indigent; but she seemed to have the Scriptural riches—she seemed content with the humble lot assigned her. Again I felt rebuked, and resolved to be more faithful to Him who "had made me to differ." A third female now made her appearance clothed in the habiliments of deepest mourning. Her countenance was expressive of the *anguish* of an *unsanctified* bereavement. Perhaps the partner of many years had been taken away by a sudden stroke; or, it may be, an only child had died, after protracted suffering. The unregenerate heart rebels against the removal of earthly friends, under whatsoever circumstances they may be taken. Whilst my fancy was drawing pictures of the probabilities of her case, my eye was caught by the tremulous motion of her head; and I now observed that unless steadied by her hand it had a constant vibratory motion, as though her nerves had rebelled against some dispensation of Providence, and the Lord had "let them alone" to witness against her. A third time I felt rebuked, and thanked God from the depths of my heart that I had been spared such a token of his displeasure, though in days that are past, perhaps my spirit had been equally rebellious as hers.

A hymn was now struck up, and another infirmity manifested itself. Sitting near the altar, I observed a man arching his hand at the back of his ear in the form of a trumpet, that he might catch the Gospel song; and I rejoiced in the reflection that there are no deaf ears, or blind eyes, or lame limbs in that heaven for which we should all strive.

The church now began to fill with the young, and

the gay, and the fashionable. Those who are not so much in earnest come not so early. The preacher soon arrived, and all wandering eyes were fixed on him. There was nothing very striking in his appearance. He made a suitable, but not a pathetic prayer, and it did *not* reach my excited feelings; but when he gave out that most beautiful of all hymns,

“O, for a closer walk with God,”

it touched, as it ever does, the right chord in my bosom, and awakened all that is good within me. I felt that I had wandered far from him, and that he was drawing me back by every fibre of my heart, and I yielded myself up to the sweet influences of the Spirit. The services now commenced. The first lesson for the morning was somewhere in Isaiah. It spoke of Christ giving sight to the blind, unstopping the deaf ear, and making the lame to walk, and must have been peculiarly acceptable to the class of sufferers, of which I have been speaking. We now had another of Cowper's touching hymns—

“God moves in a mysterious way,”

after which the sermon commenced. But scarcely had the text been given out, before a messenger was seen hurrying into the church, and after exchanging a few words with one of the brethren, they both went out together—an indication, I thought, of suffering at home, sudden sickness, perhaps, of some of his family. And although I had no personal knowledge of him or his, my sympathies were awakened for them, while there came up vividly before me former scenes of home suffering, and I felt fervently thankful that *this* summons was not for *me*. My feelings had been so wrought upon by all that I had seen and heard since I came into the church, that, although the sermon was but an ordinary one, rather doctrinal than practical, I had listened with a right spirit, and proved a profitable one to me, and I returned to my home refreshed in spirit, and strengthened in every good purpose of my soul; and although I still viewed my purchase in the same worldly light of a *bad bargain*, it had completely lost its power to disquiet me. When I entered the walls of the sanctuary, I had cast, as it were, my burden from me, and thus got rid of an oppressive load that no human hand could have removed from me. Let none absent themselves from the church, because they do not *feel* like going. It is the certain indication that they *ought* to be there. It is only safe to stay at home when our *spirits are right*, and some unavoidable hindrance is in the way of our going. How highly should we prize the privilege, if it were of rare occurrence! And shall we slight the goodness of God for the abundance of his mercies in permitting us to draw near to him more frequently? Let us, then, not neglect the assembling ourselves together on his holy day, if we would expect his blessing.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

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SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all it sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.
Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they.

MOORE.

"MANY are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and still more truly might it be said, "Many are lovers who have never breathed their adoration."

If there be much "unwritten poetry" in the world, there is also much *unuttered love*, much that should have been spoken to hearts where it would have found a response, much that would have contributed to honor and happiness, much that has existed in secrecy and silence, glimmering, like the lamp in an ancient sepulchre, only over the ashes of departed hopes.

Mr. Allison was one of those persons who are usually considered "lucky men," though his luck lay in his industry, perseverance and economy, while the talisman which secured his success was most probably inscribed with the word, "*Patience*." He had grown rich slowly, not from the sudden influx of speculative wealth, but by the gradual accumulations of toilsome years, and his progress from poverty to riches had been marked by no startling transitions. Upright in all his dealings, and justly conscious of his own native respectability, he sought no devious ways to fortune, and, when her favors were gained, he aimed at no ostentatious display of them. He lived in plain but handsome style, spared no expense in the education of his family, gratified them with every luxury that was consistent with his ideas of propriety, and, contrary to the practice of most American merchants, indulged *himself* with sufficient leisure even amid the cares of business, to enjoy the society of his wife, his children and his friends. Remembering his own early struggles, he was always ready to extend a helping hand to the young and unfriended, so that many a poor boy, who now enjoys the blessings of competence, has looked back with joy to the day which brought him within the notice of the benevolent merchant.

Among those whom Mr. Allison had most efficiently aided was a youth, named Ernest Melvyn, who, when scarcely fourteen years of age, had been

so fortunate as to secure a situation in his warehouse. In little more than two years after he entered Mr. Allison's employ the boy had the misfortune to lose his father, and thus the maintenance of a sick mother and an almost infant sister devolved upon him. Mr. Allison, with that promptness which always doubles the value of a generous act, immediately promoted Ernest to a more responsible station, and increased his salary, while he appropriated to the use of the widowed mother comfortable apartments in one of his own houses. But his kindness did not stop here. Finding that the family of his young clerk were highly respectable though now reduced to great indigence, and that the boy's early education had been suited rather to his father's former station than to his present fortunes, Mr. Allison determined to give him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. He invited Ernest to his house, gave him the use of his library, directed him to the most instructive books, and, in short, left nothing undone which could contribute to his future welfare.

Deeply grateful to his benefactor for all his kindness, and fully sensible of the importance of such advantages, Ernest showed his thankfulness both by his close attention to his duties, and his ready acceptance of Mr. Allison's offers. He became a regular resident in the family; a timid, quiet, unobtrusive haunter of that pleasant fireside, where he always found a kind welcome, cheerful companions and excellent books. Every body liked him, from the merchant, who was pleased with his fidelity to business, and Mrs. Allison, who found him very useful in the execution of those thousand little commissions of which husbands are so provokingly forgetful, down to the smiling servant maid who opened the door at the knock of the pale and pleasant-faced clerk. His quiet cheerfulness and unruffled good-temper made him a great favorite with Mr. Allison's daughters, but his most especial friend in the family was the "youngling of the flock," the petted and lovely little Mary. Though scarcely four years old when Ernest

became so associated with them, Mary attached herself to him, with all the warmth of childish affection. Ernest loved her for her resemblance to his own little sister, who had been the idol of his boyhood, and who had early followed his father to the grave. He seemed to have transferred to Mary Allison the love which had once been lavished upon his lost darling, and fondly did the child respond to his tenderness. She was in truth one of the loveliest of creatures, with large, soft, blue eyes, a profusion of golden curls, and lips like the berries of the cornel-tree, while her frank and joyous temper, her sunny cheerfulness, and the overflowing affection which seemed ever gushing up from the depths of her innocent heart, added new charms to her infantine beauty. She was the idol of her parents, the delight of her elder sisters, the plaything of the servants, and, above all, the cherished pet of Ernest Melvyn. Hour after hour would he sit with Mary nestled upon his knee, while he displayed to her wondering gaze the beautiful engravings in her father's costly volumes, or traced on her little slate many a rough but spirited sketch of castle and cottage, to be effaced and renewed with every childish whim. He carved fairy baskets of cherry-pits, fashioned clay models of Indian figures, and practiced, for the gratification of his favorite, those thousand little devices which can be accomplished by a skilful hand, good taste and patience. When infancy gave place to childhood, with its increasing cares, it was Ernest Melvyn who became the confidant of all little Mary's anxieties and pleasures. It was he who wrought out the tedious sum, and explained the wonderfully abstruse rules of that hated grammar, and aided her in remembering those troublesome chronological tables, and, in short, removed every stumbling-block, while he lightened every burden of her school life.

In the mean time Mr. Allison's elder daughters were growing up to womanhood, as beautiful as they were gentle and good. Their personal attractions, their gracefully feminine characters, and the known wealth of their father, all contributed to draw around them a crowd of admirers, whose motives were as various as their minds. Amid such persons Ernest never mingled. Retiring in his manners, and humble in his feelings, he never obtruded himself into the gay circle which gradually formed itself around the young ladies. His visits were as frequent as ever, but his evenings were usually passed in the library, aiding Mary in her lessons, giving her such primary instructions in drawing, as his fine but uncultivated taste would permit, or reading some useful book, which, if rather above the child's comprehension, was yet listened to with pleasure because Ernest was the reader. Mr Allison beheld with pleasure the innocent attachment which existed between them. He believed it to be an advantage to both, since it gave Mary a new impulse and aid to mental cultivation, while it preserved Ernest from many of the temptations which assail the youth of a large city; and even the prudence of age could see nothing to fear from the affection which had thus been awakened in the days of infancy. But the love which had thus

sprung up between the child of four summers, and the boy of sixteen, had lost none of its tenderness when Mary could count her twelfth birthday. "How I love," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "how I love a little girl of twelve;" and those who have made children a study will heartily agree with him. It is the sweetest of all ages, the loveliest of all periods in woman's life: because it is perhaps the only season when the developing mind and expanding heart display their beautiful feminine traits without one shadow from the coming cloud of passion, when the flowers of affection give out their richest perfume, unmingled with the envenomed sweets with which future years will imbue them.

Ernest Melvyn had grown up tall and handsome, but with the pale cheek and thoughtful brow of the habitual thinker. His eyes were usually veiled beneath their full and drooping lids, but they were full of intelligence and sweetness, while his form was as graceful and his step as free as if he had never trod other soil than that of the green hills where his sunny hours of childhood had been passed. His application to business had given him a degree of gravity beyond his years, and his love of reading had made him a quiet observer of society rather than an actor in its busy scenes. His time was divided between his duties in the warehouse, his attention to his infirm mother, and his visits to Mr. Allison's family; the first tended to create stability of character, the second to cultivate the domestic affections, and quicken his delicate sense of duty, while the last gave him the inestimable advantage of polished and virtuous female society. Could he have overcome his reserve, and learned to think less humbly of himself, Ernest Melvyn might have shone in the gayest circles, for, even in a place where wealth too often determines a man's social position, the protégé of the rich Mr. Allison would have found little difficulty in winning his way. Had Ernest understood the "*art of pushing*," an art, by the way, which deserves to be made the subject of a course of lectures, he could easily have become a general favorite in society, and might, in all probability, by some fortunate marriage, have compassed what the world pleasantly calls "*Independence*," in other words, a lifelong subsistence upon the alimony of a wife. But Ernest was too modest, too single-minded to think of such things. The liberal stipend which he received from Mr. Allison more than sufficed for all his mother's necessities, and his own wants were very few. A small sum was annually left in his benefactor's hands, to form a fund for his mother's future support in case of his death, and with this provision he was perfectly content. As his tastes developed, his gradually increasing means enabled him to gratify them without encroaching upon this consecrated hoard. Books, purchased chiefly at auction, and remarkable rather for their solid worth, than their exterior decorations, had accumulated around him, a few choice paintings which he had found among the rubbish of a deceased picture dealer, now adorned the walls of his neat apartment, a collection of minerals, made with no other expense than that of healthful fatigue, a small

but very complete cabinet of shells, miniature casts from the antique, moulded by himself in moments of leisure, and a portfolio of exquisite pencil-drawings by his own hand, all attested the elegance of his tastes and the innocence of his pursuits.

To Mr. Allison's daughters Ernest Melvyn appeared in the light of a valued relative, a sort of "Cousin Tom," useful on all occasions and obtrusive on none, universally liked, and allowed to come and go with all the freedom of a family friend, less noticed when present than missed when absent. But to the little golden-haired Mary he was an object of far more importance, and even when the flush of womanhood began to brighten the cheek of the little maiden, and her innocent bosom thrilled with those "impulses of soul and sense," which mark the first step beyond the limit of girlish gayety, Ernest was still the friend, the confidant of all her joys and sorrows. Exceedingly sensitive in character, with feelings keenly alive to every emotion, full of affection and gentleness, and quick to receive impressions, Mary Allison was a creature of impulse rather than judgment. The circle which had long surrounded her sisters now opened to admit her also. Two of Mr. Allison's daughters were on the verge of matrimony, while two still remained free to win new lovers to their feet, when Mary made her entrance into society. Conscious that she possessed no small share of the beauty which had made her sisters so attractive, vague dreams of future triumphs and successes began to mingle with her gentler feelings. The spirit which often leads a beautiful woman into the mazes of coquetry, was striving in the heart of the fair girl, and but for the quiet counsels of Ernest, who was now her mentor in the perilous days of womanhood, even as he had been her playfellow in the sunny hours of childhood, she might have become a vain and frivolous votary of fashion. But there was something in the calm reproach of Ernest's thoughtful eye, which restrained the wayward follies of the flattered belle, and Mary felt, long ere she acknowledged even to herself the truth, that, whatever might be the charms of adulation, the approval of one noble heart was worth them all. When lovers came around her, Ernest gently withdrew from all apparent competition, content to watch from afar, lest danger or deception should touch the object of his hallowed interest. Keeping always aloof from the throng of admirers who now found their way habitually to a house where such varied attractions were ever to be met, Ernest seemed abstracted and indifferent. The incense offered by the professed dangles, the attentions of beaux, the heavy *bon-mots* of would-be wittings, fell on his ear unheeded; but when one of lofty mind and noble character, a man worthy of respect and affection, when such an one offered his homage at the shrine of youthful beauty, Ernest was all eye, all ear, aye, and all heart.

Was Ernest in love with Mary Allison? Who can tell? surely he was too unassuming, too calm, too free from jealousy to be in love. Yet what meant his eager watchfulness over her every look and word, his keen perception of her every impulse, his

deep devotion to her every wish? It was most strange, and yet might not a warm fraternal affection for one who had taken the place of his dead sister in his heart, account for all his feelings? Such was Ernest's belief, and if he deceived himself, his was the punishment as well as the error.

One after another, the beautiful daughters of Mr. Allison were wedded, until only Mary, the lovely Mary, whose very changefulness of temper formed one of her brightest charms, alone was left. From her sixteenth year Mary had received the homage of flattery and affection. Some had wooed her for her fortune, some for her gayety, some for her warm-heartedness, but all had alike been unsuccessful. When questioned as to her motives for this indiscriminate coldness, she would only laugh, and toss back her golden locks with a look of mischievous mirth that seemed the index of a light and unfettered heart. Utterly free from the coquetry which can deliberately win hearts but to wound them, she yet loved admiration, and could seldom resist the temptation of making herself agreeable. Indeed she could scarcely avoid making conquests, for her usual sweetness of manner was sufficient of itself to attract all who came within its influence. As Miss Edgeworth has beautifully expressed it, "even from the benevolence of her own disposition she derived the means of giving pain, as the bee is said to draw the venom of its sting from its own honey." Too sensitive for frivolous coquetry, Mary was in far more danger from those sentimental flirtations which are so fascinating to the romantic and the imaginative, and often so fatal to the peace of those who indulge in them. Few women—I mean warm-hearted, high-souled women—have escaped the influence of these "opium dreams of too much youth and reading," as they are contemptuously called by the worldly and the cold. Few but have, at the early dawn of womanhood, cherished a pure and passionless affection, which the world may have sneered at as "Platonic," and the prudent may have censured as indiscreet, but which was a source of infinite happiness while it endured, and which, perhaps, by the very anguish of its dissolution, afforded the best of all discipline for the future trials of the heart. Yet, like all other exquisite pleasures in this changing world, such joy is only to be bought at the price of future pain. Rarely does such an attachment terminate without suffering—rarely does that passionless dream fade into the splendors of a brighter reality—rarely does the heart awake from its trance of sublimated feeling to find loftier and sweeter impulses in actual life and perfect love.

From such perils, to which her romantic temper would probably have exposed her, Mary Allison was preserved by the watchfulness of Ernest. Indeed their mutual regard seemed to possess much of the character of such an affection as has just been described, but without its dangers. He was her friend, her counsellor, the guide of her wayward feelings; but there was none of that high-wrought sensibility, that fervent language which would be impassioned were it not so pure, that ardor of feeling which

gives to such a friendship the semblance of love—but of love *wingless*, and with bow unbent. Ernest never ventured to be other than the friend, the honored, trusted and humble friend. Not that he was a servile, mean-spirited contemner of himself because of his property—for he was in truth as high-souled, lofty-minded, and proud-hearted a being as ever wrestled with fortune—but gratitude had quickened his perception of duty, and, in the echoes of his own heart, he learned the nature of his own humility.

Mary had attained her twenty-second year when she received another offer of marriage from a gentleman whose character and standing in society made him a most eligible match. He was refused, but so kindly and gently, that he resolved not to be repulsed. He persevered in a course of delicate attentions which even Mary's fastidiousness could not reject, and he demanded the consideration due to friendship till he could make good his claims to a warmer interest. He was certainly not distasteful to Mary, and had she been called to choose one from among her professed lovers, Charles Walton would probably have been the object of her choice. But she was conscious that she was capable of a much stronger emotion than he had inspired, and a very slight examination into her heart showed her one sealed recess which she dared not venture to unlock. Within that holy of holies, which every mortal shrouds within his bosom, she knew that an image was enshrined on which maiden pride forbade her to look, and the fair girl turned away dismayed from her self-imposed task. But her lover was patient and persevering, and, after months of assiduous wooing, he sought her father's aid. Mr. Allison had never interfered to control the inclinations of his children. If the suitor was only a man of integrity and honor, mere pecuniary disparity was never allowed to influence his opinions, but, in this case, he certainly was disposed to wish that Mary might decide in Mr. Walton's favor. He wished to retire from business, and Walton was very competent to supply his place in a concern which might still be conducted for the benefit of the family, if Mary would become the wife of the new partner. Actuated by these motives he promised his influence to the ardent lover; but the more he reflected upon his task the more reluctant he felt to perform it. He could not bear to influence the affections of his favorite child, and yet he earnestly wished her to think as he did. Like most men in a similar predicament, he adopted a middle course, and quieted his scruples by committing the trust to another.

One evening, just at twilight, Mary was in a small apartment communicating with the drawing-room, when her father approached in close conversation with Ernest Melvyn. They took a seat in the parlor, and, as the door was ajar, Mary could not avoid hearing her own name several times repeated. She was about entering the room when she heard her father say, "I wish, Ernest, you would use your influence with Mary. I am sure she prefers Mr. Walton, and it is only a woman's whim which prevents her acceptance of him."

"Are you sure she is attached to Walton?" asked Ernest, in a low and hurried tone.

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken about it; she likes him better than any lover she has ever had, for she confessed as much to me yesterday. It is full time she came to some decision, and I wish she would accept him. He is exactly the kind of person whom I should have selected for her, and I am sure he will make her happy. She is greatly influenced by your opinions, Ernest, and I really wish you would advise her to marry Walton."

Mary listened breathlessly for Ernest's answer. After a long pause she heard him say, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will do so." Mary staid for no more. Hurrying to her room, she flung herself on the floor in an agony of excited feeling. The secret of her heart was now revealed to her, and the anguish which overwhelmed her proved how fondly she had cherished the delusion. She now knew what before she more than suspected; she no longer doubted that her heart and happiness had long been in the keeping of the modest and gentle Ernest. But with this knowledge came the startling fact that Ernest loved her not.

"He could coldly promise his influence to give me to another—me, whom he has cherished from childhood—me, who have loved him from my very infancy! Yes, his is but a brother's love, and never shall my nature be disgraced by the disclosure of an unrequited passion. It shall be plucked away even if entwined with the very fibres of my heart." Such were the reflections of the unhappy girl, as the violence of her emotions subsided. Could she have seen the bitter struggle in the breast of Ernest—could she have divined the hidden agony of his spirit when he controlled his voice to utter those cold words—could she have known the sudden wretchedness of that moment which first revealed to him the depth and breadth of his own absorbing passion, she would have decided differently. One word then would have secured the happiness of both; but the word was *unspoken*, and the destiny of both was sealed.

That very night Charles Walton renewed his suit to Mary and *was accepted*—the next morning Mr. Allison informed Ernest that his influence was no longer necessary in the matter. The next week preparations for the marriage were commenced.

For several days Ernest absented himself from Mr. Allison's house, but just as every body was beginning to wonder what could ail him, he came, and took his accustomed seat, as quiet and perhaps rather more silent than was his wont. He looked pale and care-worn, but his mother's renewed paroxysm of illness was sufficient to account for his appearance, and though his lip quivered and his hand trembled as he offered his congratulations to Mary, yet no one could have dreamed that beneath his calm seeming he concealed an immolated heart. Mary's pride rose to her aid when she beheld Ernest's undisturbed demeanor. She almost despised herself for the weakness which made her shudder as with an ague, when he offered his wishes for her future happiness; and, resolutely closing her bosom against all such

emotions, she determined to perform the duties she had undertaken with a firm and unyielding spirit.

The increasing illness of the invalid, Mrs. Melvyn, soon confined Ernest so closely to his home, during his leisure hours, that he thus escaped the torture of witnessing the arrangements for Mary's marriage. It was perhaps fortunate for both, since the tie between them was now to be severed, that it should be done thus gradually, and from a sense of duty to others, rather than from selfish feelings. At times Mary half suspected that Ernest loved her, but the stern, self-sacrificing devotion of him who believed that she had chosen wisely and well, destroyed the fancy ere it became a hope. "She has fulfilled the wishes of her father—she has found love and happiness," said Ernest to himself, "and not one shadow from the cloud which impends over my fate shall ever darken her path." And with a courage far more exalted than that which binds the martyr to the faggot and the stake, did this noble-hearted being crush his own heart within him, lest he should mar the hopes of her whom he loved better than life.

Ernest did not see Mary wedded. On the very night of her bridal his mother died, and, in the awful stillness of the death-chamber, the voice of passion was hushed into silence. It was not until his only companion was laid in her humble grave, and the quiet of exhaustion had gradually stolen over the tortured feelings of the bereaved and heart-sick Ernest, that he ventured to approach the dwelling of Mr. Allison. Amid their festivities the family had not been regardless of his sorrow, and many an act of unobtrusive kindness had shown him that he was affectionately remembered among them. But he had learned some sad and solemn truths as he watched beside his dying mother. The nothingness of human cares, the vanity of human hopes, the fruitlessness of human affections had been deeply impressed upon his heart. His mother's last lesson, imparted in the peacefulness of her dying hour, came with thrilling power to his bosom, and in the loneliness of his deep grief he learned life's hardest lesson—"to suffer and be still."

One more trial yet awaited him. Not long after his mother's death, Mr. Allison took him aside and offered him a partnership in his lucrative business.

"I am old," said the merchant, "and want to be released from toil; Charles Walton is to be the principal in our firm, and we wish to secure your future services, as well as to reward a fidelity which has never once failed in twenty years of duty. Indeed, Mary insisted that her husband should accept no proposition which did not include you. I require no capital from you; the profits arising from your yearly deposit in my hands have swelled your little fund to some ten thousand dollars, which I am ready to pay over to you before commencing our new arrangement."

"You are kind—very kind, my dear sir," was Ernest's reply, while tears filled his eyes, and his emotions choked his utterance; "believe me, I am not ungrateful, and while life and health remain I shall

ever be devoted to your service. But I cannot accept your noble offer—let me still be your clerk—your servant, if you will—I am no longer fitted for the responsibilities of a partner."

"My dear fellow, you are as healthy, active, and industrious as ever you were; you are in the very prime of life, and must not talk of want of fitness."

"The spring of life is gone," said Ernest, mournfully, "I have no motive now for exertion."

"You are dispirited, Ernest—the loss of your mother has saddened and depressed you. Think over my proposition in a calm and dispassionate manner, and I am convinced you will not refuse it."

Ernest did think long and deeply on the subject, but his decision was unalterable.

"It comes too late; my life is now an aimless one, and riches might only tend to make it a useless one also; there are none to share my fortunes, and why should a solitary and isolated man heap up riches when he knows not who shall gather them? it comes too late!"

Alas! how often has that thought paralyzed the energies and stricken the heart of the patient sufferer. Even he, who in the flush of manhood can proudly exclaim, "*I bide my time*," as if in defiance of fortune's frowns, is often heard, when all was gained, to sigh mournfully in after life over the chilling reflection, "*it comes too late!*"—too late for the fulfilment of hope—too late for the attainment of happiness.

Ernest Melvyn never rose above the station of confidential clerk, but the respect and esteem of his employers testified his integrity and usefulness. Mr. Walton learned to regard him with as much friendship as Mr. Allison, and it was not long before he was as welcome a guest in Mary's new home as he had ever been in the scenes of her joyous childhood. Whatever might have been her feelings towards Ernest, his perfect self-possession and calm demeanor, by convincing her that he had never loved her, aided her in the subjugation of her own rebellious heart. Her husband was kind, affectionate, and good. She had always respected his talents and esteemed his virtues, and now, as time wove the new and strong ties of parental affection between them, the quiet happiness of domestic life gradually effaced the brightest tints of her youth's romance. It may be that a shadow rested long on her path—it may be that the spectre of blighted love sometimes stood beside the shrine of her household gods—but Time, the true exorciser of all such ghosts, wrought his work of kindness, slowly but surely, and Mary became a cheerful, useful and happy woman.

Ernest experienced the usual changes which come upon a solitary man. He lived alone among his books, and pictures, and shells, until they became actually objects of tender interest to him. Regularly, every afternoon, he visited Mr. Allison, and read the newspapers for his benefactor, whose failing sight rendered the perusal of his favorite journals a task of some difficulty. This done, Ernest returned to his home and passed the remainder of the evening in study—aimless it is true, but still pleasing; or in a

dreamy and vague reverie so enticing to a reserved and imaginative man. But on one certain evening in each week, he always took his seat at Mrs. Walton's tea-table, and as regularly ensconced himself in the chimney-corner as soon as tea was over. To the isolated man this weekly visit, and those claspings of the hand with which he was always greeted, were as dear as the "memorable kiss" with which the "apostle of passion" fed his wild idolatry; aye, full as precious and far more pure was the joy thus imparted than any refinement of infidel philosophy and illicit love. Mary's children climbed his knee, even as Mary had done in her own glad infancy, and loved him with all the fervent affection which had once characterized her feelings. Like all old bachelors, he became somewhat of a humorist, and, at last, was voted by the dandies of the rising generation, to be decidedly eccentric. But his kindness of heart, his firm integrity, and his purity and delicacy of feeling never forsook him.

To the day of his death he never disclosed the secret of his early love. When the frosts of three-score winters had whitened his locks, the solitary old man withdrew to his lonely room, and there, amid those inanimate objects which had been his solace through so many weary years, he yielded up his gentle spirit to the God who gave it. He was found one morning lying in the quiet sleep of death—his arms crossed upon his breast, his bible on the table at his bedside, and his features settled in such sweet repose that none looked upon them without

feeling that Death had indeed dealt mercifully with the righteous.

His will was found in his cabinet, and Mary Walton was made the sole heiress of his little fortune; although no reason was assigned for this exclusive preference. Perhaps the little casket which was discovered in a secret recess of the same cabinet disclosed somewhat of the truth to her conscious heart. It contained a lock of golden hair, marked: "*given me by Mary on her twelfth birthday,*" together with a withered bouquet, which, from the silken band around it, Mary remembered to have given him the night preceding her betrothal, and a penciled sketch in which she had no difficulty to recognize her own girlish beauty.

Reader, does my tale seem tame and trite? it is the history of a blighted heart; and if the secrets of that strange world of mystery were more frequently revealed, many such a tale of simple pathos would enlist the sympathies of the glad and gay. The picture of that self-forgetting being, subduing his love, at first, from the very humility of true affection, and, afterwards, crushing it within his heart lest its living presence should mar the happiness of his beloved, is to me one of ineffable tenderness. That he was mistaken in his views of her happiness does not destroy the beauty of his self-devotion; and what shall we say of the moral courage which could relinquish all claims to *posthumous* sympathy, by bearing his secret to the grave, lest a shadow from the past should fall upon her present peacefulness?

As a part of our title is "Amusement," and as we wish our present number to be a sort of specimen of what the whole volume will be, we give the following amusing sketch of the troubles and final submission of Soloman Swallow. The moral of it will be found in the last paragraph. We have no doubt that there are many wives who would have been better wives than they are, if their husbands had treated them properly in the commencement of their matrimonial life.

SOLOMAN SWALLOW, THE WOMAN HATER.

Soloman Swallow was a bachelor, and somewhat rusty too; but nevertheless he had made up his mind to one thing—that he was the only man living who had acquired any knowledge of the sublime art of taking care of a wife. "All the married men are dolts," was Soloman's constant asseveration. "There, for instance, is my neighbor Tom Tangible; his wife makes a sort of three legged stool of him; she shoves him in one corner, and then in another, and sits on him, and walks on him, in short, treats him like nobody in the house; while he, poor man, takes it as easy as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Now, were I only Tom Tangible, I'd first write a series of matrimonial rules, and if Mrs. T. didn't abide by them, I'd submit her to the wholesome discipline of bread and water and padlock; and mayhap brighten her ideas, touching her conjugal duties, by the application of the cowhide—and there again are Everard Easy, and Dick Snooks—and a host more of them in the same condition—but I'm the boy that will set them all right if they'll only follow my example, after I have condescended to endow some fortunate female with the legal claim to the title of Mrs. Swallow."

Brave Soloman Swallow!

"Well, Soloman," said a neighbor to him one morning, "as you are always boasting of your skill in managing a wife, how comes it that you are not married?"

"Why because I have not quite perfected my system! You poked your head into the noose without making preparation, and hence Mrs. Everlack makes what she likes of you! But I go to work logically. I begun by studying the erudite works of Zingabrazo, 'on the philosophy of making a woman hold her tongue.' I then read several treatises, 'on the effect of bread and water discipline in making good wives.' Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' furnished me with a few practical lessons. And I am now generalizing all their systems into one, which shall carry the sway in all future generations, and convert the plague of matrimony into a blessing. In the course of a year or so, (added Soloman,) my rules for the regulation of women, (I intend to publish them,) will be completed, and then I shall take unto me a wife."

And Soloman was as good as his word, for at the age of thirty-five, feeling himself prepared to give battle to any woman in or out of the land of the Amazons, he got married. At this important period, Soloman was a puff, comfortable looking little fellow as you would meet in a days' walk; for albeit, the crown of his head never stood five feet two from the heels of his boots, he had a corporation that would have done honor to an alderman, or even a lord mayor; and his gait (especially when walking with any thing in the likeness of a woman) was as pompous as a Sultan's, while, at such times, his countenance always assumed an expression of female familiarity.

The lady whom Soloman had chosen for his *worser* half, was apparently a modest, lamb-like creature, so that the chances were very fair that she would not only be a tractable wife, but that Mr. Swallow would need no help from his system to make her so. Now Soloman had the forbearance not to interfere with the lady's sayings and doings on her wedding day; nor is it recorded that he assumed any special or improper authority on that day; but about six o'clock the next morning, he softly insinuated to his sleeping partner, that it was time to get up; "And when breakfast is ready, call me; but be sure you don't burn the toast."

"Breakfast and toast," said Mrs. Swallow, "why, what do you mean?"

"Why, my dear—I mean madam—that I have begun my system."

"And won't you get up, too?"

"Yes, when the breakfast is ready, and my stockings aired!"

Mrs. Swallow was about to reply, but she checked herself as she was ashamed to say much to him on so short an acquaintance; but though in the present instance she did precisely as she was bid, she resolved in her heart that it was the last time she would get up at six o'clock in the morning and prepare breakfast.

At eight o'clock, every thing being ready, Mrs. S. called to Mr. S;—"Breakfast is ready, Mr. Swallow." "Is the toast made?" "Yes." "And not burned?" "No." "Are my stockings aired?" "Yes." "You'll do," quoth Mr. Swallow, and to breakfast he went, having first received the services of the blushing Mrs. Swallow in adjusting some of the minor parts of his apparel.

The breakfast, however, did not turn out to be the thing it was cracked up to be. The toast was done a little too much, and the tea was'n't done quite enough; the slop bowl was at the wrong end of the tray, and there were several crumbs on the carpet.

"These things call for improvement," observed Mr. Swallow.

"The servant hasn't been here this morning," answered his wife.

"Servant," retorted Mr. Swallow. "I discharged him yesterday. You don't suppose I can afford to keep a servant and a wife too?"

The lady was again posed, and said nothing, but the day had worn to a close before she could bring herself to believe that Mr. Swallow had actually made use of the words "servant" and wife, in the same sentence.

The next morning at six o'clock, Mr. Swallow again informed his wife that it was time to get up, coupling his remarks with the suggestion that in future she must save him the trouble of reminding her of so necessary a duty.

Mrs. Swallow, however, benefitted nothing by this soft insinuation, for at that moment she either was or pretended to be fast asleep.

"Don't you hear, Mrs. Swallow?"

But alas, a slightly conscious snore was the only audible response vouchsafed by Mrs. Swallow.

Now this was a ticklish point with Solomon, but he was prepared for it. "What says my system on this?" said he to himself, musingly. "It says a lazy wife who lies abed in the morning, may be very profitably reminded of her duty by the judicious application of a needle." And this magnificent idea scarcely crossed the threshold of his brain-pan, than he inserted the point of a needle into his drowsy helpmate's *propria persona*. As may be expected, the intended effect instantly followed the cause, for the astonished Mrs. Swallow sprung from the bed as though she had been thrown from it by an earthquake! but alas, her agility was but too strikingly manifested, for she not only all but annihilated poor Mr. Swallow in rolling over him, but she dashed his patent lever from a nail which suspended it to the wall and broke the dial.

"What a dreadful dream," ejaculated Mrs. Swallow, pressing her hand on her wounded arm.

"What a dreadful reality," shouted Mr. S. contemplating the fragile mass of his broken time-piece.

"Now Mrs. Swallow," said Solomon, "seeing that I can't be always awake to call you up in the morning, to eat burnt toast, or drink raw tea, &c., it is time that I should begin to instruct you in your duties."

"And what are they?"

"Be silent, madam, if you please. Not to talk but to listen is one of the most important of them." "Proceed, sir."

And Mr. Swallow, looking daggers at his beloved for the second interruption, proceeded as follows:

"From six to eight, you are to get up, dress quietly, so as to create no disturbance—light fire—air shirts and stockings—sweep room—prepare breakfast, and announce perfection thereof. Eight to ten, wash dishes, make beds, rub furniture, and clean windows. Ten to twelve, go to market, prepare dinner. Twelve till two, devoted to dish-washing, sweeping up and rubbing furniture. Two till six, spinning, mending linen and darning stockings. Seven, tea. From that till nine a second course of mending and darning—then to bed. And this daily course, madam, with a strict observance of the rules of civility, frugality, decorum, and obedience, may enable you to do honor to the choice of Mr. Solomon Swallow."

Mrs. Swallow listened quietly to the end, and then mildly inquired. "And do you really expect this of me, Mr. Swallow?" "To be sure I do," responded her spouse. "Then you will be sadly disappointed, for I'll do no such thing." "No!" "No!" "I've a way to make you." "How?" "Spoon diet—locks—chains—and cow hides." "Mr. Swallow!" "What?" "You're a brute." And Mrs. Swallow threw herself back and looked desperate.

Now this was a climax. Mr. Swallow was called a brute at his own fireside, and by his own wife, which was the worst of all. He, Solomon Swallow, the celebrated founder of the system of Matrimonial Observations, called a brute by no less a person than Mrs. Swallow. At first he was so astonished at such open manifestations of rebellion to his royal will, that he could only look aghast; but when he came to himself he saw that something must be done at once, or that the field was lost forever.

"You called me a brute, Mrs. Swallow." "I did, Mr. Swallow." "A brute?" "A brute!" "I'll go mad and break things, Mrs. Swallow." "As you like, Mr. Swallow."

And Mr. Swallow did go mad, but he had a method in his madness, for he seized the cheapest article of delf that was on the table (an old plate with a crack in it,) and dashed it into a thousand pieces upon the hearth, as if he was in a terrible passion.

"How do you like that, Mrs. Swallow?"

"Vastly, Mr. Swallow—try it again."

And again did he try it, for he had become desperate, and demolished the cream jug.

"Now," said the lady, "its my turn," and jumping up, she sent the slop-bowl to keep company with its two unfortunate "tea-table companions."

This of course was too much for Solomon; it snapped asunder the only remaining cord of the little reason he had left, and he slapped

his help-mate—we use the word in its most positive term—on the right cheek, but scarcely had the echo of the blow melted into silence, ere the indignant dame had seized the tea-pot and shivered it to atoms against the devoted head of the devoted Soloman. Nor was this all, for as he was reeling heels over head from the effects of that awful collision, she plied him with the remainder of the dishes, until there was scarcely a bone in his body which had not echoed to the shocks of cups and saucers, and rounds of buttered toast.

Unable to carry the war on any longer for that day, Soloman gathered himself up as well as he could, and vowing all sorts of vengeance, stuck his pipe into his mouth, his hands in his pockets, and then setting a chair in the middle of the room, he planked himself on it, and commenced whistling a jig to the tune the old cow died of, looking the while as if he could bite a piece out of a griddle without setting his teeth on edge.

His good lady, too, being determined to follow the example of her lord and master in other matters besides delf breaking, placed another chair back to back with Soloman's, and after providing herself with a novel, sat herself down and began reading, as if there were no such thing as beds to make, or stockings to mend in all Christendom.

Here this affectionate couple sat for six mortal hours, each bent on sitting the other down, and ruminating the while upon the pleasures of their relative positions. But it must be confessed that Mrs. Swallow had the best of the bargain, for independent of Soloman's mangled head and parboiled neck and shoulders, he was mad because the watch dial and crockery must be replaced; so that the reducing of the first chapter of this voluminous system to practice must be attended to with an outlay of at least twenty dollars. This being the case, I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, thought he, and with that he rose from the chair—stole softly out of the room, and turned the key upon the gentle Mrs. Swallow.

The turning of the key made her aware of his intention, when she rushed to the door, but it was too late.

"Open the door this instant, Mr. Swallow."

"Not until I have kept you for seven days upon bread and water," returned the victorious Soloman, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But alas! how evanescent is human greatness—in about half an hour he returned to see how matters went on, but had scarcely put his eye to the keyhole than he began to roar like a bull, for Mrs. Swallow had torn every one of his fine linen shirts—(that on his back excepted)—into pieces, to make a

rope to let herself down from the window; nor was this all, for upon further examination, he discovered that she had also thrown a variety of chair cushions—bed linen, &c., into the dirty yard, to make her descent safe and comfortable.

Oh! chop-fallen Soloman Swallow.

The Archives of the Swallows are silent as to the remaining occurrences of this eventful day, but on the very next morning about seven o'clock, Mr. Swallow popped his head from under the blankets and said to Mrs. Swallow in the most soothing and imploring tone possible:—"Mrs. Swallow, dear, isn't it time to get up?"

"Yes," returned the lady, "and you may call me when you have lit up the fire and put on the kettle."

Poor Soloman! There was no alternative; so he even sat about his work with an alacrity which showed that he had the terror of broken heads and demolished body-linen running in his memory. In short, Soloman was a conquered man. That day he had to prepare breakfast, sweep the room, &c. The next, his assistance was required in rubbing of furniture and making of beds; and before the week was out he was initiated into the mystery of washing coarse towels!

Degenerate Soloman Swallow! Nay, in after times, when the little Swallows began to gather about him, it is whispered that his better half (she was now his better half) used to employ him as yet more deeply in conjugal offices.

But for this we have no proof other than the fact that he was the only nurse that Mrs. Swallow would trust with the children.

About five years after the celebration of his nuptials, a friend called to see him.

"You must go with me to the Temperance meeting, Swallow," said the friend.

"He shant," said Mrs. Swallow.

"But he must," replied the friend, "and so must you."

"I may, but he can't," returned the dame, "for he must stay at home and mind the children."

And Mrs. Swallow did go to the meeting, and Soloman Swallow stopped at home, and when I visited that evening, I found him nursing his three children.

Oh! hen-pecked Soloman Swallow!

The moral of this authentic tale is, that bachelor's wives and old maid's children are always excellent in theory, but as bad as can be in practice—and that a managed wife is worse than no wife at all. Had Soloman only treated his better half decently in the beginning, things might have gone on smoothly to the end: but as it was, he compelled her to be a tartar in her own defence, and had to take the consequences.

DREAMS OF THE LAND AND SEA.

BY DR. REYNELL COATES.

SUNDAY AT SEA--A REVERY.

"We could not pray together on the deep,
Which, like a floor of sapphire, round us lay,
Soft, solemn, holy!" HEMANS.

'Tis Sunday!—Far to the westward lie the regions of the Amazonians, and, in the east, the Caffre hunts the ostrich. From the south, the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha looms high above the horizon. Although twenty-three miles of water intervene between us and the base of this extinct volcano, the spray of the long billows of the southern ocean rises in misty clouds above the perpendicular and rocky shores, shading the mountain with a pearly veil, widely different in color from the soft blue tint of distance.—Even from the mast-head, whither the desire of solitude has led me, the summits of three or four billows complete the range of vision; for, around the entire circuit of the earth, the eternal west winds sweep, with scarce a barrier to their action.

To those who are familiar with the Atlantic only—that comparatively diminutive expanse, which Humboldt has appropriately called "an arm of the sea,"—the extent of these mountain swells must appear almost incredible. It is not their height—for this is fixed within narrow limits by an immutable law—but their vast, unbroken magnitude, that awes the observer with the consciousness of infinite power. What are the proudest monuments of human strength and skill, dotting the surface of creation, when compared with these majestic waves, which are themselves but the ripple of a passing breeze.

Reclining in the main-top, above all living things, except the wild sea bird—an antiquated volume on the Scandinavian mysteries in hand—I give myself up to solitary reflection.—Dark dreams of superstition!—and must the order and loveliness of this glorious world be terminated in one wild wreck—one chaos of hopeless ruin!—shall all the labors of creative goodness sink beneath the power of the unchained demon of destruction!

We move upon the hardened crust of a volcanic crater!—The solid pillars of the earth have given way once and again!—The stony relics of a former world forewarn proud man himself, that he too, with all his boastful race is hurrying to his doom!—All things have their cycles.

"This huge rotundity we tread grows old!"

What a pitiful guide is the unaided light of human

reason, when it grapples with the mysteries of creation! The good and great have lived in every land, and all have striven to elevate the soul of man above the grovelling passions and desires that link him with the brutes—pointing his attention to the future, and instilling a belief in other powers, by whose high hest our destiny is governed, and whose wise decrees will prove hereafter the reward of virtue and the scourge of vice.—Yet what have they accomplished!—Each forms a Deity, whose attributes are the reflection of the physical objects which surround him, or the echo of his own ill-regulated feelings!

In the bright regions of the East, where the unremitting ardor of the sun gives birth to an infinity of life, and the decaying plant or animal is scarce resolved into its elements, ere other forms start forth from its remains—*there*, the soul of man must wander from link to link in the great chain of Nature, till, purified by ages of distress, it merges into the very essence of the power supreme!—a power divided and engaged in an eternal contest with itself! a never-ceasing war between the principles of Good and Evil!

In those distant regions of the North, where winter rules three-quarters of the year, and the orb of day, with look askance, but half illuminates man's dwelling and his labors—where verdure, for a few days, clothes the hills with transitory grace; but all that seeks support from vegetable aliment is endowed with fleetness like the reindeer, or migrates, in the icy season, to more genial climes with the wild duck and the pigeon;—in that gloomy circle, where the frozen earth scarce yields a foot in depth to all the warming influence of summer, and men, curtailed of half the sad resource spared even in the primeval curse, swept with their robber hordes the provinces of their more fortunate neighbors until the iron art of war barred up the avenues to these precious granaries;—in that inhospitable region where dire necessity inters the living infant with the departed mother, and resigns the aged and decrepit to starvation!—the Parent of Good is a warrior armed, compelled to struggle fruitlessly with Fate, until, with Thor's dread hammer in his hand, he yields, and breathes his last beneath the arm of liberated Locke!

All! all contention!—Our very nature refuses credence in annihilation! Then—

“When coldness wraps this suffering clay,”
“Ah! whither flies the immortal mind!”

Is there no place of rest?—no truth in the visions which haunt us as the sun declines, and the rich hues of evening fade away—when the spirits of those we have loved “sit mournfully upon their clouds,” gazing, with a chastened melancholy which refines but cannot darken the calm bliss of Paradise, upon the ceaseless, bootless turmoil of their once cherished friends? Mythology presents us with no brighter future than the wild riot of the Hall of Odin, the lethean inanity of Hades, or the sensual and unmanly luxury of the Moslem Bowers of the Blest.

But hark! A manly voice, speaking of a loftier philosophy, rises upon the clear air from the very bowels of the vessel.

“And the earth,” it cries, “was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep: and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”

Slowly and in measured cadence poured forth, from the lips of one who felt the truths he uttered, the exposition of the order of creation and the high destinies of the creature. 'Tis a layman's effort, clothed in language suited to the rude ideas of simple-minded men:—I am not of his faith,—and cannot crowd my thoughts within the narrow compass of our wooden walls:—aloft in air, my temple is the canopy of heaven!—my hymn—the wild tone of the ocean-wind with the low rushing of the billows!—the symphony of Nature!—yet, as the words of prayer ascend upon the gale, my own thoughts follow them.—I know them for the pure aspiration of the heart,—the breathing of a contrite spirit!—They are registered above!

All is still!—But, again, the harmony of many voices strikes the ear. A hymn of praise from the wide bosom of the southern ocean!—No hearer but the spirit to whose glory these sweet notes are tuned!

The distance, and the deadening influence of the narrow hatches, render words inaudible; but, such as this, their tenor might have been.

Being of almighty power,
On the wide and stormy sea,
In thy own appointed hour,
Here, we bow our hearts to thee!

What is man, that he should dare
Ask of Thee a passing thought?
Ruling ocean, earth, and air,
Thou art all—and he is naught!

Like a mote upon the earth!
(Earth—a mote in space to Thee!)
What avails his death or birth?
What, his hopes or destiny?

Yet, a spirit Thou hast given
To thy creature of the clay,
Ranging free from Earth to Heaven,
Heir of an eternal day!

In thy image Thou hast made,
Not the body, but the mind!
That shall lie defiled—decayed!
This to loftier fate consigned,

Shall, above the tempest roar,
Viewless, gaze on all below,
And, its mundane warfare o'er,
Calmly watch Time's ceaseless flow!

Aid us! Father! with thy power!
(Without Thee our strength is naught!)
Thus, in Nature's dreaded hour,
We may own the peaceful thought,

That, our blinded efforts here,
May not mar Thy great design,
And each humble work appear
Worthy of a child of Thine!

The voices have ceased.—The service, in which all the company except the helmsman and myself had joined, is ended; and, one by one, the officers of the vessel, followed by the watch on duty, in their well blanched trousers and bright blue jackets, appear on deck; their sobriety of mien, and cheerfulness of countenance speaking volumes in favor of the benign influence of Christianity, even when acting upon what are erroneously considered by many, the worst materials.

THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 112.)

MR. TWINING now came out from the group that surrounded Ellen Denning. He stepped up to her sister and Mr. Stribling, and after two bows and three waves, he requested permission to inquire the subject they were discussing with so much animation.

"Don't let us tell him"—said Rosa to Mr. Stribling.

"What have I done that I should be doomed to pine in ignorance?"—asked Mr. Twining.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"—replied Stribling.

"What am I to understand by that?"—inquired Twining.

"What would you give to know?"—said Rosa.

"Can't you be generous enough to inform me gratis?"

"No—I am never generous."

"You give yourself a very severe character"—said Stribling.

"I like to be severe."

"I know you do, to my sorrow"—said Twining.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest"—remarked Stribling.

"But I am never in jest"—said Rosa.

"I am sorry to hear that"—said Twining.

"Why are you sorry?"

"I have always hoped that your cruelty to your admirers might be only in jest."

"I am not half so cruel as I ought to be."

"Yes, you are—I appeal to my friend Stribling. You use *him* rather worse than you use *me*."

"No I don't."

"Yes, you do."

Sabina Westmore, not over-desirous of hearing the recent duet repeated as a trio, changed her place to the vicinity of Ellen Denning, and left Rosa with Messrs. Stribling and Twining to the discussion of nothing.

Ellen had just seated herself on an ottoman with a beau at each side, and three more sitting on tabourets before her.

Miss Denning was volubly descanting on the everlasting subject of love, and discussing first love; second love; third love; love at first sight; love from childhood; love ripening into friendship, and friendship subsiding into love.

"Well—after all"—proceeded Ellen—"I certainly think that love at first sight ought to be the most lasting, as it is the strongest. There was

Mr. Hexagon Blackboard that, with all his mathematics, fell in love with Sophia Splash one morning when Chestnut Street was all in a thaw, as he handed her over the dreadful crossing at Strawberry Alley, where she had been waiting more than a minute, till a gentleman should come along. His love began on seeing how fearlessly, when assisted by his hand, she stepped upon the lumps of floating ice—I heard it from good authority. Then there was Moneyworth Broadlands, that married the pretty French girl Tromperine La Ruse. He fell in love with her at a party because she smiled so sweetly, and said 'N'importe,' when in helping her to raspberry ice-cream, he spilt it all over her white silk dress (which some said was gros des Indes, and others gros d'Afrique). And he went and proposed the very next morning; though he had never seen or heard of her till the evening before. I have known hundreds and hundreds of persons that fell in love at first sight. And when they married they seemed to live as happily as other people."

"For my part"—said Mr. Slowmatch—"I think there can be little chance of happiness in married life unless the parties are both of the same standing in society; equal in point of fortune; of suitable age; on a par as to personal beauty; and exactly alike in mind, manners, and disposition. And to ascertain all this with proper accuracy, it is necessary that the families on both sides should have visited each other for at least twenty years, and that the young people should have been companions from early childhood."

"Very true"—said Ellen—"you always speak so sensibly, Mr. Slowmatch. To be sure, as you say, married people cannot be happy, that is *perfectly* happy, unless all suits, and they were playmates when children."

"Another thing"—proceeded Mr. Slowmatch—"besides being in every respect suited to each other, and being acquainted from infancy, they must never have felt any other attachment."

"Oh! yes"—resumed Ellen—"that of course is understood. Indeed, I see no possibility of loving more than once. Yes, it is quite impossible to love more than once, if you love truly."

"There are, however"—observed Mr. Skipton—"a thousand instances where second love has been deeper than the first, and more worthily placed."

"True enough"—replied the plastic Ellen—"the

second time one loves, one has more experience and better taste. Second love is undoubtedly the best. But twice only—only twice."

"I have known hundreds of men make excellent husbands even to their fourth wives"—said Mr. Fiddleford—"and they seemed to love the last best of all."

"As to that"—sneered Mr. Skipton—"by the time a man arrives at his fourth wife, he must be pretty nearly in his doatage."

"Well"—said Ellen—"I see no reason, after all, why people should not fall in love a hundred times in the course of their lives, provided the objects were always handsome—worthy, I mean—Fanny Fanfly was engaged eight times before she was eighteen."

"What are you saying about engagements?"—inquired Norbert Lankley, who, with Anna hanging fast on his arm, had strolled into the front parlour in search of amusement; the back apartment having by tacit consent, been resigned to the affianced ones.

"Oh!—we are only saying they are very praiseworthy things"—said Mr. Skipton—"and the sooner we are all engaged the better."

"Miss Westmore"—said Mr. Lankley—"don't you play?—I have just been telling Anna that I thought a little music would enliven us greatly."

"We are lively enough in *this* room—all of us"—remarked Ellen.

"Still, I think all of us would be the better for a few sweet sounds"—observed Norbert—"you know 'Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast.'"

"I don't know what savages you mean"—said Anna poutingly—"I am sure, I'm not one."

"Oh! no"—replied Norbert, quickly—"yet stay, —yes you are. You are certainly a Belle savage; don't you know that story? Have you never read the Spectator?"

"To be sure I have not"—replied Anna—"you had better ask Sabina; I believe she is a great book-worm."

"I would rather ask Miss Westmore to favour us with a tune on the piano"—replied Lankley—"and a song if she pleases."

Sabina knew herself to be a good musician, and was too well-bred to make excuses when invited to play. Norbert Lankley conducted her to the piano, which was in the back parlour: the fair Anna clinging to his other arm, as if resolved not to let him escape from her. Ellen and Rosa Denning, finding that all the beaux were wending their way towards the music room, adjourned also to that apartment.

"What shall I play?"—inquired Sabina.

"Perhaps we have none of the music that you are accustomed to"—said Ellen.

"I believe I can play tolerably at sight"—replied Sabina—as she took her seat at the piano.

The gentlemen now all gathered round the instrument; each resolving to ask for his favourite air.

Sabina Westmore, when in company, always remembered that she ought to play for the gratification of others rather than for her own amusement. Therefore she never refused to indulge her hearers with such pieces as comported with *their* taste, however at variance with her own. She played with much science and elegance. She had a delightful and highly cultivated voice: her manner was replete with expression: and her music was always charming both to the practised and the unpractised ear. She went through several popular airs, and Mr. Stribling was so impolitic as to whisper to Rosa his approbation of Miss Westmore's singing.—"As to these common ballads"—said Rosa—"anybody can sing *them*—I don't suppose she has ever cultivated Italian music—or she would not have been so willing to sing these everyday things."

Just then Mr. Twining wavered up to the piano and requested an air of Bellini's or Rossini's—"whichever was most agreeable."

Sabina immediately commenced one of Bellini's finest compositions, and went through it in the original language, and in a manner which showed her familiarity with that style of music, and which proved that she was fully competent to elicit all its beauties.

"You told me Miss Westmore was a blue"—said Mr. Fiddleford to Ellen Denning—"I had no idea that blues ever played on pianos and sung songs."

"I am sure it is very much out of character for them to do so"—replied Ellen.

"Not when they can do it so very well"—observed Skipton—"Miss Westmore plays and sings as delightfully as if she had never read a book in her life."

"The blues now-a-days seem to aim at everything"—said Ellen—"I should not wonder, if in time, they were actually to set themselves up for belles."

"Then they would be blue-bells"—observed Norbert Lankley, laughing in an exemplary manner at his own wit.

Sabina now relieved the discontent of her cousins, by playing a new waltz. Instantly their faces brightened; for Norbert Lankley declaring it was a pity such good dancing-music should be wasted, seized Anna's hand and began to whirl round the room with her; his example being followed by Mr. Twining with Rosa, and Mr. Skipton with Ellen. Sabina, who had never allowed herself to waltz with a gentleman, regretted the advantage that had been taken of her playing the air, and after the third round she stopped; but was so vehemently assailed with entreaties to continue, that, unwilling to explain her scruples in presence of the beaux, and to draw on herself the accusation of over-fastidiousness, prudery, &c., she thought it best, for the present, to proceed.

In a few moments she was relieved by the sudden entrance of Mr. Denning; at the sight of whom, all his daughters let go their partners and scuttled

to their seats, like children playing "My lady's toilet."

The beaux looked significantly at each other. "What's the matter now?"—inquired Norbert Lankley.

"I don't know"—replied Anna—"Pa' lets us do pretty much as we please, and ma' never meddles with us at all—but somehow he sets his face against waltzing—and when he *does* set his face he's hard and stiff enough."

"Pas are the greatest bores in creation"—observed Stribling.

Rosa Denning laughed, and slapped him with her handkerchief.

"So the cat broke up the ball"—hummed Norbert Lankley, in a half voice, as he led the giggling Anna to the sofa: that dove-like maiden rarely being brought to risibility except at something concerning her father.

The pa' having exchanged two or three words with two or three beaux that chanced to be nearest the door, nodded at a few more, and then placed himself at the centre-table, and drew from his pocket half a dozen newspapers, and at once set in to reading them.

Ellen Denning now rung the bell, and some refreshments were brought in by their servant-man; Norbert Lankley going round with the waiter, and doing the honours, and dispensing the attic salt of his wit along with the cake, wine, and fruit; and his sallies were better received now, than they had been at any time during the evening.

In the mean while, Mrs. Denning made her appearance, brought home by her son Nick. She bade a general good evening, threw herself into the rocking-chair, and uttered a monologue descriptive of the excessive fatigue she had undergone, in trying all the evening to entertain her sick friend Mrs. Restless, who tumbled and tossed in her bed, and never seemed to be paying the least attention to any of the things related to her. Also, that instead of coming straight home with Nick, they had gone six squares to a certain druggist's to get a bottle of Hoffman's anodyne for her; this druggist having been recommended by the physician of Mrs. Restless, as preparing that medicine in a superior manner; the poor lady being entirely hopeless of getting to sleep without it.

"I don't wonder"—said Nick Denning to his future brother-in-law—"that dame Restless should want an anodyne after ma' had been talking to her all the evening."

"For my part"—said Anna—"the more that people talk to me, the more sleepy they make me, particularly ma'."

"A good hint for me"—remarked Norbert—"I shall find it hard work to adopt silence."

"Well"—resumed Miss Anna—"when people are once engaged, and all is fixed and settled, I don't see the use of their troubling themselves with talk, provided they sit beside each other, and keep together all the time as they ought to do."

Norbert Lankley had already begun to suspect

that (in his case at least) courtship, (or rather *being engaged*) would prove a very dull business.

Meantime, the beaux took their departure by ones, by twos, and by threes; Norbert (as in duty bound) lingering to the last; and on taking leave, pressing Anna's hand, and uttering the words "*Buona notte*."

"What's that?"—said Anna.

"Don't you know?"—he replied—"well, then, *Bon repos*."

"I wish you'd talk sense"—said she, peevishly, "you'll have to give up foolishness when you are speaking to *me*, for I assure you I can't understand it."

"Surprising!"—replied the lover—"well, then, a good night, and a good sleep to you. I thought you had learned Italian and French at boarding school."

"So I did"—was the answer—"but I never could remember the meaning of any of the words."

At length the guests had all departed. The young ladies retired to their respective dormitories; and long after midnight, Sabina, whose chamber was adjoining to that of Ellen and Rosa Denning, heard the sisters talking over the events of the evening (such as they were), and discussing the beaux.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, (Miss Anna never coming down to hers till after nine o'clock,) Mr. Denning and Nick went to the store; Mrs. Denning departed on her usual round of out-door kindness towards people that did not thank her for it; and the Miss Dennings went up stairs to commence their elaborate toilettes, previous to shopping in Chestnut Street; the shopping to begin at half past eleven. Sabina, who knew that a much shorter time would be sufficient for *her* preparations, remained in the parlour reading, and was sitting on a sofa deeply engaged in a book, when Orvin Westmore came in. Delicacy towards the family, in whose house she was a guest, prevented Sabina from indulging an involuntary inclination to entertain her brother with an account of the preceding evening, descriptive of the beaux and the sayings and doings. Orvin Westmore proposed to his sister that she should accompany him to see the magnificent picture of the 'Departure of the Israelites' then exhibiting in Philadelphia. Sabina gladly assented, and was hastening out of the room to prepare herself, when Orvin reminded her that civility required the invitation to be extended to the Miss Dennings; and she accordingly repaired to their room for the purpose.

The Miss Dennings did not care for pictures, but were delighted at the idea of being seen with a new beau; and particularly with one so very handsome as Orvin Westmore, whom they never called cousin, though he was Sabina's brother. Only Anna declined joining the party; alleging, that now she was engaged, it would not be proper for her to go anywhere without Mr. Lankley; and that he had promised to come at one o'clock. Ellen and Rosa put on their handsomest street dresses, and after a considerable time, joined Mr.

and Miss Westmore, who were waiting for them in the front parlour.

"I don't believe I'll speak to you to-day"—said Rosa, shaking her finger at Orvin—"I am quite affronted at you."

"In what have I been so unfortunate as to offend?" asked the delinquent.

"Now don't pretend to be so ignorant, when you know very well how shamefully you've behaved."

"When—where—and in what manner?"

"Oh! by not keeping your promise, and coming last evening."

"You know my promise was not positive. And the truth is, I was detained by the successive visits of several of my friends."

"Oh!—but you might have brought them along"—exclaimed Ellen—"You know we told you we should always be delighted to see any gentlemen of your acquaintance. I must say that our house is a very popular one with the beaux.—We are not like poor Dorothea Deadweight, who says 'she cannot imagine the reason, but when a gentleman has once made her a visit he never comes again.'"

They now proceeded towards Ninth Street, Ellen and Sabina walking together. Rosa had adroitly managed to descend the steps with him and continue by the side of Orvin Westmore, pluming herself much on the fine face, fine figure and *air distingué* of her escort. As they went along, she talked incessantly, and laughed incessantly at nothing, and every few minutes (unwilling that so much glory should be wasted,) she glanced all round to ascertain if any of her acquaintance "were there to see:" like Lady Margaret Bellenden, when his gracious majesty, King Charles, vouchsafed her the honour of a salute.

On entering the gallery from whence the representation of the Israelites departing from Egypt suddenly burst upon the view of the visitors, there was an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight from our whole party. Even the Miss Dennings were excited to a feeling which was quite new to them, that of rational admiration. They repeatedly declared that it could not be a picture, but something else; and that the objects were all made separately and cut out, standing one beyond another like the scenes in the theatre; and also that the roof had been left open so as to let in the real sky. In this opinion they were joined by several provincial strangers who had entered about the same time. The exhibitor of the painting, being within hearing, went down below, and walking along in front of the canvass, he touched it repeatedly with a long stick so as to make it shake all over: by way of convincing the incredulous that the whole scene was, in reality, depicted on one flat surface.

This doubt being set at rest in the minds of those whose eyes were not versed in the magic of pictorial genius, Sabina Westmore and her brother were allowed, for a while, to gaze in the full

enjoyment of silent admiration at the imposing grandeur of this sublime painting, and its surprising look of reality, with its immense depth of perspective, extending into the distant country, to the far off pyramids, and the sea beyond them. The mists of thirty centuries seemed to have rolled away, and clear in the cool light of early morning, looking as if you could enter into them and walk around them, stood the stupendous temples and magnificent palaces of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. There sat the uncouth and gigantic idols of Egyptian worship, solemn in everlasting stone; silent, cold, and motionless; proving that the deities they were supposed to represent had no power to detain the people that were about to be led onward by the living God: the God whom Moses and Aaron were with uplifted hands invoking in their cause. The rich and glowing colours of the foreground, (where, in the portico of his palace Pharaoh and the chief of his court, arrayed in the most gorgeous dyes of the east, and glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold," had assembled to witness the departure of a whole nation,) subsided gradually as the almost endless procession with their heavy-laden camels and elephants assumed the dim hue of distance.

"Ah!"—thought Sabina—almost identifying the reality of the scene—"how little these emancipated captives know what events are before them, as 'they wind with toilsome march their long array,' and how little do they expect the visible aid of that 'awful guide in smoke and flame' that is to direct their course." She found herself repeating from the hymn of Ivanhoe's Rebecca—

By day along the astonish'd land
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
At night Arabia's crimson'd sand
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

The whole attention of the two Westmores was still absorbed in the picture, when they were interrupted by a loud chattering close beside them, and found that Messrs. Stribling and Twining had just come in. The two beaux were not allowed to take more than a glance at the painting, and to admire Pharaoh's canopy of peacock's feathers, when the Miss Dennings, who were long since tired of looking, engaged them in (not a *keen*) but "a *dull* encounter of their wits," bandying back and forwards a succession of *platitudes* and *niaiseries*, about what had been said and done at their house on the preceding evening. At last Ellen looked at her watch and exclaimed—"Well—I declare we are forgetting all about our shopping—Cousin Sabina, ain't you tired of gazing at that picture—Haven't you seen enough of it yet?"

"Indeed I have not!"—replied Sabina.

There was a low consultation between the belles and the beaux, and Ellen Denning said to Miss Westmore—"Well then, as Mr. Stribling and Mr. Twining are fortunately here, we'll enlist them into our service, and make them escort us into Chestnut Street; for we have to look at scarfs, and

lace, and gloves, and French flowers, and all sorts of things—Don't *you* want something in the shopping way?"

"I really do not."

"Dear me—how strange! But don't you want to see our Philadelphia shops?"

"Excuse me," replied Sabina, "I can do that another time, but at present I would rather remain and enjoy a little more of this noble picture."

"Oh, I forgot you were a blue," said Rosa, "and I believe blues go for pictures as well as for books."

"Cousin Sabina, a word in your ear," whispered Ellen—"It is not good policy to be over-learned or over-sensible, or to dwell too much upon authors and painters and such outlandish people—I tell you again it will not take with the beaux."

"That consideration is one of small importance to me," said Sabina.

"This indifference to the gentlemen will make you very unpopular with them," continued Ellen in the same under tone—"Take care, take care—I see plainly that you will live and die an old maid."

Miss Westmore smiled, and the Miss Dennings carried off the two beaux, though Rosa, as she went out of the gallery, "cast one longing lingering look behind;" but Orvin merely bowed to her, and as soon as they had departed, gladly resumed his survey of the picture; and he and his sister enjoyed it in quiet for about half an hour: they were then disturbed by the entrance of Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who informed them that he had come on purpose to criticise, as he was preparing an article concerning it for one of the papers. He then, after a very cursory glance, pronounced it in unqualified terms a humbug and a daub; declaring that the public taste must indeed be at a low ebb when it could devour such trash, and swallow such an acre of spoiled paint cloth. Though intended metaphorically, the idea of people masticating canvass set Sabina to laughing, and the offended Mr. Jempson turned indignantly away, and began to make memorandums in his tablet concerning the picture, which, according to him, had every defect that the pencil could create.

"However this extraordinary production may rank as a work of art, or whatever may be its faults," said Sabina, "one thing is certain, that it is more effective, and more imposing, and more universally admired than any painting of the same class that has ever been brought to America."

Westmore, though he soon repented of his condescension, made a fruitless attempt to argue Mr. Jackaway Jempson out of his prejudices against the picture; but he found that his opponent's views of "the divine art" were as deficient in knowledge as in taste.

"Here," said Mr. Jempson, "we shall have the whole population of this good city of Philadelphia running to see a big diorama picture, taken by the Frenchman Sebron from a little cabinet picture painted by an Englishman named Roberts—both of them foreigners—not an American hand has

been concerned in it: and yet if my friend Dabney Sickenall was ever to get his Indian Massacre finished, I doubt whether it would draw more than five spectators a day, as was the case with his great painting of the Interior of Bush-hill Hospital in the Yellow Fever: and all because he is an American, and his subjects are peculiarly our own."

"You do injustice to our people," replied Westmore; "they are more judicious than you suppose, and their disposition is to encourage whatever is good of its kind, whether European or American, but with rather a preference for the productions of our own country. What is *not* good, deserves no encouragement anywhere, and when tested rarely obtains it."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson put on a look

As who should say—"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"—

And finding that the said look *did not* annihilate Mr. Westmore, but merely excited a smile, he turned his back to the painting and busied himself with his tablet. After awhile he put up his memorandums and departed, saying—"Now I'll go and write the article forthwith, and the press shall have it this day, hot from the brain of criticism, and fresh from the hand of patriotism."

We must, in anticipation, inform our readers that this hot and fresh critique of Mr. Jempson's had ample time to cool and wilt, for he could not prevail on a single publisher to print it, in any place where the picture of the Departure of the Israelites either had been or was likely to be exhibited. Finally, in about ten or eleven months he obtained a place for it in the columns of The Mount Desert People's Banner, a weekly paper of crown-octavo size, published in one of the States not yet admitted into the Union.

At length Orvin and Sabina Westmore forced themselves away from the picture and proceeded to one of the principal book-stores in Chestnut Street, in quest of some new publications. On their way thither they met Norbert Lankley looking very queer and foolish, with Anna Denning leaning heavily on his arm and smiling up lovingly into his face, to let their fellow-citizens know they were engaged. Also as they passed along they had occasional glimpses of Ellen and Rosa Denning in shops—their gentlemen having left them at Vanharlingen's door and wended their way elsewhere—all men (even beaux) disliking to go shopping with ladies.

In the evening the Westmores and the Miss Dennings all went to the theatre; Anna preferring to sit beside her lover on the second seat, though there was ample room on the first. The play and the actors were good, but Sabina had little opportunity of enjoying the performance, being continually interrupted by the loud whispers of the Miss Dennings, respecting various gentlemen that they saw in various parts of the house; and their *lognettes* were incessantly applied not to the performers but to the audience, their heads being all the

while turned away from the stage in search of "metal more attractive." In a short time numerous young men (some of them *habitués* of the house of Denning, and others but slightly acquainted there) came into the back of the box, all leaning forward towards the front, and talking flirtation-talk with Ellen and Rosa. Also, there was a perpetual group hanging in at the box-door, and looking over each other's shoulders, and conveying nonsense back and forwards to and from the young ladies. The Miss Dennings were in Paradise.

Early on the following morning Orvin Westmore was to depart from Philadelphia. When taking leave of his sister this evening he found an opportunity of saying to her—"Sabina, will you not be ready to return home before the end of a month?"

She smiled assentingly.

The Miss Dennings (particularly Rosa) were vehement in their entreaties for Orvin to make a longer stay in Philadelphia, and besought him to furnish letters of introduction to any gentlemen who might be coming hither from Boston.

Orvin Westmore departed, bidding a very polite farewell to the Dennings and a very affectionate one to Sabina, who afterwards retired directly to

her room and wept as if her brother had quitted her to embark on an India voyage.

The specimen we have given of the usual routine of the Denning family will serve as well for one day as for another, occasionally varied by going to a party. And once they had a large party at home, at which there were young men by the hundred. In the courtship, or rather in the betrothship of Lankley and Anna, nothing was varied.

Their female acquaintances (miscalled friends) were very much of the same stamp as the Miss Dennings, with whom all that was said, all that was done, all that was thought of, seemed in reference to the one unfailing subject, on which their whole range of ideas were concentrated—to have young men always about them, whether the idle ones that lounged away one half the morning in their parlours and paraded Chestnut Street the other half, or the industrious class who attended to some business during the day, and made Mr. Denning's house their evening rendezvous—all were equally acceptable to the Miss Dennings. In short,

Their dream of life, from morn till night,
Was *beaux*—still *beaux*.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 144.)

WE must, in justice, explain that none of the numerous *habitués* of the house of Denning were young men of suspicious character, or of disreputable morals. Of this the old gentleman took especial care; and having ascertained this important point, he troubled himself very little as to the frequency of their visits; concluding that young people must have their follies, and be indulged in them as long as they amounted to follies only. He supposed that, in time, his daughters would all get married; and if not, he was well able to support them in a state of singleness. So he contented himself with giving them an occasional rebuke, and positively forbidding the waltz. Mrs. Denning, as we have seen, was too much engrossed with the families of other people to pay any attention to her own.

Sabina Westmore's indifference to the beaux was a source of great surprise to the Miss Dennings. Yet it was well that she *was* indifferent; for whenever a gentleman seemed inclined to converse with her too long, or paid her too many compliments, they evinced their dissatisfaction as plainly as civility would allow; and if Norbert Lankley talked much to cousin Sabina, as he anticipatively called her, the gentle Anna's demonstrations went rather *beyond* civility. The Miss Dennings took especial pains to enforce upon every one the idea that Miss Westmore was "literary." Also they carefully avoided all allusion to the fact (which otherwise they would have been proud to set forth) that her father was a man of great and substantial wealth. At last, a bright thought struck these sapient sisters, of endeavouring to bring about a match between Sabina Westmore and Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who was their own particular aversion; and by this means putting her *hors de combat* with regard to the other and more popular beaux. To Mr. Jempson, Ellen and Rosa took an opportunity of confiding the circumstance that old Mr. Westmore was immensely rich, and could give large fortunes to each of his children; but, for certain exceedingly private reasons, this was to be kept a profound secret.

Now, Mr. Jackaway Jempson, like most authors of low degree, had a mortal antipathy to women of cultivated minds; but he thought that, if the pill was well gilded, he might bring himself to swallow even Sabina Westmore. Still, the irritability of his temper was continually clashing with what he conceived to be his interest; and it was with

great difficulty that when addressing to her his conversation, he could prevail on himself to keep the peace. Also, being very much of a coxcomb, he was resolved not to prove an easy conquest. On her part, our young heroine regarded him merely as an exceedingly ridiculous person, and was somewhat amused at his absurdities. At the same time, Mr. Jempson resolved on being carefully on his guard, not to "commit himself" by word or look; lest some more desirable young lady of equal fortune and no literature, might chance to fall in his way. Of the Miss Dennings, he had never entertained a thought; report having specified that their father could not, in all probability, give his daughters more than twenty thousand dollars apiece.

In the mean time, the Miss Dennings whispered about that it was plain to be seen, Mr. Jempson and cousin Sabina were dying in love with each other; and that, notwithstanding their frequent 'sparring' it would certainly be a match, as no two persons could possibly be more suitable. Accordingly various manœuvres were enacted for the purpose of throwing them together. The place next to Miss Westmore was always vacated whenever Mr. Jempson appeared. They were made to talk to each other, though their opinions were continually at variance, and Mr. Jempson (who could not believe in the possibility of himself being wrong) never would yield an inch to his adversary, lest she should suppose such unnatural complaisance had a deeper motive than mere civility. Also, the Miss Dennings had confidentially convinced him, that Miss Westmore, in her heart, was so favourably disposed towards Mr. Jempson, that her consent to his addresses could at any time be obtained by merely asking it. This determined him to defer the asking as long as possible.

"Norbert," said Anna Denning, "what do you mean, whenever you see Mr. Jackaway talking to cousin Sabina, by saying that nonsense about the Greeks meeting the Greeks—I am sick of hearing it—and also a great many other things that you are always rhyming over."

"When Greek meets Greek then is the tug of war," replied Norbert; "Oh, that is something I learnt somewhere, when I was a school-boy and spoke speeches."

"I wish you would leave off saying things that I can't understand."

"Then I must adopt taciturnity," resumed Nor-

—but seeing by the protrusion of her under lip, that she had caught a glimpse of his meaning, he smoothed away the offence by adding, "This I am sure you *do* understand, that you are one of the loveliest creatures to be found throughout creation's void."

The fair Anna smiled, and bowed assentingly.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson had never travelled out of his own country, and very little in it. Nevertheless, his one unflinching theme was abuse of all other portions of the globe—particularly Europe—particularly England. Yet, at the same time, such was his querulous temperament and his love of contradiction that he would allow no one to praise America but himself. To Sabina, what was at first an amusement, became very soon an annoyance, and she endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid him. This, Ellen Denning privately assured him was an evidence of her increasing regard, saying—"It is plain enough she is always uneasy in your presence." And so she certainly was. The coxcomb then prudently held off a little, lest he should raise Miss Westmore's hopes by giving her too much encouragement: and this, while it lasted, allowed her a welcome respite.

"You will never get on in this way," said Norbert Lankley to him, one evening—"time is passing—cousin Sabina's visit will soon be at an end; and she will have to go home unasked."

"I know not what you mean," said Jempson, drawing himself up, and throwing back his head; "you certainly cannot suppose that I mean to take a wife who has the slightest tinge of blue in her stockings!"

"I don't know," replied Lankley, "I have myself a sort of misgiving, at times, that with regard to women's hose, a dead white may perhaps be found worse than even the darkest indigo."

"No, no," proceeded Jempson, "a woman has no business with what is called mind; and if she chances to be born with anything like talent, it will be best for her never to cultivate it. A woman, to make her market early, needs only to be fair and languid, and helpless, and meek and soft—in short, a good-natured fool."

"I have often *heard* of good-natured fools," observed Lankley, "but I never *saw* one."

"Why Norbert! how can you say so?" exclaimed Anna.

"That is," said Norbert, sturdily, "I have known fools enough and to spare, but I never met with one in my whole life, that was not both touchy and sulky; and as obstinate as a mule, besides."

The gentle Anna sulked immediately—but this time her lover either did not or would not observe the contraction of her brow and the projection of her lip, and a slight indication of withdrawing her arm from his—but, on second thoughts, she seemed to think it best to hold on as usual.

"However, Jempson," proceeded Lankley, "whether Miss Westmore is blue or not blue, it need not concern you much: and I think you may

as well quit the field, for (whatever the girls may say) I am certain she will never have you."

"And why not, pray?" said Jempson, ruffling up, "what has constituted you a judge supreme of irresistibility? Of course I do not allude to myself—but how can you appreciate the attraction of the halo, (of course I do not allude to my own,) the halo of fame and celebrity that encircles, or will encircle, at no distant day, the classic head of laurel crowned genius? Particularly if that head (of course I do not allude to mine) has been likened to a cast of the Apollo Belvidere."

"I am glad you are talking of somebody else," said Norbert, "for I really do think your own chance is small."

"Well now," observed Anna, "I declare I thought Mr. Jempson meant that he was a genius himself, and a cast of Apollo's Belvidera."

Mr. Jempson turned on his heel, and walked disdainfully away: beginning to think that fools might perhaps be even less endurable than women of sense. Piqued also to show how little trouble it would cost him to prevail on Miss Westmore to be converted into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson, he proceeded directly up to that young lady, who was netting a purse at the centre-table. Still, being in a very bad humour, he could not avoid saying something, *à son ordinaire*, that sounded unpleasantly, notwithstanding that he endeavoured to soften his voice.

"This is the first time I have seen you at any lady-like work. It must be very irksome to you."

"By no means," replied our heroine, "I often employ my leisure with little things of a similar description to this."

"Most extraordinary condescension, in a lady that devotes so much of her time to study."

"I do not derive *all* my amusement from books," remarked Sabina. "I find pleasure, and perhaps improvement, in many other occupations."

"That is what you literary ladies always say—more particularly when you are anxious to make a favourable impression on we gentlemen."

"I have no anxiety to make a favourable impression on *you*, Mr. Jempson," said Sabina, coldly.

"Perhaps you have done that already," returned Jempson—fearing he had gone too far, and trying to look languishing, and to soften his voice to its utmost capability.

Sabina, much displeased, put up her netting, and went to the other end of the room, where she seemed to overlook a game at chess, played by Rosa and Mr. Slowmatch, who put out his finger and touched a piece about once in ten minutes, pondering over every move as if he had Philidor for his antagonist: though his present adversary neither understood the game, nor took any pleasure in it. But she had small white hands—and chess displays hands. And then her little confusion when she made a wrong move, was pretty.

"Well," said Norbert Lankley, approaching Jackaway Jempson, who, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the flowers of the carpet,

sat elegantly drumming on the marble table—"What has frightened away Miss Westmore—Have you really proposed? Just now, when you were talking to her, you looked as if you were trying to put some love into your face—or something that you thought might pass for it. Ah! she is a clever girl—there is no deceiving cousin Sabina."

"I have broken the ice, I believe," replied Jempson. "And in spite of her girlish embarrassment, I could see that I need not have much fear for the result. Where there is a union of talented genius, with elegance of costume, and fashionable deportment and all that—(observe I make no allusion to myself)—some people can marry whenever they please. Have you seen a certain lithograph likeness, that is perambulating in certain select circles—observe, I don't say it is mine. Did you ever hear that I have been called the American Bulwer?"

"More shame for you," replied Norbert.

"Some fragmentary sketches of fashionable life, that I was prevailed on to send to several of the newspapers in a sister city," pursued Jempson, "were thought greatly to resemble the early works of the author of *Pelham*—And my *Tales of the Mayor's Office*, which as yet have circulated only in manuscript, are regarded (of course I never repeat personal compliments) as very much on a par with Paul Clifford, and equally instructive to the ductile mind of youth."

"So much the worse," said Lankley; "I believe both mayor and aldermen would do far less business, if there was a stopper put on the publication of the police reports, whether in newspapers or novels. I once heard a judge tell that the first time he went on his circuit, a great many years ago, he came to a country town and found sheep pasturing on the court-house steps, where there was quite a good crop of grass."

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," replied Jempson.

"Norbert," said Anna, "do come and sit down on our own ottoman, and content yourself there the rest of the evening. We might as well not be engaged. You tire me to death with so much walking and talking. My feet fairly ache from keeping up with you; and my hand is so tired resting on your arm, that it feels quite numb."

Mr. Jempson smiled a queer smile, and obeyed in silence, but he mentally determined that when once married, and in his own house, he would sit altogether *solus* in a rocking-chair, and that he would walk alone about his own parlours, and that he would encourage his friends to come and spend the evening with him; and, that he would take care to provide an ottoman in the farthest recess of the back parlour for his Anna to doze upon as much as she pleased, on condition that she would do all the dozing herself and not expect him to participate.

Mr. Jempson now took his departure, and on passing Rosa Denning, she turned from the beaux that were about her, and inquired why he was in

such haste to go. "I feel a fit of inspiration coming fast upon me," was his reply, "and I must hasten to avail myself of the 'incense kindled at the muse's flame;' I am full primed for poetry."

He made a flourishing bow-general, and then departed to his lodging-room, in the fifth story of the back buildings of a hotel. Having locked his door to prevent interruption, he sat down to his desk, and in four hours of hard work, he composed four namby-pamby verses, addressed to Miss S. W., each stanza including all the varieties of long metre, short metre, and common metre, according to the newest and most *disapproved* pattern set by certain distinguished writers, from whom better sense might have been expected. *Par parenthèse*—Let all young poets remember that no poetry ever becomes popular that is written in an uneven, rugged, and irregular measure. Such verses (however rich in ideas) always sink into oblivion; for being neither tuneable nor quotable, they are soon considered unreadable.

To return to Mr. Jackaway Jempson—he took much pains to inform Miss S. W. that on the preceding evening he had left the brilliant halls of festal pomp, and the sound of harps and lutes, and wandered into lonely shades, and laid himself down on a bank of roses beside a babbling brook, and listened to the song of Philomel, and the murmurs of doves, and gazed at the north star, and hoped it would smile propitiously upon him, and unite his fate with hers.

These stanzas, after having adjusted all the words to his satisfaction, in twenty rough sketches, he committed to pink paper, and sealed with goldish wax, and sent them to the lady at a proper hour next morning. He kept a copy; for the publication of which in a small periodical, he afterwards negotiated with a prudent publisher, who always allowed fifty cents a page for comic prose, and twenty-five cents for tragic; twelve and a half cents per page for serious prose; six and a quarter cents for poetry by an acknowledged author: and nothing at all for poetry that was anonymous.

After despatching his lines to our heroine, who, not supposing that they implied an offer of marriage, regarded them merely as idle verses designed only as a display of the writer's *soi-disant* genius, Mr. Jempson took with him his second-best fair copy, and repaired to the store of Norbert Lankley; having a great opinion of that gentleman's influence in the family. Lankley was just then engaged with three or four customers. Jempson resolving to wait till they were all gone, occupied himself with seeming as if he too had come to buy; fingering awkwardly the massy folds of domestic muslins both bleached and unbleached—and peering with unskilled eye among the piles of American calicoes. "'Twas *not* long before the customers were suited to their mind;" for goods are sold by the bale much more expeditiously than by the yard. Jempson then arrested Lankley on the way to his desk, and requested a little private conversation "on business of vital importance."

Norbert conducted him into his own studio, as he called it, meaning the platform, containing a high desk, guarded by a low railing; and handing him a tall stool, desired to know in what he could serve him. Jempson, after some prefatory sayings about genius and inspiration, and laurels and glory, and disclaiming all allusion to himself, took out what he termed his poem; and after Lankley had run over it, desired to know if he did not think it would produce a prodigious effect on the young lady.

"Well—upon my word," said Lankley, still glancing his eye along the lines, "it is amazing to me how you poets are given to fibbery; excuse the term. Now my father-in-law elect, has certainly very pretty parlours lighted of evenings by an astral lamp in one, and two spermaceti candles in the other; but yet his rooms don't strike me as brilliant halls, and I can't say I ever saw much pomp in them. Then as to the harps and lutes they are nothing but a piano. Now I don't suppose you walked over Schuylkill last night; and I can't tell where in Philadelphia you found a babbling brook. The thing most like one is the gutter when a street-hydrant is washing it down, and there to be sure you might stretch yourself on the curb-stone under the shade of one of the city lindens; but sober gentlemen seldom do that thing. To be sure, if you *must* be in flashy places you might go out to the brick-ponds; but I would not advise you to lie down there without abstracting a board from one of the neighbouring lumber-yards, or you'll be certain to get the rheumatism if not the ague. As to banks of roses, even if you *could* find such things, I don't see much delight in a man's slumping himself down full length upon a cluster of thorny bushes, and crashing about among the briars, which he would soon discover to be more plenty than the flowers. I don't know where you found a Philomel, but as to the murmuring of doves, I rather suppose if you heard any such noise last night, you must have startled the inhabitants of a tavern pigeon-house. Then, with regard to the north star or any other star, bringing about a match between you and cousin Sabina, you'll find it a pretty slow business to wait for help of that kind; so I advise you to attend to the whole affair yourself; brush up at once as I did, and propose this very evening, right out in plain words. Remember that I am now a man of experience."

"Is this really your advice?"

"Yes, and I know but one objection to your following it; she'll never have you—"

"We shall see that," said Jempson, jumping down from the high stool, running his finger through his curls, pulling up his many-coloured cravat, and drawing on his other whitish glove. "They are all to be at Mrs. Creamer's party this evening, where I am invited of course. I shall just look in, and take an opportunity of acquainting the young lady with my intentions."

"Well, well," said Lankley, "'Happy's the

woeing that's not long a doing.' That's my opinion, or rather it *was*."

Let not our young readers be surprised at the freedom with which Norbert Lankley attacked the folly and the self-love of the irritable Mr. Jackaway Jempson; or at the forbearance with which these vanity-wounding remarks were received. Norbert knew his man, and was well aware that all men who in converse with women cannot restrain the violence of their tempers, are gifted with proportionate self-command when in intercourse with their own sex. He that is a stinging hornet to the defenceless, will subside into a harmless fly when he lights upon an object that can crush him.

In the evening, Mr. Jackaway Jempson appeared about ten o'clock, at Mrs. Creamer's party; with his hat under his arm, and in his hand a peculiar sort of stick that he called his Fanny Kemble cane. He had assumed his lightest step, his mildest voice, and his most amiable countenance; and he walked directly towards the place where Miss Westmore was sitting. Just as he entered, she was invited to sing; and before he could reach her, she had been conducted to the piano by a very fine young man, the nephew of their hostess. The music-stool was just vacated by a young lady who had been performing "*Batti, batti*," and had left the book open at that song. Sabina took her seat, the gentlemen all standing about at the usual distance, some of them leaning against the folding-doors; and the ladies sitting round, at least as many of them as could obtain places. Jempson, however, elbowed his way among the company, displacing all the males and many of the females, till he arrived at the piano, where he stationed himself familiarly at the side of Miss Westmore. Sabina commenced from memory the deservedly popular air of "*Suona la tromba*." Jempson not knowing one Italian song from another, thought she was engaged on the piece at which the music-book was open, and he therefore officiously disposed himself to turn over the leaves for her. The first time he did this, Sabina smiled; the second time she nearly laughed, as did those of the company who were near enough to see that she was not playing from that book, or from any other. Jempson persisted with a most dilettanti-like face, as if he was following her every note, and knew the very instant that she had reached the bottom of the leaf; but he turned over so much too fast and had gotten through so long before *she* had finished, that he was greatly surprised at the length of the last page.

When our heroine had concluded *Suona la tromba*, her fine voice and manner adding new charms to that delightful composition, she gratified the company with a beautiful specimen of

"—— the deep-toned music of the soul
That warbles in the Scottish song."

Before any other request could reach her, Jempson asked her to sing something purely American. "I do not chance to know any American music,"

replied Sabina, "except our national songs; and to none of those can a female do justice."

"I hope, madam, you have not a prejudice against American music," said Jempson, biting in his lip.

"By no means; but you know our stock of original music is extremely small. We have many excellent poets; but there are certainly very few American musicians who have produced anything that is either novel or striking."

"Really, Miss Westmore," said Jempson, his lip quivering with indignation, "you absolutely astonish me! Can anything be finer than the Star-spangled Banner?"

"The words of the two first stanzas," replied Sabina, "are not, I think, excelled by any song in our language. And the music is also very fine, but it is the old convivial English air of "Anacreon in Heaven."

"I suppose, madam, you have never heard Hail Columbia?" inquired Jempson, in a smothered voice.

"Certainly I have, and the words are noble and animating. But a venerable German officer told me that in his country, the music was well-known as an old and once popular point of war termed Prince Ferdinand's march."

"Madam, this is really not to be tolerated," exclaimed Jempson. "I should not wonder next, if you will not allow us even Yankee Doodle."

"I believe," replied Sabina with a smile, "Yankee Doodle originated in a humorous cavalier song of the days of the civil war, and was composed in derision of Oliver Cromwell; it was brought to America two centuries ago, by the British soldiers sent over by Charles the Second, and they sung it to annoy the New England puritans."

"I have no patience left," ejaculated Mr. Jempson. "This is actually intolerable:—And you a native American too; abusing and degrading your own country!"

"I have done neither," said Sabina, calmly.

"Madam, madam," he persisted, "such remarks as yours are not to be endured."

Our heroine did not condescend to any farther reply; but, rising with dignity, she took the arm of a young lady whom she knew, and returned to the other room: while Jempson in high dudgeon threw himself on a seat in a corner, and began to bite his fingers.

Norbert Lankley stepped up to him (of course with the everlasting Anna upon his arm) and said to Jempson, "I see you and cousin Sabina have had a brush again. What a silly fellow you are. I thought you had brought your courting-book with you, and were going to pop the question this very evening, in the most approved fashion."

"Do people court with books?" inquired Anna. "I am sure you had none when you courted me; for you were looking at nothing but the flower-pots."

"No, my prettiest!"—replied Norbert, "courting with a book would not have been at all in your line. But Jempson, you simpleton, take that frown off your face, and try to get up something that

may pass for a smile; and quit gnawing your glove, for I heard an importer say that good men's kids are scarce in the market, and already on the rise. Go make your peace with Miss Westmore, and then make your offer. It is well, in some cases, to follow up one excitement with another."

"I will wait till after supper," replied Jempson. "By that time I shall feel more composed."

"Be sure then you contrive to hand her to the table—and do your utmost possible to be attentive, and give her plenty of ice-cream; all the ladies like that—don't they, Anna?"

While the supper was setting in the back parlour, Mr. Jempson, who had remained there reclining in his corner, could not give up his usual habit of moving by degrees towards the table, till he had secured a good place beside it; leaving to other beaux all the gallantry of escorting and waiting on the ladies. Being already on the spot, he commenced helping himself at once; and was only aroused from the discussion of a plate of terrapin by seeing Miss Westmore conducted to the table by a very handsome young gentleman from the south, who attended to her accommodation with the ease and tact of habitual good manners. During the remainder of the evening, Jackaway Jempson had not the smallest opportunity of approaching her.

"Never mind," said Lankley, when the company were all departing, and he and Jempson met in the gentleman's dressing-room. "You have a good excuse for calling on her to-morrow morning, and apologizing; and then, if you are not a very great flat, the apology may pave the way for the proposal."

"I never apologize," said Jempson, throwing on his cloak.

And neither he did, except when in danger of a caning from a gentleman.

Next morning, having slept upon it, he came to a resolution of actually making a visit to Miss Westmore. Having unpinned his curls, and opened them out, he thought at first of paying some extraordinary attention to his toilet, and even of going out to buy a new ready-made waistcoat more showy than any he had yet possessed. But on farther consideration, he concluded that to present himself in a costume unusually *recherché*, would be doing the lady too much honour, and evincing too great a desire to make a favourable impression. He was in a continual struggle between his desire to obtain a handsome consort with a large fortune, and his disinclination to unite himself for life to a woman of sense and spirit; qualities in a wife for which he thought even wealth and beauty could scarcely atone. However, he consoled himself with the idea of ridiculing her mental advantages, and of breaking her spirit, when once they were married. Accordingly, after returning several times to the glass to take another survey before he departed, Mr. Jackaway Jempson set out on his important visit; and on arriving at the door of Mr. Denning, he pointedly inquired for Miss Sabina Westmore.

(To be concluded.)

THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from page 224.)

MR. JEMPSON found Miss Westmore alone in the front parlour, engaged with a book—her cousins being up stairs, busily occupied in preparing for their promenade in Chesnut street, where they never failed to meet some of their beaux. Tripping up to her in a manner that he thought was very *degagé*, and making a sort of sliding bow, he placed himself on a chair directly in front of her, and commenced with—

"Pray, madam, may I be allowed to inquire the subject of your studies this morning? What enviable work has the honour of engaging your attention?"

"The Diary of a *Désennuyée*," replied Sabina.

"Oh! yes—I recollect I looked over the thing previous to reviewing it for the newspapers. I should have supposed it too light a work to interest so learned a lady as Miss Westmore."

"I am not a learned lady," answered Sabina. "A slight acquaintance with miscellaneous literature can give me no claim to a title which I am well aware is rarely bestowed on a female except in derision. As to this very amusing book, I find it replete with talent, wit, vivacity, and good sense. I suppose it to present a correct view of society and manners as they exist among the upper classes of the English nation."

"Well, well," said Jempson; "But now let us proceed at once to the point that bids us elevate the banner of hope, and will bring us to a right understanding. Did you receive a certain little poem, yesterday morning?"

"I did."

"Of course, you comprehended the design."

"I did *not*."

The ever ready frown of Jackaway Jempson again visited his countenance; and his voice lost its softness as he exclaimed:

"Madam, you are really a very extraordinary person. But, certainly, you understood the allusion in the last stanza?"

"It was intended, I suppose, to be taken as a compliment."

"Certainly, certainly; and there are ladies who would consider it a very great compliment."

"I did not perceive that it was such."

"Madam, your perceptions must be uncommonly cloudy. Did it not imply an offer of the poet's hand—and—hem—hem—" (He would not say "his heart also.")

"Very probably."

"In short, madam, an offer to convert Miss Sabina Westmore into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson. Nay, madam, you need not look down; I can make allowances on such an occasion, for a young lady's confusion."

"I am not in the least confused," said Sabina, looking up.

"Well, madam, what do you wish—am I to repeat the offer in person? I thought you would appreciate my delicacy in couching my proposal beneath the flower-crowned veil of an original poem, and thus sparing your blushes."

"Why should I blush?"

"Young ladies generally do on these conscious occasions. 'Conscience does make cowards of us all,'"

"Very true; but I do not perceive in what manner that excellent quotation can apply to me."

"Well, then, madam, since you are resolved to have it in plain English, I will tell you without hesitation." (Here he hesitated for some minutes, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the point of his Fanny Kemble cane, while trying to concoct his address.) "There is, madam, a certain young gentleman, who, it may be asserted without vanity, is no mean favourite of the muses and the graces, to whom he has sacrificed extensively; and is also a son of Apollo. He has recently altered his fixed and immutable determination of adhering through life to the roseate service of the golden-haired god, and the inspired nine; and he has now resolved to encumber himself with the fetters of Hymen, and bestow a portion of the chain on a lady that he flatters himself, can have no objection to wear it."

"Who can that lady possibly be?" said Sabina.

"Madam, madam, must I speak plainer still. I thought a word to the wise, was always enough. Can I do more than assert that the lady in question is now in this very parlour."

"Meaning me?" asked Sabina.

"Why, yes, madam, certainly; who else *can* I mean. Excuse me; but you seem to have a very cool way of taking things. Excuse me again; but on these occasions I thought that young ladies always showed considerable emotion."

"That must depend on circumstances," replied Sabina. "I have never been in the practice of showing any emotion I did not feel."

"Extraordinary! And is it possible you really feel none on this occasion?"

"None at all; except that of surprise at your taking the liberty of addressing such conversation to me, when you could not, from anything in my deportment, have had the slightest reason to suppose it would be favourably received."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson knit his brows, bit his lip, flung down his Fanny Kemble cane, started from his chair, and strode up and down the room. At last a new thought struck him, and going up to Sabina, he said to her,

"This, madam, must be maiden coyness, caused by the novelty of the circumstance."

"What circumstance?"

"Nay, madam, don't be piqued; I make no allusions. But it is well known that ladies of your turn are not much accustomed to receiving offers from—from—"

"From gentlemen of yours," replied Sabina; "and it would be strange, indeed, if they were."

"From gentlemen of any turn," said Jempson, growing every moment more impertinent; "therefore when the thing *does* happen, they are such novices that they don't know how to act."

"I know how exactly," said Miss Westmore. "I insist on your speaking to me no more either on this or any other subject. In the mean time I leave you to your meditations."

She then rose with dignity, and quitted the room. And Jempson looking after her as she closed the door, said to himself,

"Upon my word, she is a fine creature, after all. And then her fortune too: it is provoking to lose that. I don't know but after we were once married, I might have brought myself to like her. However, now I've set about it, I'm determined to marry somebody. I'll go home and dress myself in my party-clothes, and get into an omnibus, and ride up to see the rich widow above Green-street. There will be no trouble in getting her consent. Confound it, why would not this girl have me? I could easily have locked up all her books, and allowed her no money to buy more."

He then sallied out of Mr. Denning's house, looking much discomposed; went to his lodgings, changed his dress, perfumed his hair and his handkerchief, and then proceeded towards the Exchange in quest of an omnibus. Near the corner of Third and Walnut streets he met Norbert Lankley, who said to him,

"Has Greek met Greek? Well, Jempson, what success with cousin Sabina?"

"I have thought better of the thing," replied Jempson; "I was not quite so great a fool as to offer myself to a blue-stocking, for I knew she would snap at me. It would, no doubt, have been the first offer she ever received."

"Jackaway Jempson," said Lankley, "let me just take the liberty of telling you that you are a pretty considerable coxcomb. And as I am soon to be one of Mr. Denning's family, I take upon myself now to inform you that your visits in that quarter must stop;—the sooner the better. There are always fools enough to be found at that house,

and I am one of them myself; but none of us are quite so bad as to court a lady and then disparage her. I would not speak disrespectfully to other men of even my Anna. I am sorry I amused myself with your folly and vanity in this business; but you know I told you all the time she would not have you. I see plainly she has given you a flat refusal, and it is just what you deserve."

Jackaway Jempson frowned awfully, his face turning scarlet; and he glanced with flashing eyes at his Fanny Kemble cane. Norbert Lankley merely arched his brows a little higher, and stood firm before him with his arms folded, and said calmly,

"Shall I take that stick out of your hand?"

And Mr. Jempson thought that just at this time "the better part of valour was discretion." So he hastily turned the corner of Third street, and rapidly disappeared somewhere in the intricacies behind the Girard Bank; and making the circuit of that building, he crossed over into Carter's Alley, and from thence contrived to emerge in the lower part of Chesnut street. He threw himself into the first omnibus that was northward bound, and landed at the mansion of the wealthy widow Wollensperger, a lady whose excessive obesity had nearly obliterated both shape and feature; and who during the lapse of eight-and-forty years, had never read a single book quite through. Mr. Jempson preferred his suit; the widow smiled graciously, seemed to blush, and requested time for consideration; nevertheless she accepted him in the course of an hour.

It must have been out of mere spite, and partly to mortify Miss Sabina Westmore, that Mr. Jackaway Jempson hurried his wedding as rapidly as possible. He and Mrs. Wollensperger were married on that day week, and they immediately set out on a visit to the far-west; whither some of the lady's relations had emigrated many years before. Somehow she always remained with these relatives; her husband being absent in various other places, and occasionally coming to Philadelphia, first to receive rents, and afterwards to dispose of property.

In the meantime, as Norbert Lankley began to grow very tired of courtship, and thought that perhaps marriage would be rather better, he talked of a time being fixed for the wedding of himself and Anna. It was decided that the ceremony should take place at the end of three months, during which period Norbert was to look out for a house, and Anna was to get her bridal paraphernalia, which, according to the custom then prevailing in Philadelphia, was to comprise as large a supply of new articles as would last her seven years. These preparations seemed somewhat to rouse the young lady from her natural indolence; and the greatest part of her time was now devoted to shopping, and to going after milliners, mantua-makers, and seamstresses. At first her sisters accompanied her on these expeditions; but after awhile they found it took too much time from their

own pursuits, meaning the beaux. Also Miss Anna seemed to prefer going by herself, saying that Ellen and Rosa walked too fast for her, and hurried her too much in her choice of articles, and teased her with advising how the things should be made. Mrs. Denning had no leisure to attend to Anna's preparations, being at this juncture very busily occupied in superintending the *trousseaux* of two other young ladies, whose mothers were her intimate friends.

Early one morning, Mrs. Denning awakened her husband and informed him that she was going up to Bristol.

"When?" said he, rubbing his eyes, and feeling rather unamiable at being disturbed.

"Now—this morning—in the New York boat."

"What for?"

"Dear husband, did you not hear me when I came home last night, telling about poor Mary Maria Tumbleston?"

"No, I did not: I was reading the papers. What of Miss Tumbleston?"

"She has met with a sad accident; the news came down from Bristol last evening. In trying to climb a fence she has sprained both her ankle and her wrist."

"It serves her right. Shame upon her awkwardness. In my time a girl could clear a fence at one jump. But who is this Mary Maria Tumbleston?"

"La! my dear; don't you know?"

"I don't know the half of your people. At least if I do, I don't remember them. Do these persons live at Bristol?"

"They have lately bought a house there, and have moved up already, though it is so early in the season. I have been lying awake these three hours, thinking of poor Mary Maria. My friend, her mother, is no sort of a nurse; indeed, to say the truth, she is no sort of anything but a perpetual gad-about and gossip. I know nothing at all about the Bristol doctors, or whether there is one in the place."

"I'll warrant there is. Doctors are never scarce."

"Still, I cannot be easy without going up to see after the poor girl. I'll take the boat as it returns, and be back again by three o'clock. I have promised to go this afternoon to Schuylkill Sixth street below Pine, to inquire the character of a cook for Mrs. Starveling, who changes her servants every week."

"Let her go without, then. It is just what she deserves."

"Well, well, my dear, I really must start off to Bristol at once, to see about this poor Mary Maria; and I'll carry up in my basket a bottle of that embrocation which cured my own ankle, when I twisted it in going up Mrs. Corkscrew's narrow stairs, to tell her that the thief had been discovered who stole all the prayer-books out of her pew."

"Yes, I remember that ankle-twist; and it was

all because you were in such a hurry, as to take three steps at once of a winding staircase. However, now that I *am* awake, I may as well get up and convey you down to the boat, if you *must* go to Bristol. And I'll look in at the store, before I come home to my breakfast. You can get yours on board the boat."

When Mr. and Mrs. Denning arrived at the wharf, they found the last bell ringing. So there was just time for the gentleman to put his wife on board and to leave her. The boat had proceeded about a mile beyond Kensington, when Mrs. Denning, seeing no person on deck that she knew, went down to reconnoitre for acquaintances in the cabin.

In this boat the way to the ladies' cabin lay through the large one, where they were preparing the breakfast table. In the far corner of this apartment, on one of the lockers, sat a female, whose face was obscured by a very long green veil; beside her sat a very young man in a very braided frock coat, whose face, in spite of a desperate attempt at whiskers, mustachoes, and beard, and a very dark complexion, still looked like that of a boy. As Mrs. Denning was passing, the female voice exclaimed,

"Oh! my! if there an't ma'! Oh! I do hope pa's not on board!"

Mrs. Denning stood aghast with amazement on recognizing her daughter Anna, who wrapped her veil tightly over her face and shrunk cowering into the corner. The youth turned round towards the wall and looked as if he was trying to get into it. The next minute there was a whispering between the young persons of "Do you tell."—"No, do you."

"Are you really Anna Denning?" said the half breathless mother.

"Yes indeed, ma'," replied the young lady, gathering courage and raising her veil.

"And who is that young man?"

"My husband," said Anna, simpering. "We have just stopped in at Alderman Tacker's office and got married. And so we are going on to New York."

Mrs. Denning dropped her basket, made a violent exclamation, and covering her face with her hands, sunk down on a chair before her runaway daughter.

"La! ma'! you need not be so shocked. My husband is a very nice young gentleman, and has very genteel connexions in New York, both on the Timberley side and the Twigham."

"Who are you, sir—who are you?" cried the mother.

"Madam," replied the youth, "my name is Timberley Twigham. I have the honour of holding the rank of midshipman in the United States Navy. And I came to Philadelphia a few weeks ago to see my sister."

"Your sister. Who is your sister?"

His bride pinched his arm, and said, in an audible whisper, "Don't tell."

"Yes I will," was his reply. "It may as well come out first as last. My sister is Mrs. Hookeridge, the lady who has been making dresses for— for my wife that is now. And at her house we had the felicity of becoming acquainted."

"A mantua-maker!" shrieked Mrs. Denning. "A mantua-maker's brother!"

"Now, ma'," said the duteous Anna, "can't you have sense enough to keep yourself quiet. Don't you see the waiters that are setting the table, are stopping to listen and look, with their faces all upon the broad grin?"

"Oh! let me go on shore, let me go on shore," ejaculated Mrs. Denning. "Let me get back to the city as fast as I can, to tell my poor husband. Oh! what dreadful news for him. It will break his heart. It will kill him dead!"

"Then the longer it is put off the better," said the midshipman.

"I am glad, any how," said Anna, "that pa's not on board."

"And poor Norbert Lankley—what will become of him!" cried Mrs. Denning. "Oh! Anna, Anna, how could you use him so?"

"Ma', do speak lower," said Anna,—"you are really making yourself quite ridiculous. Only see, the women and children are beginning to poke their heads out of the ladies' cabin. Why, you'll raise the whole boat."

"Really, madam," observed the midshipman, "this is quite too public a place for a scene."

"As to Norbert Lankley," proceeded Anna, in a low voice, "he's the least part of *my* concern. Even when we were first engaged, I did not think him at all handsome. No, not even when he was asking me. And after the first week he seemed a downright fright. But I thought, somehow, it wouldn't do not to marry him. Then after I first saw dear Timberley Twigham, one day while I was waiting in Mrs. Hookeridge's little parlour, and he picked up my reticule for me, I absolutely hated that Norbert, with his ugliness, and his foolishness, and his way of quizzing people. And I never was happy except when I was meeting dear Timberley at his sweet sister's, and walking with him in streets where nobody ever goes. So when all my best dresses had been bought and made up, and I had laid in a good stock of lace and gloves, I thought I might as well consent to run away with dear Timberley. And as Norbert has not yet fixed on a house and begun to buy furniture, I don't see that he has any right to complain."

"Oh! Anna, Anna, how you talk," ejaculated her mother.

"Ma', do let me finish; for at this rate I shall be tired enough before I get through," said the young lady. "So I made a friend of Mrs. Hookeridge's black girl that carries home the dresses, and she has been coming to our house for several evenings, and conveying away in her handbox such things as I cared most for. And Mrs. Hookeridge provided a large trunk for me, and packed the things in it; and it is now on deck among the baggage."

"Is all this possible?" cried Mrs. Denning. "Are you really married? Who were the witnesses?"

"Dear," said Anna, turning to her husband, "take the certificate out of your pocket-book, and show it to ma'. As to witnesses, Mrs. Hookeridge would have gone with us herself, only she was afraid of losing custom if it was supposed she had helped us off. So the witnesses were Alderman Tacker's housekeeper, and one of his constables."

"Police officers, dear," said the midshipman.

"Well, dear, it's no matter what they are. I never liked to call Norbert Lankley 'dear,' for all we were engaged. A great, long, yellow-haired, grey-eyed fellow! Though I am fair myself, I never, in my heart, could abide light-complexioned men. See, ma', dear Timberley is a decided brunette."

"Oh! Anna! Anna!" sighed Mrs. Denning, "how very foolish you are! What will become of you?"

"Well, madam," said the midshipman, "the knot is tied now, and the wisest thing the lady's family can do, since they did not take better care of her, is to submit with a good grace."

"Submit!" exclaimed Mrs. Denning, "do you suppose Mr. Denning will submit!"

"Why, not at first perhaps; fathers seldom do; a little resistance is to be expected. But he'll come in at last; fathers always do: at least in this happy land of ours. But there's the bell ringing for breakfast; it is well we are here on the spot, it gives us a capital chance for places. Shall I have the honour of handing my respected mother-in-law to the table?"

"I want no breakfast," replied Mrs. Denning, "I'll go and sit in the ladies' cabin and cry all the time—oh! that I could get out of the boat!"

"I must bar that," said Mr. Twigham, "till we get to Bristol; though to be sure, father-in-law could not catch us if he was to try. There is no overtaking runaways that go by steam."

"Come, ma'," said Anna, "make the best of what can't be helped; as dear Timberley says, you should have taken better care of me. So let us sit down and get a good breakfast; I see there are plenty of oysters on the table."

Mrs. Denning took up her basket, and finally suffered herself to be conducted to the breakfast table, where the extreme politeness of the midshipman somewhat softened her heart; and before the repast was over she found herself replying to him with involuntary civility. After breakfast they adjourned to the deck, where they excited great curiosity; for by this time the story was all over the boat.

They soon arrived at Bristol; and on parting with her daughter, Mrs. Denning's tears flowed fast. "Ma'," whispered Anna, "what *are* you crying for; I am sure Mr. Twigham is fifty times handsomer than that Norbert Lankley, and I like him fifty times as much, particularly when he wears his uniform. So, where's the great harm,

after all. I wish I could see Norbert when he hears of it; how I should laugh. Who knows but he may take cousin Sabina to console him; I always thought he liked her better than he ought to have done, considering he was engaged to me. There now, good-bye, we will write from New York; and as pa's rich, there's no danger but dear Timberley's relations will receive me well."

Mr. Twigham escorted his mother-in-law a few steps beyond the utmost extremity of the landing-board, till she was fairly on shore: and Anna waved her handkerchief. The boat proceeded on her course and was soon out of sight; while Mrs. Denning walked crying up to the house of her friend Mrs. Tumbleston. On arriving there, she threw herself on the sofa, burst into a fresh flood of tears, and as soon as she could speak for sobbing, answered the inquiries of her hostess by relating, without reserve, the events of the morning. After a while, she recollected the business that had brought her to Bristol, and was conducted to the apartment of the suffering Mary Maria, who had already been twice visited by a physician, and who steadily declined the embrocation that poor Mrs. Denning had brought with her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tumbleston privately put on her bonnet, and slipped out of the house, for the purpose of acquainting her neighbours with the elopement of the fair Anna. In the course of an hour the news had spread throughout Bristol, and in two hours it was at Burlington. According to the most approved version of the story, Miss Anna Denning, a young lady of beauty, fortune and accomplishments, who was on the point of marriage to a rich merchant, one of the most elegant men in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been engaged for years, had that morning run away with a low worthless common sailor, whose sister was a poor seamstress; and the mother of the infatuated bride was now lying very ill at Mrs. Tumbleston's house, going just out of one fainting fit into another—the poor lady having followed the runaways on board the steamboat, from whence she had been forcibly dragged by her son-in-law and left screaming on the wharf, till Mrs. Tumbleston was kind enough to take her into her house. At Bordenton fears were entertained for Mrs. Denning's intellects.

After a very early dinner, Mrs. Denning embarked for the city in the same steamboat, as it returned down the river; and feeling very melancholy, she remained all the time in the ladies' cabin, her attention being only withdrawn from her griefs by the exercise of a few acts of gratuitous kindness: such as recommending suitable boarding-houses to some New York families, and promising to obtain places for four Irish chambermaids who had just arrived in the country.

On reaching home, she found the family assembling at dinner, and in great surprise at Anna's having been missing since early in the morning, when she had been seen going out, but never coming back again. Nick Denning had just been sent to inquire if Norbert Lankley knew anything of

her. "I know all about her, to my sorrow," exclaimed Mrs. Denning, and she then related her extraordinary tale. Mr. Denning raved, and threatened awful vengeance on the audacious midshipman, and his nefarious sister the mantua-maker.

Ellen Denning said, that for her part she had always prophesied in her own mind, that Anna's engagement to Norbert Lankley would come to nothing, and that Norbert was quite too good for Anna. Rosa on the other hand averred that *she* had had similar misgivings because Anna was too good for Norbert, who was entirely too tall and dangling.

Just then Norbert himself came in with Nick, and on hearing all the circumstances, he bore the loss of his *fiancée* with an exemplary fortitude, amounting almost to cheerfulness; and Nick for his part thought it an excellent joke.

Mr. Denning declared that he would write to Anna by that day's mail, assuring her positively that he would never see her face again, and never allow her a single cent, even to keep her from starving. Sabina Westmore, much shocked at all that had passed, kindly interfered in behalf of the offenders, suggested that the letter of renunciation should be postponed to an indefinite period, and finally succeeded in calming down the anger of Mr. Denning. Norbert Lankley took his leave, after assuring the family that he was not in the least offended at Miss Anna's consulting her own happiness in the way that seemed best to her, and that he should bear her no malice in consequence; and he withdrew with a light step, and evidently a lightened heart.

The story of Anna Denning's elopement had been widely circulated during the afternoon, and had been mentioned at the Exchange. So all the beaux considerably staid away that evening and the next; and the Miss Dennings became very sleepy in consequence, and retired to their rooms before nine o'clock. Also, Mrs. Denning on this occasion remained at home for eight-and-forty hours; after which, being unable to stay in any longer, she resumed her usual habits, and was questioned and condoled with by most of her friends; while others with praiseworthy delicacy refrained even from mentioning the word *midshipman* in her presence, and carefully avoided the most distant allusion to anything connected with the navy. Some even abstained from saying *dress-maker*.

Next week Sabina Westmore's month in Philadelphia was to expire; and she felt exceedingly anxious to find herself at her own home. A few days after the elopement of Anna, a card was brought up to Sabina's room (where the Miss Dennings chanced just then to be with her), and the servant said that Mr. Westmore and another gentleman were waiting in the parlour. On looking at the card, Sabina's cheeks were suffused with crimson, her eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, and she hastened immediately down stairs. Ellen and Rosa made some improve-

ment in their dress, and hastened down after her, impatient to see Orvin Westmore, and the new gentleman; and grieving that Sabina had gone down with the card still in her hand, for if she had left it behind they might immediately have known his name.

When the Miss Dennings came down, they found Orvin Westmore reading a newspaper at the centre-table, in the front parlour, while in the adjoining apartment there was seated beside Sabina one of the handsomest and finest-looking young men they had ever beheld; and whom she immediately introduced as Mr. Mordaunt, lately from India.

Orvin now came forward, and had of course a very cordial reception from Rosa; while Ellen determined to appropriate to herself the elegant stranger, and set about it forthwith. Rosa contrived to entice Orvin to the back-windows to look at the honeysuckles that were trained around them, and then said to him in a low voice, "Only see Ellen; I declare I am quite ashamed of her, though she is my sister. She is setting her cap already at that very *air-distingué* stranger who looks as if he might be the son of a nobleman. Pray, who is he?"

"Gustavus Mordaunt is the son of one of our most wealthy and influential merchants in Boston," replied Westmore.

"For Ellen's sake, I hope he is not engaged."

"Yes, he is, and has been so for a year or more; previous indeed to his departure for India."

"To whom—what is the lady's name?"

"Sabina Westmore—my sister."

"Is it possible? Has Sabina been really engaged all this time? And to think that she never told us, and never behaved as if she was engaged at all—never giving any one the slightest hint of it. And we have all the while been trying to get a beau for her! There is Ellen still wasting her attractions on Mr. Mordaunt; I must call her off."

Rosa then made a sign to Ellen, who unwillingly approached, and asked her sister "what was the matter." And Rosa explained that Mr. Gustavus Mordaunt, the son of one of the richest merchants in Boston, was actually engaged to cousin Sabina, and had been so for more than a year. Ellen expressed great amazement, and exclaimed to Orvin Westmore, "Well, I am indeed astonished; this is really incredible; I always thought Sabina Westmore was cut out for an old maid. Did Mr. Mordaunt know she was literary?"

"Having been acquainted with her from childhood, he knew that Sabina was fond of reading, and that every day she devoted a certain portion of time to the improvement of her mind."

"Wonders will never cease! And when is the wedding to take place?"

"Whenever Sabina pleases. The very day before I set out to bring my sister home, Gustavus Mordaunt arrived from India, and in his impatience to see her, he has accompanied me to Philadelphia."

"Such a beau is really worth having," said

Rosa. "How will our gentlemen look beside him," remarked Ellen.

To be brief—Sabina began next day to prepare for leaving Philadelphia on the following morning, escorted by her brother and her lover. The Miss Dennings were very much surprised to see that neither she nor Mr. Mordaunt either talked or behaved at all like "engaged people," at least before company. Mr. Denning and Nick took a very kind leave of Sabina; and Mrs. Denning regretted that her numerous avocations had prevented her from being as much with Miss Westmore as she wished. Ellen and Rosa were very polite at parting; but secretly rejoiced that they should now have all the beaux entirely to themselves. Rosa had the preceding day left off doing the amiable to Orvin Westmore; Sabina having informed her that he was shortly to be married to a very charming young lady of Portland.

Early in the autumn the Miss Dennings received from Mrs. Mordaunt, a large box, containing a superb wedding cake, and a small one with some beautiful little ornaments for the centre-table.

In the meantime, about a week after the elopement, Mr. Timberley Twigham dictated a penitent letter for his Anna to commit to paper. Mr. Denning had found upon inquiry, that Mr. Twigham was a very worthless fellow; and that he had been discarded by all those of his relations whose countenance was worth having. Therefore, he replied that if she would return to him he would receive his daughter, but not her husband. Shortly after there came another letter from Anna, very badly expressed, and therefore, evidently written entirely by herself. She stated that her dear Timberley was ordered to sea, and that during his absence she should have no place to be in, consequently she would accept her father's offer and come. Mr. Denning then wrote again, and gave her permission to do so. Her husband brought her to Philadelphia, and unblushingly presented himself with her at her father's house, calculating upon the probability of not being ordered out of it. He was tacitly allowed to remain there for a week till it was time to join his ship at New York. Anna had not sufficient sensibility to grieve much at his departure; and for his part, he seemed already to have grown tired of her. Being very unpopular with the Denning family, they were all glad when he sailed on a three years cruise; and Anna, who never after had any other home than her father's house, resumed her old habits of nothing.

Norbert Lankley was married in the course of the next winter, to a brisk, notable, clever girl, from Connecticut. And he was very proud of his wife, notwithstanding she had no pretensions to beauty. They live happily, and he is fast becoming a rich man.

Several of the other young men that frequented the society of the Miss Dennings, and walked with them occasionally in Chesnut street, have taken to themselves wives; but none of them chose either

Ellen or Rosa. Neither of these sisters have as yet any prospect of entering into the marriage state, for the simple reason that no one has yet asked them, flirting and proposing being very different things; and it is possible, after all, that their

maiden names may eventually be inscribed on their tomb-stones. They begin already to perceive that young ladies do not go off any the sooner for devoting their time and thoughts exclusively to the beaux.

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THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 112.)

MR. TWINING now came out from the group that surrounded Ellen Denning. He stepped up to her sister and Mr. Stribling, and after two bows and three waves, he requested permission to inquire the subject they were discussing with so much animation.

"Don't let us tell him"—said Rosa to Mr. Stribling.

"What have I done that I should be doomed to pine in ignorance?"—asked Mr. Twining.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"—replied Stribling.

"What am I to understand by that?"—inquired Twining.

"What would you give to know?"—said Rosa.

"Can't you be generous enough to inform me gratis?"

"No—I am never generous."

"You give yourself a very severe character"—said Stribling.

"I like to be severe."

"I know you do, to my sorrow"—said Twining.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest"—remarked Stribling.

"But I am never in jest"—said Rosa.

"I am sorry to hear that"—said Twining.

"Why are you sorry?"

"I have always hoped that your cruelty to your admirers might be only in jest."

"I am not half so cruel as I ought to be."

"Yes, you are—I appeal to my friend Stribling. You use *him* rather worse than you use *me*."

"No I don't."

"Yes, you do."

Sabina Westmore, not over-desirous of hearing the recent duet repeated as a trio, changed her place to the vicinity of Ellen Denning, and left Rosa with Messrs. Stribling and Twining to the discussion of nothing.

Ellen had just seated herself on an ottoman with a beau at each side, and three more sitting on tabourets before her.

Miss Denning was volubly descanting on the everlasting subject of love, and discussing first love; second love; third love; love at first sight; love from childhood; love ripening into friendship, and friendship subsiding into love.

"Well—after all"—proceeded Ellen—"I certainly think that love at first sight ought to be the most lasting, as it is the strongest. There was

Mr. Hexagon Blackboard that, with all his mathematics, fell in love with Sophia Splash one morning when Chestnut Street was all in a thaw, as he handed her over the dreadful crossing at Strawberry Alley, where she had been waiting more than a minute, till a gentleman should come along. His love began on seeing how fearlessly, when assisted by his hand, she stepped upon the lumps of floating ice—I heard it from good authority. Then there was Moneyworth Broadlands, that married the pretty French girl Tromperine La Ruse. He fell in love with her at a party because she smiled so sweetly, and said 'N'importe,' when in helping her to raspberry ice-cream, he spilt it all over her white silk dress (which some said was gros des Indes, and others gros d'Afrique). And he went and proposed the very next morning; though he had never seen or heard of her till the evening before. I have known hundreds and hundreds of persons that fell in love at first sight. And when they married they seemed to live as happily as other people."

"For my part"—said Mr. Slowmatch—"I think there can be little chance of happiness in married life unless the parties are both of the same standing in society; equal in point of fortune; of suitable age; on a par as to personal beauty; and exactly alike in mind, manners, and disposition. And to ascertain all this with proper accuracy, it is necessary that the families on both sides should have visited each other for at least twenty years, and that the young people should have been companions from early childhood."

"Very true"—said Ellen—"you always speak so sensibly, Mr. Slowmatch. To be sure, as you say, married people cannot be happy, that is *perfectly* happy, unless all suits, and they were playmates when children."

"Another thing"—proceeded Mr. Slowmatch—"besides being in every respect suited to each other, and being acquainted from infancy, they must never have felt any other attachment."

"Oh! yes"—resumed Ellen—"that of course is understood. Indeed, I see no possibility of loving more than once. Yes, it is quite impossible to love more than once, if you love truly."

"There are, however"—observed Mr. Skipton—"a thousand instances where second love has been deeper than the first, and more worthily placed."

"True enough"—replied the plastic Ellen—"the

second time one loves, one has more experience and better taste. Second love is undoubtedly the best. But twice only—only twice."

"I have known hundreds of men make excellent husbands even to their fourth wives"—said Mr. Fiddleford—"and they seemed to love the last best of all."

"As to that"—sneered Mr. Skipton—"by the time a man arrives at his fourth wife, he must be pretty nearly in his doatage."

"Well"—said Ellen—"I see no reason, after all, why people should not fall in love a hundred times in the course of their lives, provided the objects were always handsome—worthy, I mean—Fanny Fanfly was engaged eight times before she was eighteen."

"What are you saying about engagements?"—inquired Norbert Lankley, who, with Anna hanging fast on his arm, had strolled into the front parlour in search of amusement; the back apartment having by tacit consent, been resigned to the affianced ones.

"Oh!—we are only saying they are very praiseworthy things"—said Mr. Skipton—"and the sooner we are all engaged the better."

"Miss Westmore"—said Mr. Lankley—"don't you play?—I have just been telling Anna that I thought a little music would enliven us greatly."

"We are lively enough in *this* room—all of us"—remarked Ellen.

"Still, I think all of us would be the better for a few sweet sounds"—observed Norbert—"you know 'Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast.'"

"I don't know what savages you mean"—said Anna poutingly—"I am sure, I'm not one."

"Oh! no"—replied Norbert, quickly—"yet stay, —yes you are. You are certainly a Belle savage; don't you know that story? Have you never read the *Spectator*?"

"To be sure I have not"—replied Anna—"you had better ask Sabina; I believe she is a great book-worm."

"I would rather ask Miss Westmore to favour us with a tune on the piano"—replied Lankley—"and a song if she pleases."

Sabina knew herself to be a good musician, and was too well-bred to make excuses when invited to play. Norbert Lankley conducted her to the piano, which was in the back parlour: the fair Anna clinging to his other arm, as if resolved not to let him escape from her. Ellen and Rosa Denning, finding that all the beaux were wending their way towards the music room, adjourned also to that apartment.

"What shall I play?"—inquired Sabina.

"Perhaps we have none of the music that you are accustomed to"—said Ellen.

"I believe I can play tolerably at sight"—replied Sabina—as she took her seat at the piano.

The gentlemen now all gathered round the instrument; each resolving to ask for his favourite air.

Sabina Westmore, when in company, always remembered that she ought to play for the gratification of others rather than for her own amusement. Therefore she never refused to indulge her hearers with such pieces as comported with *their* taste, however at variance with her own. She played with much science and elegance. She had a delightful and highly cultivated voice: her manner was replete with expression: and her music was always charming both to the practised and the unpractised ear. She went through several popular airs, and Mr. Stribling was so impolitic as to whisper to Rosa his approbation of Miss Westmore's singing.—"As to these common ballads"—said Rosa—"anybody can sing *them*—I don't suppose she has ever cultivated Italian music—or she would not have been so willing to sing these everyday things."

Just then Mr. Twining wavered up to the piano and requested an air of Bellini's or Rossini's—"whichever was most agreeable."

Sabina immediately commenced one of Bellini's finest compositions, and went through it in the original language, and in a manner which showed her familiarity with that style of music, and which proved that she was fully competent to elicit all its beauties.

"You told me Miss Westmore was a blue"—said Mr. Fiddleford to Ellen Denning—"I had no idea that blues ever played on pianos and sung songs."

"I am sure it is very much out of character for them to do so"—replied Ellen.

"Not when they can do it so very well"—observed Skipton—"Miss Westmore plays and sings as delightfully as if she had never read a book in her life."

"The blues now-a-days seem to aim at everything"—said Ellen—"I should not wonder, if in time, they were actually to set themselves up for belles."

"Then they would be blue-bells"—observed Norbert Lankley, laughing in an exemplary manner at his own wit.

Sabina now relieved the discontent of her cousins, by playing a new waltz. Instantly their faces brightened; for Norbert Lankley declaring it was a pity such good dancing-music should be wasted, seized Anna's hand and began to whirl round the room with her; his example being followed by Mr. Twining with Rosa, and Mr. Skipton with Ellen. Sabina, who had never allowed herself to waltz with a gentleman, regretted the advantage that had been taken of her playing the air, and after the third round she stopped; but was so vehemently assailed with entreaties to continue, that, unwilling to explain her scruples in presence of the beaux, and to draw on herself the accusation of over-fastidiousness, prudery, &c., she thought it best, for the present, to proceed.

In a few moments she was relieved by the sudden entrance of Mr. Denning; at the sight of whom, all his daughters let go their partners and scuttled

to their seats, like children playing "My lady's toilet."

The beaux looked significantly at each other. "What's the matter now?"—inquired Norbert Lankley.

"I don't know"—replied Anna—"Pa' lets us do pretty much as we please, and ma' never meddles with us at all—but somehow he sets his face against waltzing—and when he *does* set his face he's hard and stiff enough."

"Pas are the greatest bores in creation"—observed Stribling.

Rosa Denning laughed, and slapped him with her handkerchief.

"So the cat broke up the ball"—hummed Norbert Lankley, in a half voice, as he led the giggling Anna to the sofa: that dove-like maiden rarely being brought to risibility except at something concerning her father.

The pa' having exchanged two or three words with two or three beaux that chanced to be nearest the door, nodded at a few more, and then placed himself at the centre-table, and drew from his pocket half a dozen newspapers, and at once set in to reading them.

Ellen Denning now rung the bell, and some refreshments were brought in by their servant-man; Norbert Lankley going round with the waiter, and doing the honours, and dispensing the attic salt of his wit along with the cake, wine, and fruit; and his sallies were better received now, than they had been at any time during the evening.

In the mean while, Mrs. Denning made her appearance, brought home by her son Nick. She bade a general good evening, threw herself into the rocking-chair, and uttered a monologue descriptive of the excessive fatigue she had undergone, in trying all the evening to entertain her sick friend Mrs. Restless, who tumbled and tossed in her bed, and never seemed to be paying the least attention to any of the things related to her. Also, that instead of coming straight home with Nick, they had gone six squares to a certain druggist's to get a bottle of Hoffman's anodyne for her; this druggist having been recommended by the physician of Mrs. Restless, as preparing that medicine in a superior manner; the poor lady being entirely hopeless of getting to sleep without it.

"I don't wonder"—said Nick Denning to his future brother-in-law—"that dame Restless should want an anodyne after ma' had been talking to her all the evening."

"For my part"—said Anna—"the more that people talk to me, the more sleepy they make me, particularly ma'."

"A good hint for me"—remarked Norbert—"I shall find it hard work to adopt silence."

"Well"—resumed Miss Anna—"when people are once engaged, and all is fixed and settled, I don't see the use of their troubling themselves with talk, provided they sit beside each other, and keep together all the time as they ought to do."

Norbert Lankley had already begun to suspect

that (in his case at least) courtship, (or rather *being engaged*) would prove a very dull business.

Meantime, the beaux took their departure by ones, by twos, and by threes; Norbert (as in duty bound) lingering to the last; and on taking leave, pressing Anna's hand, and uttering the words "*Buona notte*."

"What's that?"—said Anna.

"Don't you know?"—he replied—"well, then, *Bon repos*."

"I wish you'd talk sense"—said she, peevishly, "you'll have to give up foolishness when you are speaking to *me*, for I assure you I can't understand it."

"Surprising!"—replied the lover—"well, then, a good night, and a good sleep to you. I thought you had learned Italian and French at boarding school."

"So I did"—was the answer—"but I never could remember the meaning of any of the words."

At length the guests had all departed. The young ladies retired to their respective dormitories; and long after midnight, Sabina, whose chamber was adjoining to that of Ellen and Rosa Denning, heard the sisters talking over the events of the evening (such as they were), and discussing the beaux.

In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, (Miss Anna never coming down to hers till after nine o'clock,) Mr. Denning and Nick went to the store; Mrs. Denning departed on her usual round of out-door kindness towards people that did not thank her for it; and the Miss Dennings went up stairs to commence their elaborate toilettes, previous to shopping in Chestnut Street; the shopping to begin at half past eleven. Sabina, who knew that a much shorter time would be sufficient for *her* preparations, remained in the parlour reading, and was sitting on a sofa deeply engaged in a book, when Orvin Westmore came in. Delicacy towards the family, in whose house she was a guest, prevented Sabina from indulging an involuntary inclination to entertain her brother with an account of the preceding evening, descriptive of the beaux and the sayings and doings. Orvin Westmore proposed to his sister that she should accompany him to see the magnificent picture of the 'Departure of the Israelites' then exhibiting in Philadelphia. Sabina gladly assented, and was hastening out of the room to prepare herself, when Orvin reminded her that civility required the invitation to be extended to the Miss Dennings; and she accordingly repaired to their room for the purpose.

The Miss Dennings did not care for pictures, but were delighted at the idea of being seen with a new beau; and particularly with one so very handsome as Orvin Westmore, whom they never called cousin, though he was Sabina's brother. Only Anna declined joining the party; alleging, that now she was engaged, it would not be proper for her to go anywhere without Mr. Lankley; and that he had promised to come at one o'clock. Ellen and Rosa put on their handsomest street dresses, and after a considerable time, joined Mr.

and Miss Westmore, who were waiting for them in the front parlour.

"I don't believe I'll speak to you to-day"—said Rosa, shaking her finger at Orvin—"I am quite affronted at you."

"In what have I been so unfortunate as to offend?" asked the delinquent.

"Now don't pretend to be so ignorant, when you know very well how shamefully you've behaved."

"When—where—and in what manner?"

"Oh! by not keeping your promise, and coming last evening."

"You know my promise was not positive. And the truth is, I was detained by the successive visits of several of my friends."

"Oh!—but you might have brought them along"—exclaimed Ellen—"You know we told you we should always be delighted to see any gentlemen of your acquaintance. I *must* say that our house is a very popular one with the beaux.—We are not like poor Dorothea Deadweight, who says 'she cannot imagine the reason, but when a gentleman has once made her a visit he never comes again.'"

They now proceeded towards Ninth Street, Ellen and Sabina walking together. Rosa had adroitly managed to descend the steps with him and continue by the side of Orvin Westmore, pluming herself much on the fine face, fine figure and *air distingué* of her escort. As they went along, she talked incessantly, and laughed incessantly at nothing, and every few minutes (unwilling that so much glory should be wasted,) she glanced all round to ascertain if any of her acquaintance "were there to see:" like Lady Margaret Bellenden, when his gracious majesty, King Charles, vouchsafed her the honour of a salute.

On entering the gallery from whence the representation of the Israelites departing from Egypt suddenly burst upon the view of the visitors, there was an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight from our whole party. Even the Miss Dennings were excited to a feeling which was quite new to them, that of rational admiration. They repeatedly declared that it could not be a picture, but something else; and that the objects were all made separately and cut out, standing one beyond another like the scenes in the theatre; and also that the roof had been left open so as to let in the real sky. In this opinion they were joined by several provincial strangers who had entered about the same time. The exhibitor of the painting, being within hearing, went down below, and walking along in front of the canvass, he touched it repeatedly with a long stick so as to make it shake all over: by way of convincing the incredulous that the whole scene was, in reality, depicted on one flat surface.

This doubt being set at rest in the minds of those whose eyes were not versed in the magic of pictorial genius, Sabina Westmore and her brother were allowed, for a while, to gaze in the full

enjoyment of silent admiration at the imposing grandeur of this sublime painting, and its surprising look of reality, with its immense depth of perspective, extending into the distant country, to the far off pyramids, and the sea beyond them. The mists of thirty centuries seemed to have rolled away, and clear in the cool light of early morning, looking as if you could enter into them and walk around them, stood the stupendous temples and magnificent palaces of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. There sat the uncouth and gigantic idols of Egyptian worship, solemn in everlasting stone; silent, cold, and motionless; proving that the deities they were supposed to represent had no power to detain the people that were about to be led onward by the living God: the God whom Moses and Aaron were with uplifted hands invoking in their cause. The rich and glowing colours of the foreground, (where, in the portico of his palace Pharaoh and the chief of his court, arrayed in the most gorgeous dyes of the east, and glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold," had assembled to witness the departure of a whole nation,) subsided gradually as the almost endless procession with their heavy-laden camels and elephants assumed the dim hue of distance.

"Ah!"—thought Sabina—almost identifying the reality of the scene—"how little these emancipated captives know what events are before them, as 'they wind with toilsome march their long array,' and how little do they expect the visible aid of that 'awful guide in smoke and flame' that is to direct their course." She found herself repeating from the hymn of Ivanhoe's Rebecca—

By day along the astonish'd land
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
At night Arabia's crimson'd sand
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

The whole attention of the two Westmores was still absorbed in the picture, when they were interrupted by a loud chattering close beside them, and found that Messrs. Stribling and Twining had just come in. The two beaux were not allowed to take more than a glance at the painting, and to admire Pharaoh's canopy of peacock's feathers, when the Miss Dennings, who were long since tired of looking, engaged them in (not a *keen*) but "a *dull* encounter of their wits," bandying back and forwards a succession of *platitudes* and *niaiseries*, about what had been said and done at their house on the preceding evening. At last Ellen looked at her watch and exclaimed—"Well—I declare we are forgetting all about our shopping—Cousin Sabina, ain't you tired of gazing at that picture—Haven't you seen enough of it yet?"

"Indeed I have not!"—replied Sabina.

There was a low consultation between the belles and the beaux, and Ellen Denning said to Miss Westmore—"Well then, as Mr. Stribling and Mr. Twining are fortunately here, we'll enlist them into our service, and make them escort us into Chestnut Street; for we have to look at scarfs, and

lace, and gloves, and French flowers, and all sorts of things—Don't *you* want something in the shopping way?"

"I really do not."

"Dear me—how strange! But don't you want to see our Philadelphia shops?"

"Excuse me," replied Sabina, "I can do that another time, but at present I would rather remain and enjoy a little more of this noble picture."

"Oh, I forgot you were a blue," said Rosa, "and I believe blues go for pictures as well as for books."

"Cousin Sabina, a word in your ear," whispered Ellen—"It is not good policy to be over-learned or over-sensible, or to dwell too much upon authors and painters and such outlandish people—I tell you again it will not take with the beaux."

"That consideration is one of small importance to me," said Sabina.

"This indifference to the gentlemen will make you very unpopular with them," continued Ellen in the same under tone—"Take care, take care—I see plainly that you will live and die an old maid."

Miss Westmore smiled, and the Miss Dennings carried off the two beaux, though Rosa, as she went out of the gallery, "cast one longing lingering look behind;" but Orvin merely bowed to her, and as soon as they had departed, gladly resumed his survey of the picture; and he and his sister enjoyed it in quiet for about half an hour: they were then disturbed by the entrance of Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who informed them that he had come on purpose to criticise, as he was preparing an article concerning it for one of the papers. He then, after a very cursory glance, pronounced it in unqualified terms a humbug and a daub; declaring that the public taste must indeed be at a low ebb when it could devour such trash, and swallow such an acre of spoiled paint cloth. Though intended metaphorically, the idea of people masticating canvass set Sabina to laughing, and the offended Mr. Jempson turned indignantly away, and began to make memorandums in his tablet concerning the picture, which, according to him, had every defect that the pencil could create.

"However this extraordinary production may rank as a work of art, or whatever may be its faults," said Sabina, "one thing is certain, that it is more effective, and more imposing, and more universally admired than any painting of the same class that has ever been brought to America."

Westmore, though he soon repented of his condescension, made a fruitless attempt to argue Mr. Jackaway Jempson out of his prejudices against the picture; but he found that his opponent's views of "the divine art" were as deficient in knowledge as in taste.

"Here," said Mr. Jempson, "we shall have the whole population of this good city of Philadelphia running to see a big diorama picture, taken by the Frenchman Sebron from a little cabinet picture painted by an Englishman named Roberts—both of them foreigners—not an American hand has

been concerned in it: and yet if my friend Dabney Sickenall was ever to get his Indian Massacre finished, I doubt whether it would draw more than five spectators a day, as was the case with his great painting of the Interior of Bush-hill Hospital in the Yellow Fever: and all because he is an American, and his subjects are peculiarly our own."

"You do injustice to our people," replied Westmore; "they are more judicious than you suppose, and their disposition is to encourage whatever is good of its kind, whether European or American, but with rather a preference for the productions of our own country. What is *not* good, deserves no encouragement anywhere, and when tested rarely obtains it."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson put on a look

As who should say—"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"—

And finding that the said look *did not* annihilate Mr. Westmore, but merely excited a smile, he turned his back to the painting and busied himself with his tablet. After awhile he put up his memorandums and departed, saying—"Now I'll go and write the article forthwith, and the press shall have it this day, hot from the brain of criticism, and fresh from the hand of patriotism."

We must, in anticipation, inform our readers that this hot and fresh critique of Mr. Jempson's had ample time to cool and wilt, for he could not prevail on a single publisher to print it, in any place where the picture of the Departure of the Israelites either had been or was likely to be exhibited. Finally, in about ten or eleven months he obtained a place for it in the columns of The Mount Desert People's Banner, a weekly paper of crown-octavo size, published in one of the States not yet admitted into the Union.

At length Orvin and Sabina Westmore forced themselves away from the picture and proceeded to one of the principal book-stores in Chestnut Street, in quest of some new publications. On their way thither they met Norbert Lankley looking very queer and foolish, with Anna Denning leaning heavily on his arm and smiling up lovingly into his face, to let their fellow-citizens know they were engaged. Also as they passed along they had occasional glimpses of Ellen and Rosa Denning in shops—their gentlemen having left them at Vanharlingen's door and wended their way elsewhere—all men (even beaux) disliking to go shopping with ladies.

In the evening the Westmores and the Miss Dennings all went to the theatre; Anna preferring to sit beside her lover on the second seat, though there was ample room on the first. The play and the actors were good, but Sabina had little opportunity of enjoying the performance, being continually interrupted by the loud whispers of the Miss Dennings, respecting various gentlemen that they saw in various parts of the house; and their *lognettes* were incessantly applied not to the performers but to the audience, their heads being all the

while turned away from the stage in search of "metal more attractive." In a short time numerous young men (some of them *habitués* of the house of Denning, and others but slightly acquainted there) came into the back of the box, all leaning forward towards the front, and talking flirtation-talk with Ellen and Rosa. Also, there was a perpetual group hanging in at the box-door, and looking over each other's shoulders, and conveying nonsense back and forwards to and from the young ladies. The Miss Dennings were in Paradise.

Early on the following morning Orvin Westmore was to depart from Philadelphia. When taking leave of his sister this evening he found an opportunity of saying to her—"Sabina, will you not be ready to return home before the end of a month?"

She smiled assentingly.

The Miss Dennings (particularly Rosa) were vehement in their entreaties for Orvin to make a longer stay in Philadelphia, and besought him to furnish letters of introduction to any gentlemen who might be coming hither from Boston.

Orvin Westmore departed, bidding a very polite farewell to the Dennings and a very affectionate one to Sabina, who afterwards retired directly to

her room and wept as if her brother had quitted her to embark on an India voyage.

The specimen we have given of the usual routine of the Denning family will serve as well for one day as for another, occasionally varied by going to a party. And once they had a large party at home, at which there were young men by the hundred. In the courtship, or rather in the betrothship of Lankley and Anna, nothing was varied.

Their female acquaintances (miscalled friends) were very much of the same stamp as the Miss Dennings, with whom all that was said, all that was done, all that was thought of, seemed in reference to the one unfailing subject, on which their whole range of ideas were concentrated—to have young men always about them, whether the idle ones that lounged away one half the morning in their parlours and paraded Chestnut Street the other half, or the industrious class who attended to some business during the day, and made Mr. Denning's house their evening rendezvous—all were equally acceptable to the Miss Dennings. In short,

Their dream of life, from morn till night,
Was *beaux*—still *beaux*.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUX.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Continued from page 23.)

PART II.

WE forgot to mention, that as each of the beaux successively made some remark to the Miss Denning, on the beauty of the fair stranger, those young ladies always replied by hinting that "Cousin Sabina was a bit of a blue," which had the desired effect of causing the gentlemen to say that they should be afraid to talk to her. The literarian, however, on being told that *he* was the very man to confer with Miss Westmore, consented to a special introduction. That office being performed, Ellen Denning gladly returned to her quadruple flirtation with Messrs. Fiddleford, Skipton, Capers, and Twining.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson was attired in the very tip of the mode, (literary people wear good clothes now,) and his visage, so far from being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rejoiced in full pink cheeks, full sky-blue eyes, and small delicately pencilled eyebrows, while his ears and neck were concealed beneath a fall of hyacinthine curls. By the by, it may be well to inform such of our "ingenious youth" as may have occasion to purloin verses, that the term "hyacinthine," when applied to a *chevelure*, refers to the curl or twirl, and not to the colour, as is supposed by many ignoramii who have been much puzzled with the idea of blue or lilac hair. The tint of Mr. Jempson's was amber. So much for the colouring of the portrait—the present expression was a smirk.

Having tripped up to our heroine, "on the light fantastic toe," he poised himself before her, and grasping in both hands a Cologne-watered cambric handkerchief, he saluted the young lady by inquiring in a key scarcely above a whisper, "If there was anything new in the literary world?"

"Upon that subject?"—replied Miss Westmore,—"you must, of course, be much better informed than myself."

"You do me honour, madam,"—said Mr. Jempson—not aware that it is *mauvais ton* to address an unmarried lady as "madam." And, taking a seat beside her, he proceeded in the same low mincing tone, which he meant for soft and silvery. "Pray, madam, what is your opinion of American literature? Do you not rejoice with me in perceiving how completely our rising stars have succeeded in casting for ever into the shades of perennial darkness, as black as midnight, those boasted luminaries the authors of Albion? Have we not

here in Columbia's infant localities, an array of bards before whom the late Watty Scott and Georgy Byron, Toms Moore and Campbell, Bill Wordsworth, and old Sam Rogers must veil their bonnets and hide in them their diminished heads, according to Will Shakspeare? Have we not female novel-writers, in whose presence Ladies Bury and Blessington, Miss Edgworth, and the honourable Mrs. Gore must bite the dust? Have we not writers of thrilling tales to whom Mat Lewis and Bob Maturin (also Nancy Radcliffe) are unfit to hold a candle;—and comic authors whose shoes Charley Dickens and Frank Marryatt are unworthy of wiping?"

"We have undoubtedly a large proportion of excellent writers"—replied Sabina—"but with those whose works outshine the glorious literature of Britain, I must confess myself as yet unacquainted. Will you favour me with their names?"

To her great surprise, instead of illustrating his over-strained eulogy with the designations of those American authors to whom the first rank has been universally awarded throughout their own country; and whose genius is acknowledged even in Europe, Mr. Jempson ran over the names of certain writers of third and fourth rate position. These were persons, as he averred, that possessed minds of transcendent power, but were shamefully kept down by the stupidity and injustice of the public; and by the inborn wickedness of the booksellers, who, he asserted, were always meanly and selfishly unwilling to print any work that, according to *their* bad taste and ignorant belief, was not likely to *sell*; as if the popularity of a book was any proof of its merit. He then alluded by name to the principal publishers in the principal cities, asserting that every one of these fellows (as he called them) were united in a conspiracy of the blackest dye, for the purpose of depressing native talent wherever it actually existed; and of trampling out every spark of real genius that was to be found among their own countrymen.

"What can be their motive?"—inquired Sabina.

"Their motive, madam, their motive!"—exclaimed Mr. Jempson, raising his voice; "do you suppose the miscreants have candour enough to tell. No — deep, dark, designing, and malignant, reptiles with souls of iron, with the fangs of serpents, and the scowl of demons —"

"The booksellers I have seen were generally

very pleasant, good-looking men"—interrupted Miss Westmore.

"Art, madam, all art,—booksellers' faces are merely put on. Villains with smiling cheeks!"

Sabina then enumerated a series of American authors, who (as she had heard) could certainly have no cause to complain of any difficulty in getting their works published, or in obtaining from the publishers an ample remuneration for them.

"That's the crying sin, madam,"—exclaimed Jempson—"the root of all the evil. Partiality, madam, the partiality of these selfish harpies for books that they think will sell best, and that they can make the most money out of."

"A very natural partiality," observed Sabina.

"Madam!"—ejaculated Jempson—"Are you an American? Where is your patriotism? You cannot not be an American born!"

"I am, indeed," replied Sabina; "this is my own, my native land! And I have heard several of our distinguished American writers, in conversation with my brother, bear testimony to the liberality, punctuality, and integrity of our American publishers."

"What then?"—proceeded Jempson—"are we to think of the multitude of American works that they reject, and the multitude of British works that they print? Why, madam, my friend Skimberly Skambers Skelps, whose rapidity of genius is such that he seems to write by steam, whose pen races along the paper like a locomotive on a railroad; ideas rattling after it like an endless train of cars—this man, I say, who is American to his heart's core, and whose ancestors have been settled here for almost half a century; this very man has by him, at this moment, nineteen different works, in manuscripts of five to six hundred pages of close written foolscap—among them eleven great poems of more than twenty cantos each, and not a scoundrel of a bookseller will publish one of them. Nay, there is reason to suspect that the vagabonds do not even take the trouble to read the manuscript through; having the presumption to suppose they can form an opinion of a work from the first fifty pages. While, at the same time, these very same miscreants, these renegades to their country, are absolutely printing new editions of that old king-lover, Scott; and that lordly scamp, Byron; and of the two Toms, Moore and Campbell—Yes, and of that Mitford woman too; when a delightful young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Louisa Le Possum, has offered in vain, (even though assisted by *my* interest,) a series of Indian tales that she wrote at boarding-school—tales of two volumes each—Tales that in soul-harrowingness and heart-sickeningsness yield the palm to none that have issued from our most agonizing pens. Tales in which the shootings, burnings, torturings, scalping, tomahawkings and all that, are described in their most minute horrors, and with tremendous power. And yet (though she is a fair young rosebud with dove-like eyes) not a single bookseller is gentleman enough to take this prodigy of juvenile

feminine genius by the hand, and introduce her to the temple of fame; from the sordid fear that, perhaps, her works might not take; and that *he* might lose some paltry dollars by them. And still these fellows pretend to understand their business, and to have some judgment in books, and to be encouragers of genius. Why, madam, they have even had the assurance to reject a work of mine—a most elaborate work—an essay of four hundred pages on the superiority of our American dramatists to those of Britain—a truly American composition, and full of new ideas that have never been broached on the other side of the water."

"So I should suppose"—said Sabina—a little mischievously.

"But I'll be even with them!"—pursued Mr. Jackaway Jempson—not comprehending her remark, and trying to assume an awful and withering frown; but as his brows were too small and light to be knitted effectively, they could do nothing more than perk. "I'll be even with them—I'll totter their thrones, and make them shake in their shoes!"

"By doing what?"—inquired Sabina.

"By signing Miss Martineau's next petition for the international copy-right—I'll teach the bookselling gentry to 'shake their gory looks at me.'"

In the progress of this bitter philippic against the unhappy bibliopoles, the "still small voice" of Mr. Jempson had gradually risen into something like the noise of a cracked trumpet; and its last scream went so loud and high, that Miss Anna in the back parlour opened wide her sleepy eyes, and directed them wonderingly towards the front parlour. The man of wit, Mr. Norbert Lankley, quitted his place on the lounge beside her, and striding up to the vengeful literarian, who had just stopped to take breath, he patted him kindly on the back, (as Hume patted Rousseau on witnessing an outburst of sensibility in the ever-excited Genevan,) and first soothing him with the words "poor fellow—poor fellow—" asked him the pertinent question of "What's the matter now?"—Mr. Jempson turned away from Mr. Lankley in offended silence, started hastily from his chair, looked at his watch, and declaring it was time he was drest for Mrs. Scarceman's party, he took leave of Miss Westmore, with "Well, madam—I wish you a good evening, and a little more patriotism."

"Enough is as good as a feast!"—remarked Norbert Lankley—as Mr. Jempson, forgetting his tiptoe step, hurried out of the room *au naturel*. "There may be too much of a good thing.—Now patriotism is all right, and love of one's own country, and so forth—I have a great deal of it myself, for I keep nothing but domestics; and I do a pretty heavy business in that line. But I don't see why we should always be bristling up and firing out. I've heard that chap talk often, and I've set him down for a ninny, notwithstanding that he writes reviews and poetry for the papers; and it is said also that he wrote a play, which was acted half a night. The reason he hates booksellers is because

He can get none of them to print his books: and I dare say they have good reasons why. Now, when a man comes to my store, he can look over my gingham, and shirtings, and calicoes, piece by piece, and unroll them and examine them to his heart's content, and know the quality of every article, and judge whether it will suit him or not, and whether he will get the worth of his money out of it. But if I go to a bookstore to furnish myself with a book, I always have to buy a pig in a poke, (as the common people say,) and to take my chance as to its being good or bad. And if I find that it is not worth the trouble of reading, there is no taking it back and getting it changed for another one. I must abide by my bargain. And so, as our booksellers are mostly honest men, and seldom like to take in a customer, it behoves them to be particular as to what sort of books they print, both for their own benefit and that of their readers."

"Certainly"—said Sabina—"And I am well assured that they are never so absurd as to refuse a good work merely because the author is an American—And also that, in our country, there are now but few instances of neglected talent wearing itself out unnoticed: or of genius being allowed to pine in obscurity."

"Very true"—replied Lankley—"and from all I hear, it is nearly as profitable now to be a great author as to keep a dry-good store."

"Norbert dear"—said the *fiancée*—in a whining voice from the back parlour—"Norbert, have you forgotten Anna?"

"There"—said Norbert—smiling confidentially to Sabina—"you hear my summons—I see that my lady-fair is determined to keep me in close attendance—I begin to perceive that a lengthy engagement, may possibly become a lengthy bore. But, however, you know the old saying, that 'good times and bad times, and courting-times, and all times get over—' (That about courting times I put in myself, you understand)—Shall I take you to Anna—you will enliven our talk."

"Thank you"—replied Sabina—"I should more probably interrupt it—I will go to the sofa-table and look over the *magazin des modes*."

Mr. Lankley gave Miss Westmore his arm across the room, and then slowly returned to his Anna, who was by this time pouting. But as she turned her shoulder to him, he pacified her by admiring the profusion of long curls that hung over it.

We must remark (*par parenthèse*) that the beaux had been coming and going all the evening. Sabina took her seat in the vicinity of Rosa Denning, who was commencing an animated flirtation with Mr. Stribling, a no-particular-sort of young gentleman who had just arrived, and placed himself beside her. Miss Westmore found that the flirtation was conducted somewhat as follows:—

"I heard something about *you*"—said the young lady to the young gentleman.

"Indeed! what was it you heard?—Anything new?"

"Not new to you, I dare say."

"Was it good, bad, or indifferent?"

"What would you give to know?"

"I really cannot tell what I would give. Is it a great secret?"

"Oh! the curiosity of men!"—(slapping him with her handkerchief.)

"That is rather a new accusation against the unfair sex."

"Now don't pretend to say that men have not more curiosity than women."

"Just as you please. But tell me what you have heard about me."

"As to that, people are always talking of you."

"Really! I did not know I was so fortunate. But what is this last piece of news?"

"I intend to be very cruel, and keep you on thorns all the evening."

"Barbarous! But at least tell me the name of your informant."

"Oh! indeed, that *would* be telling."

"Is it any one I am acquainted with?"

"May be you are, may be you are not."

"But what *is* this you have heard about me? Come, now, be kind, and tell me at once."

"No, I am never kind. And if I were, kindness would be thrown away upon *you*."

"What reason have you for judging so unfavourably of me?"

"I'm not going to tell.—I hope I can keep my own secrets."

"I see you can."

"Come, now, Mr. Stribling, suppose you try to guess."

"Guess what?"

"That which I heard about you."

"I'm a very bad guesser."

"Yes; but what do you *think* it was like?"

"Like something not true."

"I declare, now, you are beginning to be quite smart."

"I have always been smart."

"In your own opinion, I suppose."

"In your's too, I hope."

"Ah! you are growing gallant, are you?"

"How can I be otherwise in your presence?"

"Another compliment, I declare! But I know you men are never sincere."

"Yes we are."

"No, you are not."

"Give me a proof of our *insincerity*."

"I never believe a word any of you say."

"That's hard. What shall we do to retrieve our characters?"

"Oh! why—I don't know."

The young lady was now at a nonplus. But fearing that if this interesting conversation was allowed to drop, Mr. Stribling might quit his seat beside her, and stroll to another part of the room, she returned to the charge.

"But still, you have not found out what it was I heard about you."

"Very true. How unfeeling it is to keep me

so long in suspense. I really thought you had more compassion."

"I never had the least compassion on men."

"Yes—I have heard that character of you."

"Have you? Who said so? Who gave me that character?"

"Aha! now I have *my* secret."

"Oh! but I'll make you tell"—(slapping at him again.)

"No you won't."

"Yes I will."

&c. &c. &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

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TRUE NOBILITY: OR, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that e'er
Ran on the greensward."

"WELL, well, *mon ami*, I will not argue the point with you; as an American you are right in holding such a belief; but you must still allow me to think that there is something not to be despised in ancient and honourable descent. I cannot but believe that the descendant of those who for generations have been ennobled by lofty deeds of high enterprise, will be more likely to perform magnanimous actions than the son of the humble plebeian."

"You agree with me precisely, Henri; but we differ in terms. I assert that the children of a family which can look back with honest pride to deeds of integrity and uprightness, of virtue and heroism, are the true scions of nobility; for their parent had the signet of an Almighty hand."

"Then the son of an honest blacksmith ought to be as proud of his birth as the heir of a Montmorenci or a Condé; is that your opinion?"

"Something very like it, I confess, Henri; what was the origin of the nobles of the old world? Rapine and violence gave them their heritage of broad lands, while servile submission to a monarch, or perhaps treachery to his enemy, was often the price paid for their sounding titles. Had they been ennobled for their *virtues*, Henri, and had they transmitted these, together with their proud names, through succeeding generations, then well might their descendants have gloried in their birth; but surely you need not be reminded of the black catalogue of crime which might be appended to every genealogical chart in 'merrie England,' no less than in your '*grande nation*?'"

"I won't quarrel with you about it, Frank; but I shall never become a convert to your doctrine; perhaps I am too deeply infected with such prejudices, but they were a part of my lawful heritage."

"I know it, Henri, the blood of one of the noblest families of France runs in your veins, and the only wonder is, that under such circumstances you should possess so much true nobility."

"What do you mean?"

"I am surprised that you did not follow the example of most branches of a noble stock, and make the fame of your ancestors a license for your own worthlessness."

"Frank, you are incorrigible," said Henri, laughing; "according to your creed I ought to rank you, who possess so many estimable qualities, among the lowest of the low."

"Place me in what station you choose, Henri, so long as you find no cause for despising me.

But you mistake me; I do not think nobility of soul incompatible with nobility of birth; I only mean to assert that heroic deeds are more frequently performed by men in a lowly than in an exalted station, for the latter have an inheritance of fame, and are too often content to use it to its last grain, without adding anything to it for the next generation."

"I should like to see your father, Frank."

"You shall be gratified if you choose to accompany me home in the spring; but, in what station do you expect to find him?"

"If I must judge by *your* theory, I should say he is some humble artisan, but I know better than to believe such a thing; I suppose he is one of the aristocracy of your republican country, living in the most independent of all modes, as a gentleman farmer, and I should not be surprised if he had carefully preserved a box of old papers, which enabled him to trace his descent from some English yeoman of the time of the eighth Harry."

"You never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, don't tell me anything about him; I mean to go and see for myself, but no one shall persuade me that you could derive from any mean parentage the chivalrous sentiments which led you to save my life at the risk of your own."

"Pshaw, I wish you would not think so much of a trifling service."

"You may underestimate your disinterestedness as much as you please, but if any one else were to tell me that the man who bound his own life-preserver on a sick stranger, when the black waters were yawning to devour him, had performed only a trifling service, I think he would find a little of the spirit of my ancestors in my reply."

The speakers who thus discussed points of honour while they puffed the fragrant smoke from their "*Habanas*," were Henri de Valence, a young West-Indian of large fortune, and his friend Frank Weston, who had left his native village to seek wealth in New Orleans, that Eldorado of all who can resist mosquitoes and yellow fever. They had met as strangers on board a Mississippi steamer, where Henri was suffering from the feebleness attendant upon a long illness. Before they reached their port of destination, the boat was snagged, and the passengers were in the most imminent danger, when Frank, seeing the pallid stranger at his side, quietly took off his life-preserver, saying, "I am strong and can swim, but you are utterly helpless, take this and save yourself." The opportune ar-

rival of a steamer rescued them, after an exposure of some hours to the most imminent danger; but Henri never forgot the heroic act of his new friend. With the warm-heartedness of his age and clime, he attached himself closely to Frank, and even resolved to accompany him to his native home, rather than part with him for a whole season.

The first spring buds were unfolding their soft green to the warm gales, when the friends set out on their northern journey. Henri was charmed with everything he saw in nature, though strongly disposed to find amusement in some very *natural* traits of individual character. The bold and magnificent scenery of our beautiful land excited his enthusiastic admiration, while his prejudices were sadly shocked at some occasional glimpses of American life. By the time he arrived at New York, he was more deeply confirmed in his ideas of the advantage of high birth, and as he contrasted the quiet gentlemanly deportment of Frank, with the coarse manners of some of their travelling companions, he could not help congratulating himself on having found a friend among the better class of our plebeian citizens.

It was late in the afternoon of one of those balmy days which make June so delightful a month in America, when the travellers approached the spot where Frank Weston was born and bred. As they proceeded slowly along a road cut in the side of a mountain, they looked down upon the village, lying at the foot of the declivity, and nothing could be more beautiful than the view. The neat snow-white cottages were clustered together in a beautiful valley, through which ran a clear and rapid stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. Large elms, those most beautiful of all forest trees, were seen, studding the inequalities of the ground in positions that seemed chosen for their picturesque beauty; and, as the beams of the setting sun shone aslant between their broad stems, gilding the surface of the little river, and reflected in gorgeous hues from the casements of the pretty cottages, Henri thought he had never seen so lovely a spot.

"You will find my native home rather a humble abode, Henri," said Frank, as he approached it. Henri did certainly look a little surprised when he found Frank's father occupying a house not a whit superior to his neighbours, a low-browed cottage, with plenty of room on the ground floor, but possessing no claim either to stateliness or gentility. To be sure it was as neat as woman's skill could make it. Carpets of home manufacture covered the floors; tables of cherry wood, polished so as to rival mahogany, supplied the place of more costly furniture; chairs, evidently the handicraft of some village mechanic, offered little promise of luxurious ease; and the row of shining brass candlesticks which decorated the rude chimney-piece, were certainly better calculated to excite ideas of utility than of beauty. But Henri soon forgot these things in the pleasure which he derived from the warm and hearty welcome with which he was greeted. The

family consisted only of Mr. Weston and his daughter, and the young stranger knew not whether to be most charmed with the frank and courteous manners of the old man, or the fresh and glowing beauty of his friend's sister.

Lucy Weston was a true American beauty; not one of those fragile delicate creatures to be seen in gossamer robes and silken slippers, treading the muddy streets of our great cities, and awakening, by the very character of their loveliness, the painful remembrance of decay. She had a clear complexion, a deep yet cool colour upon her cheek, a mouth, perhaps rather too large for regular beauty, but full of expression, eyes blue as the sky in spring, and arched by brows of the darkest chestnut, hair of that rich golden brown which is rarely seen in perfection among the unmixed Saxon race, a form slender and graceful, yet developed into perfect symmetry by healthful exercise, and all these were characteristic of American loveliness. Remember, gentle reader, I am describing the native charms of a village beauty. Lucy Weston had not been immured in the impure atmosphere of a heated nursery during her infancy; she had not spent the ten best years of her life amid the restraints of a boarding school,—she had not been taught that a game of romps was a very "ungentle thing," and that "little ladies should never move faster than a walk." She had sported and played, and enjoyed a thorough drilling in that physical education which is now so much neglected. The merry little hoyden had acquired the rich treasure of health, while she was only pursuing the bent of her childish nature, and when she did apply herself to mental labour, she brought to her duties a robust frame and perceptions quickened by daily use. Sooth to say, Lucy would not have figured to much advantage at a musical *soirée*, or even at a ball. She was indebted to the village singing-master for her little knowledge of music, and though she occupied a distinguished place in the church choir, she would scarcely have been able to join in an Italian duet. And as to her dancing—it was lady-like, for she could do nothing that was not so, but certainly her teacher had added few "foreign airs" to her "native graces." She was very deficient in the requisites for obtaining distinction in fashionable life; but then, she possessed no small share of useful accomplishments. She made the whitest bread and the sweetest butter that ever graced a breakfast table,—her puddings and pies were delicious,—her skill in darning and mending, that most necessary talent of "making auld claithe luik 'maist as well as new," was unrivalled,—she was the neatest and quickest of sempstresses, (no small accomplishment, let me tell you, my fair reader,)—and, to crown all, Lucy was one of the most systematic of housekeepers. There was no noise, no bustle in the house; everything seemed to be done as if by magic. Rooms were "put to rights,"—the semi-weekly baking was accomplished,—the daily churning was done,—even the weekly

washing, that most dreaded of all days to slovenly housewives, was quietly finished, without any body being made acquainted with the precise time when all these tasks were in progress; and when Lucy took her seat at the mid-day dinner, attired in a neatly-fitting dress, with her beautiful hair smoothly folded over her placid brow, no one would have dreamed that she had been the principal actor in the busy scenes of their rustic life, and that the profusion of healthful viands which loaded the well arranged table, owed their rich *gusto* to her culinary skill.

Are you shocked, friend reader, that a heroine should know how to cook a dinner? I know it is contrary to all established rules, for the suffering damosels of the Minerva press never even condescend to eat or drink, through three thick volumes of distressful adventure. They may sometimes "snatch a morsel of refreshment," or "sip some wine from a richly chased antique goblet," but to eat a vulgar dinner, would be destructive of all heroic and sentimental ideas. The heroines of those times were superior to the common wants of humanity; their immaculate white dresses never became soiled, even if they were plunged in the most loathsome of dungeons, their tresses never hung in other than rich ringlets, even if they were just snatched from a watery grave, and their appetites never led them to commit such an outrage upon delicate sensibility as to eat a really good dinner. To those who are disposed to be pained by the unrefined habits of my friend Lucy, I can only say in the words of Boccaccio, "if you do not like my story, turn to another page." I am painting life as it is, and, believe me, actual life with all its chances and changes, presents many a picture more deserving of the artist's pencil than anything which exists only in the dream-land of fancy.

Henri de Valence was charmed with both father and daughter. Mr. Weston was a man of remarkably prepossessing appearance. Upwards of six feet high, finely proportioned, and of almost Herculean strength, he presented a fine study for a painter as he sate in the porch at eventide, his vest open to the breeze, and his long gray locks floating upon his shoulders. His broad full brow, his deep blue eyes, his embrowned but ruddy complexion, seemed to form the very perfection of healthful and vigorous and happy age. Mr. Weston had rarely visited his native village, but he was a diligent reader of good books, a close observer of men and manners, and above all, a profound and accurate thinker. His remarks were distinguished for their originality and acuteness, and one could not help believing, while listening to his simple but energetic language, that the fate which had destined him to a peaceful obscurity, had deprived philosophy of a noble votary. Henri's excitable and enthusiastic temper, afforded a striking contrast to the calm and grave tone of the old man's mind, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Weston liked Henri's frankness and warm-heartedness, while Henri

was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in the father of his friend.

In the mean time, Frank Weston seemed to enjoy everything. He was glad to be once more at home, he was pleased at the respect with which his father had inspired Henri, because he had arranged a little plot against his friend's prejudices, which he hoped to bring to a successful issue, and he liked the respectful courtesy, which characterized Henri's manners to his sweet sister Lucy. But Frank was not as clear-sighted as he had imagined. He did not read all the feelings which were concealed beneath the polite demeanour of his friend. Henri was fast becoming a captive, not of "bow and spear," but of rustic beauty and gentleness. He had mingled much in gay society, and he had seen much of its hollowness; he had been courted by manœuvring mammas, and flattered by mercenary daughters, but he distrusted them, and shrunk from all their advances. It was not until he saw Lucy and understood her simple and truthful character, that he felt himself enthralled by the love of woman. Yet there were some points, on which he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet discovered Mr. Weston's occupation, for he went out daily before Henri had finished his morning slumbers and only returned at evening, while it happened, somehow or other, that Henri never met him in his village walks, nor ever heard him allude to his business. It was not until more than a month had elapsed, that Frank thought proper to enlighten him.

"I am going to take you by a new route to-day, Henri," said Frank, as they proceeded to walk, one morning.

"Have you any new beauty to show me?" asked Henri.

"No, but I have an old prejudice to batter down, and I am seeking the proper field for its destruction. Tell me, Henri—what do you think of my father?"

"In truth, Frank, you have just reason to be proud of him; he is worthy to have been a Roman, in the palmy days of the republic, when the name was a prouder title than that of king."

"And you would be proud of such a father even if he were of ignoble birth, Henri?" asked Frank with a smile.

Henri laughed as he replied, "I think I may venture to say yes; but why do you always argue from impossibilities?"

"Will you forgive me the harmless plot which I have contrived to show you the fallacy of your opinions?" said Frank. "Look there," he continued, as a sudden turn in the lane brought them in full view of the blazing fires of a blacksmith's forge.

As Henri turned his eyes in the direction to which his friend pointed, he was thunderstruck. Towering by a full head above his swart workmen, and wielding an immense piece of iron which would have foiled a man of ordinary strength, stood

Mr. Weston. His face was blackened with smoke, his muscular arms, bared to the shoulder, were grimed with the dust of his forge, and his leathern apron shrivelled and scorched by long use, left no doubt, as to the nature of his daily employment.

"You look surprised, Henri," said Frank; "ought I to be less proud of that parent, because he occupies no higher station than that of a village blacksmith?"

"No, no, Frank, you were right—the man would ennoble any station," exclaimed Henri, as he ran forward to grasp the hand of Mr. Weston.

"Softly, softly, my boy," said Mr. Weston as Henri sprang to his side, "or you may chance to scorch your broad-cloth;" and the old man, who had early become a participator in Frank's scheme, made the welkin ring with his merry laugh.

Henri returned home a little disappointed, and not very well pleased at this attack upon his strongest prejudices. He could not but acknowledge to himself that had he known Frank's parentage he would never have become his guest, and yet he felt no disposition to depart from the hospitable roof. As he took his seat at the evening meal, and contemplated the sweet face of Lucy Weston, he could not help regretting that she should be so misplaced in life. "I have seen many a lady of fortune and fashion, who would give all her wealth for such a face and such a form," thought he; "what a pity that she should be only a blacksmith's daughter." Lucy, who had also been a party to Frank's innocent design upon what he considered his friend's only weakness, narrowly scrutinized his conduct, in order to discover if there were not some change in demeanour consequent upon the recent discovery of their humble origin. But Henri possessed too noble a nature to be guilty of such meanness, and whatever he thought, he allowed no trace of his feelings to be perceived in his conduct.

Months passed away, and the time drew near for Frank's return to New Orleans.

"Do you mean to accompany me, Henri," said he, one day to his friend, "or shall you spend the winter amid the gayeties of New York?"

"That does not depend on my will," answered Henri quickly; "I mean to be decided by circumstances."

"What do you mean, Henri?"

"Is it possible you do not guess my meaning, Frank? have you not seen that I love your sister, and that her decision must govern my future actions?"

"My sister!" exclaimed Frank. "I trust you are only jesting, Henri, and yet it is a subject on which I can scarce bear a jest."

"I am serious, as I hope for Heaven."

"Then I can only say, that I shall deeply regret your having entered this humble abode."

"Frank, is this your friendship?"

"What will your friends, what will the world say, Henri, if you return to your native land with the daughter of a village mechanic as your wife?"

"Will they not accuse me of a mercenary design, in thus introducing you into my family?"

"Give yourself no concern on that score, Frank; I am an orphan, rich and unconnected; surely I have a right to choose for myself."

"Does Lucy love you, Henri?"

"I wish I dared answer in the affirmative; I have never spoken to her on the subject, but my looks and manners must have informed her of my feelings; in truth she has become so strangely cold and reserved within the last few weeks, that I scarcely can flatter myself with hope."

"She understands it all. She is a noble girl; tell her your tale of love, Henri, if you will, and she will answer—"

"What?"

"As I have done. I know her character, my friend; she may love, but she will not become your wife."

"*Nous verrons*—the love which could overcome my prejudices, ought to conquer her scruples."

"The knowledge of those prejudices, Henri, has aroused her scruples; she is as proud as yourself, and the very fact of there being a single distinction between you, which could lead you to think you were *sloping* to an alliance with her, would be sufficient to make her reject your suit. Try, if you wish; I dare say she could love you with all the warmth of her affectionate nature, but she will not yield her consent to your proposals."

Frank was right, though Henri's lurking vanity as well as his love, made him hope a better result. Lucy honestly confessed that in other circumstances he would have been the object of her choice, but that from the moment when she discovered the noble qualities of his character, she had carefully guarded herself from the weakness of loving him.

"I am no believer in blind fatality regarding the affections, Mr. De Valence," said she; "I saw that you possessed the attributes which are most attractive to women, but I knew that you belonged to a different sphere of life;—mind, I do not say a *higher* one, though the world thinks it so. I might have loved you dearly, but I would not, and, even now, my heart rebels, but my decision is made."

"Lucy, dearest Lucy, with such feelings pleading for me in your own bosom, why will you reject my suit? I have wealth unbounded; your life shall pass like a fairy tale."

"When you offered me a true heart, Mr. De Valence, you offered a stronger temptation than all the wealth of your Indian isles. No—had you been one of us, an heir to republican feelings and perhaps republican poverty, I could freely have given you the heart and hand which you seek. But you have prejudices which are a part of your heritage, and you would blush to have it known to the world that the father of your bride was an humble artisan. I am too proud, lowly though I seem, I am too proud to be looked down upon."

"Suppose those prejudices were overcome, Lucy."

"I cannot suppose an impossibility; they exist in all their early vigour, but in this instance, you are willing to waive them. If I were to become your wife, you would be constantly on the watch, lest the secret of my birth should escape. You would be perpetually mortified by my ignorance of fashionable etiquette; every question respecting my early life would be torture to you; the ermine of my richest robes would seem to you to bear a smutch from the blacksmith's fingers. No, sir, for your sake more than my own, I dare not reciprocate your affection."

In vain Henri pleaded with all the eloquence of an impassioned lover. Lucy was resolute, even though her heart strongly asserted its claim to be heard. And thus they parted, Henri to lament over his unrequited love, and Lucy to cherish in the secret recesses of her heart a tender recollection of one whose proffered affection she had rejected.

* * * * *

Five years had passed away—five years with all its chances and changes, ere Frank once more revisited his father and sister. He was rapidly winning his way to fortune, but his father, like the man in La Fontaine's pretty fable, had found her sitting at his door. One of those speculative schemes which make the few rich and the many poor, had brought into great demand the land lying on the borders of the river which divided the village where he resided. Taking advantage of a mania which he did not share, Mr. Weston sold his farm at a price far beyond his wildest ideas of its value, and abandoning his forge, sought an abode in the populous city, where extensive libraries and the society of cultivated men afforded him the advantages he had so long sighed to enjoy. Frank found the old man occupying a neat and comfortable mansion, while Lucy was now quite a city belle, and really looked prettier than ever. Lucy was now three-and-twenty, and every one predicted that she would be an old maid, for she seemed to have formed some ideal scheme of happiness which could scarcely be realized in this cold world. But Frank had not returned alone; Henri de Valence was again his companion.

"I had great difficulty in persuading him to

come," said Frank, as Lucy, blushing and trembling, endeavoured to welcome with calmness her brother's friend.

"Lucy," whispered Henri, "I came to you when all the luxuries of wealth were mine, and I determined never to appear before you again until I could convince you that those fatal prejudices which had been the barrier to my happiness, were entirely overcome. But fate has ordered it otherwise. I come not now as a lover, Lucy; no—my heart is still full of your image, but I am now a beggar; labour and sorrow are henceforth my portion."

"What do you mean, Henri?" asked Lucy, as Frank discreetly led his father from the room.

"A hurricane has ruined the value of my West Indian possessions, Lucy, and a general revolt of the slaves on the island has driven me from my native land. I have returned to your peaceful country to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow. I offered myself to your brother as a clerk, but he would not listen to my proposal, and I am now a partner in his commercial house."

"Do you still love me, Henri?" said Lucy, while the blood mantled her cheek and brow with crimson.

"God knows how fervently," responded Henri; "for your sake, I have become blind to the beauty of woman, and deaf to the accents of tenderness; but not now would I sue for the love which you once denied; you refused to share my wealth, and there must now be none to suffer my poverty."

"Am I not now rich enough for both, Henri?" murmured Lucy, as she laid her hand in his. "The love which has survived so long a probation, is beyond all price; will you accept as a free-will offering the hand you once sought in vain, or will you cease to value that which in so unmaidenly a manner is bestowed unsought?"

Lucy became the wife of her early lover, and when in later life, his renovated fortunes enabled him to display his beautiful wife in the *salons* of European elegance, the admiration which her graceful manners and self-possessed dignity obtained, left him no cause to regret that he had found *true nobility* in the *Blacksmith's daughter*.

Brooklyn, L. I.

THE BLIND BOY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

Seven children gathered round the board of William Halleck; and though poverty lay like a dark mist on his prospects, and sometimes pressed heavily on his heart, yet the hardy pious farmer toiled patiently along the thorny path he found marked out for him.—Death had never entered his door; but sickness had come often, with fatigue, expense, anxiety, and sorrow in her train; and beneath his roof dwelt one being, at once a living joy and a living sorrow. His fourth child was a bright and beautiful boy; but God had shut out from his mind the perception of all visible loveliness. Henry was born blind. The hearts of the parents were troubled when the terrible suspicion first came upon their minds that the fair infant on whom they gazed lay in a world of darkness. Many and various were the experiments they tried to ascertain the truth, and it was long after every friend and neighbor that looked upon the child had expressed his melancholy conviction, ere the father and mother would shut their hearts against all hope. But the boy grew and strengthened; his little limbs became active; he stood by his mother's knee; he grasped her hand, and walked tottering by her side; language came in due season to his tongue, and his artless prattle and happy laugh were the loudest and liveliest in the house. Yet vision was still wanting, and the earth and all it contained, even the faces of those he best loved, were shut from his gaze. He was born to be a poor, useless, helpless, blind boy; and the hearts of his parents sometimes ached to the core as they looked on his blooming cheek and sightless eyes, and thought of the future.

But the voice of complaint was a sound unknown beneath the roof of William Halleck, and the hymn of thanksgiving ascended every evening from the lips of his family circle, ere the deep sleep of the weary came on their eyelids.

Three winters in succession had a rheumatic fever laid one of the daughters of William Halleck on the bed of sickness; yet she, too, like the rest of that humble household, was industrious, contented and pious. She was two years older than Henry; and a mutual sense of infirmity had knit the bonds of a brother's and sister's love most closely between them. When the invalid first rose from the weary bed of pain, and went forth under the blue sky of spring, it was the strengthening arm of Henry that supported her; and when the blind boy asked of things that were shut up from none but him, it was the soft voice of Mary that answered his questions, and poured into his mind the de-

light of new ideas. It was Henry who sat by Mary's bed-side in her hours of suffering, and ministered to her wants. He knew by her breathing when she slept, and remained still and silent in his darkness till she awoke. He knew by the very tones of her voice when she was better and when she was worse, and though he stole about the room with the bent head and outstretched hand of the blind, he seldom missed finding any thing that Mary wanted. And it was Mary that gave Henry that knowledge of the Being who made him, which was a bright light to his mind, and shed over his spirit a hope more gladdening than the sunshine which cheered all outward things.

As soon as the pain ceased to rack her joints, and strength was in a measure restored to her limbs, Mary was wont to arise and return thankfully to those employments in which she alone was permitted to assist in the toils of her family. The first warm days of spring were to Henry days of rejoicing. As soon as he felt their breath, he used to hasten into the house, crying with a glad voice, "Summer is coming and Mary will get well!" To him the first note of the robin told not of the verdure and blossoms which were soon to cover the face of nature with beauty; but it announced that she whom he loved would be freed from her pain, and come out with him into the pure air, and go into the fields and woods, gathering fragrant wild flowers, listening to the music of the winds, waters, birds, and talking to him cheerfully and usefully. Mary was entering upon her seventeenth spring; and before the April snows had melted from the fields, she was already so well that she sat up as she was accustomed, in her little window, plying her needle with a busy and skilful hand. There came a heavy storm of rain with warm south winds, and in one night the snowy mantle of the earth had vanished, and the fields lay bare and brown the next day, beneath a clear sky and a warm sun. It was a beautiful morning, and unseen influences were busy in the trees that stretched their arms silently to the gentle breeze, and the very sods that basked in the sunshine.—The leaf was preparing to put forth, the green blade to sprout, and the pulses of man beat lightly and happily under the spell of the season. Henry felt the soft west wind on his cheek and heard the first notes of the spring birds. As soon as the sun rode high in the heavens, he went to summon Mary from her toils, to walk with him as far as the Great Oak, a spot which she loved, because it commanded a wide and beautiful prospect, and which was dear to him because she loved it, and because it was always the end of their first walk in spring. Mary hesitated, for she feared the dampness of the ground; but Henry

had gone with a young brother all the way up to the Great Oak, on purpose, and assured her the path was dry. She stood at the door, and as she looked up at the clear and beautiful sky, around on the landscape, and again on the pleading face of her blind brother, she could not find in her heart to say "No."—They went out together, and Mary was glad she had gone. Her own heart seemed to expand with quiet happiness as she walked.—What invalid is not happy in breathing the open air for the first time, after tedious months of confinement, and feels not as if the simplest act of existence were in itself a luxury? Henry went leaping by her side with short and joyous bounds, pouring forth the exuberance of his spirits in the songs she had taught him, asking a thousand questions, and sometimes stopping to listen when the sound of a sheep-bell, the note of a bird, or the murmur of a distant voice struck on his quick ear.—When the way was rough, he walked closer to her side, holding her hand tightly, and seeming as if made happier by the pensive smiles on that pale face he could not see.—He asked her sometimes if the walk was making her cheeks red, for then he knew, that his father would say she was well; and sometimes he furnished her with food for reflection, as she wondered what ideas were conveyed to his mind by the terms he had learned to use in speaking of visible objects. At last they came to the Great Oak; and as they sat resting together on a rock under its leafless branches, the gaiety of the blind boy subsided, and he caught something of the same sedate happiness which pervaded the spirit of Mary. They talked together for a long time, and at last sunk into silence. Henry sat musing, and Mary involuntarily gazed upon the varying expressions that passed over his sightless but eloquent face, sometimes lighting it almost with a smile, sometimes fading into sadness, betraying the changing tenor of his thoughts, which flowed on, guided only by the mysterious laws of association, and unchecked by the movements of outward objects. At last he asked with a mournful tone—

"Mary, do you think it would be a hard thing if I were to die young?"

Mary shrunk from a question which seemed so unnatural for one in his situation; because she did not imagine that such thoughts had ever entered the mind of the gay and laughing boy. She was startled, too, at the coincidence between their reflections; it was as if she had looked into his mind, and found it a mirror of her own. But she asked Henry, quietly, "if he were weary of the life God had given him."

"Oh, no," returned the blind boy, "but it would not frighten me, or make me unhappy, Mary, if I knew I were going to die. I know

I must be a burden all my life to my parents, and can be of little use to any one—even to you! I think—I know not why—it was not meant I should stay here long. God will soon see whether I am patient, amiable, and pious; he will take me away when I have been sufficiently tried."

Mary made no answer. She, too, had moments when the conviction that her life was not to be a long one, came upon her most powerfully, and to her, too, it brought that same gentle melancholy satisfaction which seemed stealing over the mind of her blind brother. He had once asked her, when a very little boy, if she thought he should see in heaven; and the question had made her shed many tears. She wept now, while she listened to his plaintive voice, and heard him talk with humble piety, of his willingness to die in the first blossoming of youth; yet her tears were not tears of bitterness, for she saw that the frame of mind in which he spoke, was one calculated to make him happy, living or dying.

She told him so at last, and strove to strengthen in his mind that feeling which disarms all vexation and sorrow—a perfect confidence that there is a secret good in every event which befalls us. Her own spirit was so deeply imbued with this conviction that it gave the coloring to her whole character; it was the idea that occurred to her habitually and incessantly; it was the secret of that peace of mind which neither trouble, poverty, or sickness, could ruffle. She taught him how to exercise his mind in trying to discover the good shrouded in seeming evil; and how, when the justice and mercy of any event were past finding out, to give up the search in undoubting confidence that all was right, suffering not his soul to be disquieted.

Mary was still an invalid, and soon felt that she had made more exertion than she ought to have done. She paused a moment at the foot of the hill, because there were two ways which led home. They had come by a circuitous path, leading through hills and lanes; and the road by which they now proposed to return, would conduct them across the mill-brook, straight to the village. She was weak and faint, and they took the shortest way.—Silently they walked on till they had almost reached a small rising ground which lay between them and the mill-stream, when Henry suddenly exclaimed, "Sister Mary, where are we? I hear the water running!" Mary listened a moment with a surprised and anxious countenance, and quickened her pace as they ascended the hill. As soon as they came in sight of the stream, she stopped, astonished and almost terrified. The heavy rain of the previous day, and the melting of the snow among the hills, had swollen the mill-brook

into a deep and rapid stream, and it now rushed by them with the sound of many waters, bearing on its turbid bosom marks of the devastation it had already wrought in its course. The young birches and alders that had shaded its green banks the preceding summer, torn up by the roots, were whirled along with the current; and amid the white foam Mary descried the wet, black planks and beams which told the destruction of an old mill of her father's higher up the stream.—The bridge, and the new mill just below it, were yet standing, but the waters rose furiously against them, and both shook and tottered. Sounds came up every moment amid the tumult, which told that something unseen had given way, and Mary looked around in vain for help or counsel. There was not a human being in sight. She did not try to conceal from Henry their situation; and though the hand she held did not tremble with the natural fear of one so young and helpless, she saw by his countenance that he was awed. A short but fervent prayer was in her mind. There was no time to be lost. She grew weaker every moment; and summoning up all her strength for one effort, with a quick, firm step, looking neither to the right nor to the left, she hastened upon the bridge, leading her blind brother. They had already half crossed it, when Henry, bewildered by the noise and the shaking under his feet, shrunk back involuntarily. Mary flung one arm around him, and feebly strove to drag him forward; when, with a tremendous crash, the main support of the bridge gave way under them, and in an instant they were precipitated amid its wrecks into the raging waters.

There were those who beheld this spectacle, and a wild cry of agony arose amid the din of destruction; but it came not from the lips of the struggling sufferers. William Halleck had come forth to look for his children, and warn them of the freshet. Just as he reached the top of the rising ground opposite the one they descended, he beheld them with horror attempting to cross the tottering bridge. It was but for a moment; as he sprang forward at the sight a fearful sound broke on his ear, and in another moment they were snatched from his gaze.

There was a short interval of confusion, shouts and cries. Friends and neighbors came running over the hill, to the scene of destruction, and there were pale, dismayed faces, hasty suggestions, and wild efforts to discover and save the drowning victims; but all in vain. Suddenly the frantic father descried his Henry sitting apparently in security, upon some of the wrecks of the bridge, which had become jammed together, and was arrested in their progress near the mill. At the same moment the whole group

caught sight of Mary, carried alive and struggling over the mill-dam. With one impulse they rushed down the banks and around the mill to her rescue. The father followed his neighbors with hurried steps and trembling knees, casting a single glance to ascertain that Henry was indeed safe, and calling to him as he passed, not to stir till his return. Henry seemed not to hear. He sat motionless, and crouching down in the extremity of his terror, uttering quick, low shrieks. They were lost in the tumult, and he was left alone.

The father came down from the flat rocks below the mill, just as the bruised, dripping, and lifeless body was drawn out of the water. With sad countenances and silent lips, the two elder brothers laid the pale corpse—for such it was—on a board, and carried it hastily to the village, with a vain hope of resuscitation. The father followed it a few moments anxiously; and then suddenly recollecting his helpless blind boy, he went with one or two of his neighbors to bring him to his desolate home.

Henry was where he had left him, bowed down, silent, motionless. The father's look grew fixed and earnest, as he drew nigh. He strode hastily over the heaps of timber and ruin, stooped to lift his child, and uttered a cry of horror. The lower limbs of the poor blind boy were wedged fast between two heavy beams of the demolished bridge, and he had fainted with excess of agony. Wild and almost superhuman were the efforts with which the father strove to relieve his child from a situation so horrible; but it was not till his friends came, with an axe and hatchet, with calmer heads and steadier hands, to his assistance, that the sufferer was extricated.

It was a night of grief and agony beneath the roof of William Halleck. The remains of the fair, gentle, and pious Mary lay stretched on her own little bed in one room, and in the next, father, mother, brothers and sisters hung around the couch of the suffering Henry.—Acute, indeed, were the pains with which it pleased God to visit the youthful saint, and saint-like indeed was the resignation with which those pains were borne. But about midnight his pains were suddenly calmed, and hope fluttered for a moment in the heavy hearts of those who loved him. It was but for a moment. The physician announced that the process of mortification had begun, and death was drawing nigh. All at once the voice of the blind boy was heard, calling his mother in a faint but calm voice. She came to his bed-side, and he took hold of her hand. Then he asked for his father, brothers, and sisters. They all came. He touched each, and said, "Mary is not here."

No one spoke, but he felt his mother's hand quiver in his.

"Mary is drowned," said he. "God has taken her to be an angel. Do not sob, mother, because she and I are to be so much happier than we ever could be on earth. Let me tell you of what Mary and I were talking this morning, and you will all see that God has kindly called us away at the very time when we were most willing, perhaps most fit to die."

Then he told them briefly all that had passed that day, and, after a moment's pause, added,

"Father and mother! I thank God for taking me away so young; and so too did Mary. You will be saved much trouble, much care; and we shall find no temptation, no sin, where we are going. Mary will never suffer pain and sickness again; and I, the poor blind boy, that never saw even your dear face, mother, I shall behold God. My eyes will be opened, and I shall go from a world of darkness into a world of light.— Promise me, all of you, that you will not sit down and mourn for me when I am dead, but will observe how wise and good it was that Mary and I should both die young. I have been a happy boy. God gave you a sick child and a blind one to try your patience and virtue; you have borne the trial well. You have been very kind to us both; you never said a harsh thing to your blind boy. We have just lived long enough to try your submission, but not long enough to be a heavy burden all your lives to you; and now God has taken us away, just as we could have wished, together, and at the best of times to die—the best for you, the best for us. Sometimes it is hard to see why things should be as they are; but this is an easy matter to understand. I am sure it is right, and I am happy!"

Henry Halleck never spoke again; but his last words had breathed comfort into the hearts of his parents, which dwelt there enduringly with his memory.

He lingered till morning. The first red beams of that sun he had never seen, fell on his pale features and sightless eyes. He felt his mother drawing open the curtains of the little window, at his bedside, that she might behold his face more plainly. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned towards her; it became fixed, and with a short spasm, his innocent spirit passed suddenly and peacefully into the world he had panted to know.

Death had at last come under the roof of William Halleck, and summoned the young, fair, and good; but he had come in visible kindness.

When the dispensation is dark, dreadful, and mysterious, latent good is still there, and the true christian seeks for it—and if he finds it not, still adores without doubting.

Original.

THE BLIND MUSICIAN.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

AMIDST all the changes of this changeful life, how varied are the means by which God draws us to himself. He who has formed the human heart knows which chord to strike; where lies the sweetest melody; and often what in the unmeaning language of the world is called our greatest calamity, eventuates in the salvation of our souls. These reflections have arisen in my mind with the recollection of a little incident that occurred to me some few years since in traveling.

In passing through a street of a New England town, I suddenly came in contact, in turning a corner, with an elderly gentleman and a young female; and as there arose at the moment a brief delay, arising from street etiquette, of who should take the precedence, I was led to a closer examination of their faces than we generally bestow upon street passengers. The old gentleman was gray-headed, and I soon discovered, was blind. His eyes were only partially shaded, and were the most remarkable looking eyes I have ever seen. They were large, prominent, and seemed to glow and revolve in their sockets; owing, I presume, to the peculiar manner by which he had been deprived of his sight. I was led to inquire into the history of the two, as much from the sweet, appealing look with which the lady asked for the larger half of the side-walk, as that the gentleman had awakened my sympathy by the loss of his eyes; and as she had, by the kind and tender expression of hers, while guiding and watching over him with the untiring vigilance which springs alone from the depths of woman's heart. I was gratified to learn that the lady was his daughter, and not his wife; for in the latter case the broad disparity of years would have caused a slight discord in my feelings, by raising a doubt as to the *entire disinterestedness* of her choice. I was informed that the old gentleman had in his youth been a seaman, and had spent some fifteen years of his life in the capacity of a common sailor; and that, too, at a period when sailor was but another name for a drinking, superstitious, and ignorant fellow, with but here and there an honorable exception—and Mr. S. had been truly a sailor of the old school. Who, at that date, would have supposed him destined or capable of any thing better? But all things are possible with God. He wrought the change:

“He moved in a mysterious way,
 The wonder to perform;
 Planted his footsteps on the sea,
 And rode upon the storm.”

His whole life had been a life of outward being; his whole stock of information had been derived, and was limited to what he had ever *seen* and *heard*; not one introspective glance had ever shot atwart the gloom within. Yet there lay hidden in his soul, like virgin gold of the unsunned mine, a rich treasure of heavenly harmony, which was soon to be revealed and dedicated to his Maker.

The heathen boasted of a god whose transmuting

touch could turn all things into gold. The Christian's God owns the more effective principle, of giving life to the dead, and of “creating a soul under the ribs of death.” While Mr. S. was on a long sea voyage, being yet a young man, they were encountered by very frequent and severe storms of thunder and lightning; so terrible, indeed, that the crew became fearful and heart-stricken: and, alas! they knew not the language of supplication, and there was none on board to teach them, so that their fears were unrelieved by the slightest ray of consolation. It was in one of these storms that Mr. S. was on duty at the helm, when, as a terrific flash of lightning struck the mast-head, it at the same instant deprived him of his sight for ever. He who, but a moment before, was guiding a mighty ship over the trackless ocean, was ever after himself led along his narrow pathway, and dependent for every footstep on the guidance of another. But this was a merciful providence, waking up his soul to the realities of a better state of being, and of a future life. He now began to look *inward*, and, alas! *there* he found nothing but “thick darkness.” Unused to reflection, and unfitted to enjoy it, he floated for many months in the two-fold darkness of body and spirit, over the wide ocean. But He who orders all things well, brought him at last safely to port; and he then sought consolation where it is only to be found.

There was in those days no Bethel for the piously disposed seaman to resort to; but he desired to be conducted to some church, where he might hear the preaching of the Gospel: for he was afflicted and miserable, and sought to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his Master's table. The church to which he had been led had a remarkably fine organ, and a highly gifted German organist. The chanting as he entered seemed to electrify him, to open his soul, and to communicate itself to the hidden harmony within, and draw him heavenward. He became a constant attendant, and a devout suppliant at that sanctuary. Its doctrines were pure and evangelical, and he felt soothed and comforted. He was on the highway to holiness, and no longer grieved for the loss of sight, but thanked God from the depths of his heart that his *hearing* was yet left, that he might enjoy the preaching of the Gospel. And He who granted the prayer of blind Bartimeus, vouchsafed to hear him also, and opened the eyes of his heart and his understanding to receive the truth as it is in Jesus: so like him he went rejoicing on his way, crying, “What a Savior I have found.” When he became a Christian, it seemed, as it ever does, to elevate and refine the whole character; his soul was filled with a celestial harmony, and he became eminently musical, and for many years afterwards officiated as organist in the same church where he had caught his first musical inspiration, and learned the first rudiments of spiritual harmony. He now married an excellent young woman, whose heart he had secured by his piety, and by the corresponding charm of a musical taste. And to this talent he turned as a support for his family, and he became a regular teacher, and has now for many years

employed almost all his time in giving lessons in the city on various musical instruments. And this reminds me of a little anecdote since told me by one of his pupils, in connection with his name, and which illustrates the assertion, that the suppression of one sense is often compensated in a measure by a heightening of the others. The young lady said, at the change of the season she had made some alterations in the arrangement of her parlor; and that the next day, when Mr. S. appeared to give her her lesson, he exclaimed, as he opened the door, "I see you have removed the forte piano away from the fire"—his nice ear having ascertained this change.

His whole being was now regenerated. He was happy in his religion, and together with his profession, it made such melody in his soul, that he soon burst forth as a composer of music; and to him the public are indebted for many fine pieces of sacred music; amongst others, the favorite one, adapted to the words of,

"There's nothing true but heaven."

He is still living in the town where I saw him; respected as a man, and admired as a musician. His family are all musical, and he has so trained his daughters that they have become proficient; and the one I saw guiding her father is said to be also a composer. They have acquired a genteel competency, are pious and good, and I know not where you will find a happier family.

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

WILTON HARVEY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by C. M. SEDGWICK, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

THE CONFESSION.

"And God, not we, has plagued the bloody deed."

THE several female tenants of Ross's house were assembled in the dying man's room, ready, as is usual on such occasions, to leave every other concern, to lavish attentions when attentions can be of no avail. "I am r'ally afeard you have come too late, sir," said John's mother, Mrs. Rice; "it's such a pity, for he was in the dreadfulest twitter to see you."

"Is he asleep?" asked Stanley, in a voice that brought every eye in the room upon him.

"No—it is not nat'ral sleep—it's a stupor-like, that comes on afore death. He'll go with the turning of the tide—don't you think so, Miss Sally?"

"Yes, ma'am," responded the ancient dame appealed to, "they most generally do."

"Ross!—Ross!"—screamed Stanley in the old man's ear, in a voice of agony.

"It's no kind of use, sir—don't you see he hears no more than the bed-post. It's a pity, for I never see a man in such a taking to see another as he was to see you."

"Good heaven! Why was I not sooner sent for?"

"It's the lawyer to make his will!" whispered one observer.

"I guess he expects to heir him," said another.

"Why, Mr. Gretton," replied Mrs. Rice, "no-body knew as he wanted to see you till an hour ago—don't you think it's an hour, Miss Sally?"

"Pretty nearly that, ma'am—something more than three quarters."

"I see," resumed Mrs. Rice, "when I came in this morning to look at him he was agoing, and when the dispensary doctor that visits the widow lady in the third story came down stairs I asked him just to step into the old gentleman's room—I think it was about eight, wasn't it, Miss Sally?"

"I judge it was, ma'am, somewhere about eight."

"He was then mighty oneasy, a turning his head first one way and then the other, and a picking the bed-clothes, and he didn't seem to take any notice, and says I to the doctor, 'don't you think he is agoing doctor,' and says the doctor to me, says he, 'very fast, Mrs. Rice,' at that the old gentleman opened his eyes and lifted up his head and tried to speak, but we could not no way make out what he said—the doctor said, 'maybe he wants a lawyer;' but, says I, 'sir, I'm sure he don't, for he had

a smart young lawyer here two nights ago, and a notary, and Johnny and I was called in to witness the will, and he was then as much himself as he ever is; he is always odd, you know, Miss Sally?"

"Yes ma'am, inclining that way."

All this while Stanley was bending in unutterable agony over the old man. Death was extinguishing his just rekindled hope of solving the mystery that hung over his father's fate. He heard nothing of the old woman's gossip till the lawyer was spoken of; and he then asked Mrs. Rice if she knew him.

"No sir, I can't say I just do, but I mistrust it's the same person I have met two or three times coming out of the old gentleman's room, but he always held his cloak up over his mouth, and pulled his hat down over his eyes—but I am sure of the step—a kind of a long, firm, military step. This young man has a black eye that looks right into a body, and the prettiest head of hair I a'most ever saw, so black and curly—and he lets a little of his beard grow on his upper lip—it's as black as a coal—it don't look so bad for all, though it's rather a nasty fashion—don't you think so, Miss Sally?"

"Yes ma'am," replied Miss Sally, giving for once in her life a direct, unmitigated affirmation.

"Clavers, no doubt," thought Stanley, "but how is he bound up with this old man?—how this old man with my father's fate?" What he felt on the brink of a discovery for which he had ardently longed all his life, and over which the grave was about to close for ever, is indescribable. He kept his fingers on the dying man's pulse; every beat seemed to him perceptibly feeble, his jaw had fallen, his breath came pantingly. "He can't stand it much longer," said Mrs. Rice, wiping his brows, "he's been in this cold sweat since nine o'clock—his breath grows shorter—don't it appear so to you, Miss Sally?"

"I was a thinking it did, ma'am."

"And he will die, and make no sign," thought Stanley. "Oh merciful God, rekindle this dying spark! Is it not possible," he asked, turning to the women, "that we might force something down his throat—something to revive him, wine or brandy?"

"We can try," replied Mrs. Rice; "the doctor left him a cordial, but it quakkled him so the last time I gave it to him, that says I to Miss Sally we won't worry him again."

"Give it to me," said Stanley. The vial was brought and he poured all its contents into a wine glass, and applied it to the dying man's lips. The

muscles about his mouth slowly contracted, his jaw moved, his lips came together, and he swallowed. Stanley kept the glass to his lips till every drop was gone. In a few moments there was an evident change, a stronger pulsation, a better respiration, and after a little time he opened his glazed eyes, but he saw nothing. There was a general buzz about the bed. Stanley laid his hand on Ross's arm, shuddering as he did so, and said in a low, tremulous voice, "I am here—Stanley Gretton—can't you speak to me?" Ross grasped Stanley's hand with both his and uttered a feeble exclamation. "My good friends," said Stanley, "leave me alone with him—go instantly—no delay, I beseech you. Now, Ross, we are alone; you sent me my father's ring—do you know how he came by his death?" Ross attempted to reply, but the sounds he uttered were unintelligible, and most horrible. "Was he murdered?—are you his murderer, Ross? For God's sake speak—say yes or no." Again Ross attempted to speak, but there was a rattling in his throat, and no utterance. He then moved his hand feebly, and seemed feeling for something, but too weak to direct his arm. Stanley thrust his own arm beneath the pillow and drew out a small parcel directed to himself. "Thank God!" he exclaimed. Ross groaned, grasped Stanley's arm with a convulsive motion, and cried out in the impotent voice of a man in a nightmare, "Mercy!"

"God have mercy on you!" exclaimed Stanley, involuntarily recoiling and shaking him off. The old man fell back, once feebly gasped, and was dead. Stanley rushed out of the room, passed Mrs. Rice and Miss Sally who were standing remarkably near the key-hole, and ordered the coachman to drive him home. When there, locked in his own room, he stood as if transfixed with the unsealed parcel in his hands. The space between that moment and the day of his father's death seemed annihilated. Again he saw his mother, in all the wretchedness of fainting hope, and growing fear; again he beheld the faces of the friends who thronged about them with eager, distressful and unavailing curiosity and sympathy, and now he held in his hand the solution of the secret. His heart beat audibly, a blur came over his eyes, and his whole frame shook as if he were in an ague. He laid down the parcel, walked up and down the room, and ejaculating a prayer for courage and composure, he broke the seals and read the following narrative in Ross's almost illegible autograph:

"Mr. Gretton:—I have a story to tell you—and little strength—and very little time to tell it in. I meant to have told it by word of mouth, but courage failed me till now, when I am so near death, that I fear not man, nor what man can do to me. God will settle all.

"I worked on your father's house when it was a-building in Vesey-street. I was a hard-working man, and he took notice of me, and praised up my industry. Property was a rising in the city, and he advised me to take advantage of the times and buy a lot and build. He said it was a pretty specula-

tion for me, and a sure one. Till then I was a contented man. I had a little more than I spent, and enough to eat and drink and wear—I and mine. But from that time, I was always a feeling that I got my money by the hardest, working for it while everybody was growing rich by speculating. Well; one day says your father, 'Ross, would not you like to be able to educate your children, and have them better off than you are?' That was the probe that went to my heart. I had but one son, my Jemmy, and I did love him as words can't tell, and I thought it would be a fine thing to see him a person, and not the poor ignorant man I was. And your father offered to lend me money and take a mortgage, and in an evil hour for him and for me, I took the money and bought a lot in Cherry-street, and built a house. For awhile I paid the interest, and kept the debt down, but then there was an unlucky turn, my wife took sick, we went behind-hand every way, and then it was, when my head was confused with troubles, that I found my debt swelled up with compound interest. I thought this wa'n't fair play. I saw your father making money, hand over hand, his very words turned into gold—I came home from his office and thought it over day and night, and brooded on't and brooded on't, till—God help me, I believe I was not in my right mind—I thought it had all been a plan of his from the beginning to snarl me up in that mortgage, and heap interest on interest, and so to take away my little to pour into his cup that was already running over. The very roof over my head seemed to cry out on his injustice. Oh the poor man's temptations!—the poor man's temptations, Mr. Gretton!—but God will settle all!

"My wife died and left me alone in the house with Jemmy, and as often as I looked at the boy, I felt my disappointment cutting in deeper and deeper, till one night I dreamed I had got the mortgage without paying for it—and the dream came to pass!

"Your father appointed New Year's day to bring up the mortgage to my house, and look at the premises, and take a payment and talk over matters.

"One of my neighbours, pitying Jemmy's lonely condition, with me that was no company for him, took him home to pass the holiday, and I was alone with my evil thoughts. Your father came. It was just in the edge of the evening. I lighted a lamp, and your father took out the mortgage, and sat down by the table with his back to me. There it was! I thought as I looked over his shoulder at the paper, it would make me a free man and the house my own—and I have worked hard enough for it, and he never a stroke—I gave him but one blow. Oh God!—oh God! it was that blow that struck the peace out of my soul for ever and for ever!

"I tried every way to bring him to, but he grew cold, and stiff and heavy in my hands. I've never got the feeling off me yet. In my dreams I am at it, a rubbing and rubbing and breathing into his lips, and he a growing colder and colder

"Well—well—I took out his watch and pocket-book, and the ring off his finger, and I dragged him down into my cellar, and made a handsome mahogany coffin, and covered it with a rough box, and I wrapped his cloak decent about him, and folded his hands on his breast, and laid the watch and pocketbook between the coffin and the box—there was money in it, but I did not count it nor touch it—*afore God I say it, it had been the thought of righting myself and not wronging him that set me on.*

"I did not bring Jemmy home that night.

"When I went for him the next morning, the people looked at me as if I was not company for the boy. They offered to keep him, and I was glad to leave the desolate child. I went back to my task. All day while the town was astir, looking for him that was lying dead before me, I was at my work, a digging,—digging deep with no sound but my spade, and the ringing in my ears that's been there ever since.

"Well! I made a finish and put back my carpenter's-bench over the spot, and there, where I had spent many a happy day a whistling at my work, my hair turned gray, and before spring came, them that had known me best, did not know me as I passed them in the street!

"Well! it was all for Jemmy, and the minute it was done, my first thought was, my boy is the child of a *murderer!* and every time I looked at him and all night as I lay by him, he asleeping sweetly, that horrid thought was uppermost. I could not live so, and I laid out a plan to save him, and turned it over and over till I worked it out.

"Time and strength fail me. Well! as if to make matters easy for me, I received a letter from my only brother twenty years older than I, a half brother he was, my only known relation. He was living in Baltimore. The letter informed me he was near death, and asked me to come to him. I went. I found he had lived the life of a miser, and that he had heaps of riches—poor man. He was a Roman Catholic. He gave a large sum to the priest to buy masses for his soul, and all the rest to me for Jemmy, 'to bear up our name handsome in the world,' he said. Oh, could I but have filled your father's grave with the money, and brought him back to life—but the past is past; let every man mark that before he loads the present with evil deeds. We had a lawyer and everything done conformably, but there were stores of gold hidden in the house that he only told me of at the last pinch—the love of money was bred in the bone of us!

"Well, the idea took me that I might get ease by turning Catholic—and so I partly confessed to the priest, but he was a good man and would not deceive me, and I came away as heavy as I went.

"Well! I had heard while I was gone of a Catholic school in Maryland. I came home, and dressed Jemmy up in good fashion and took him to that school. I called him *Augustine Clavers*. I told them he had been nursed by my wife, and

we had called him our child, and that money for his support and education would be sent through me. I bade them spare nothing. Well! I took leave of him. He called me father for the last time. Oh, the curse of guilt is heavy to bear!

"Mr. Gretton, I have done you the little justice in my power. You will find the money due on the mortgage, with the interest and compound interest, deposited to your credit in the Merchant's Bank. I have got A. C. to promise me to leave this house untenanted next six months, that it may have a thorough repair in midsummer—he thinks I love the place!

"The key enclosed in this parcel is the key to the back entrance to my cellar, so that you will have opportunity privately to remove your father's remains. I do not ask privacy of you to spare the dead, but God's mercy in your heart may incline you to spare the living.

"You now know all. You know why I lost my senses as it were, in your office, (your father's office!) last May-day. Since then I've never driv a nail. I've seen *him*. I know he's prospering, but it's no comfort to me. I can't call him Jemmy—he's not my child—a murderer cannot be a father—other men's blessings are curses to him, a living fear here, an endless misery hereafter. You may wonder that I have told you all the truth, for sure it is I would live over all the ages of misery I have endured since that night rather than he should know I am his father. I could not die without telling you all—the burden was too heavy on my soul.

JOHN ROSS."

Immediately after finishing the manuscript, Stanley, with characteristic considerateness, despatched a note to his sister informing her that he had been called away by business of some importance, but which need not give her the slightest anxiety on his account. This done, he yielded to a burst of grief for the fate of his father. He seemed but now to have lost him and to have lost him by means so horrible. With his sacred filial sorrow there mingled no vindictiveness against the miserable worker of this evil—the wretched suffering victim of ignorance and cupidity. Stanley pitied and forgave him. In relation to the dead, his feelings were bright and peaceful, but when he turned his thoughts to the living, there was conflict and confusion.

Could he passively permit the son of his father's murderer to enter his family—to wed the woman he loved better than life! Could he silently submit to see the sources of his happiness for ever poisoned? and yet,—dare he overwhelm an innocent man with disgrace and misery—blast him for ever!—Was there not some medium way, some compromise of Christian mercy with self-preservation? Should he tell Clavers and promise to keep the secret from all the world besides, on the condition of his relinquishing all pretension to his cousin?—Was not this course suggested to give a free course to his own suppressed hope?—well then, he would bind himself by a secret vow never to profit by this

advantage,—anything would be better than being allied to the son of Ross. While he was struggling with these opposing impulses, he heard Clavers' footstep on the stairs, followed by his hasty knock. Stanley thrust Ross's letter into his desk and opened the door. His face and agitation would have struck any one not absorbed with his own emotions; but Clavers was conscious of nothing beyond himself.

"I have much to say to you, Gretton," he began. "I think you are my friend, and you are my only one for the circumstances that left me independent have made me solitary. Your uncle informs me that he has imparted to you my communication to him. I am glad of it. I meant to have told you myself, but it is not an agreeable subject, and I do not care to dwell upon it. I do not know whether nature or circumstances have made me a reserved man—that I am so, is certain—one must have faith in man to be frank. As you are aware, Gretton, my life has been wrapped in mystery, and I have been dogged by doubt and mistrust—sorry companions; all hope, all fear of clearing up the mystery is now past for ever. The only person that, as far as I know, had the key to it, is dead. I could never persuade him to give me a ray of light. Such secrecy has not been preserved without a strong motive. My own belief is, that it has been to shelter the frailty of some woman who stands fair and high in the world's estimation. Am I not probably right?"

Stanley stammered and made no intelligible reply.

Clavers bit his lips and proceeded.

"You are not yet in possession of all the facts. Last week the person to whom I have alluded, and through whom I have received my supplies, being near death—he died this morning—sent for me, and conveyed to me property he held in trust for me, to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—but, in heaven's name, what ails you, Gretton?"

Stanley, unable to suppress his nervous agitation, was walking up and down the room.

"I am intruding—you have affairs of your own! I forgot that mine, so excessively interesting to me, may have little importance in your eyes."

"Go on, I beseech you, Clavers, go on. I have affairs of my own on my mind that perplex me, I confess it, but I am deeply interested in yours."

"Ah, he knows his uncle's concerns are desperate," thought Clavers; "thank you, Stanley," he said, "God knows I am not apt to be over communicative. You already know why I went to Paris, and why I staid there. I am a man of few purposes, but steady to those I form. From the moment you introduced me to your cousin, she has been the star by which I have shaped my course—the ruling motive of my life. If I win her, I win all—if I lose her I lose all. Ambition, I confess, at first mingled with my love,—my position was uncertain, hers high, and apparently secure. But the tables are changed, and I rejoice

at it—it suits me better to confer than to receive."

Stanley's brow suddenly contracted, and his whole aspect expressed a mingled pride and disgust.

Clavers rose. "In God's name, Gretton," he asked, "what have I said to displease you?"

"I have not my mind at command this morning, Clavers—you must pardon me—go on, I beseech you."

"You must be aware, Stanley, that your uncle's house cannot stand this crisis—he has gone too deeply into speculation, and his heavy responsibilities must break him down. You, of course do not hear them, but there are already rumours of his failure—fail he must, do you not think so?"

"I fear it."

"You may then imagine my joy, my exultation at this critical moment, at being able to offer Grace a refuge from the storm—not only security, but independence. This ability inspires me with courage. I have feared this girl more than all the powers and principalities of earth. I do not yet understand her—she piques my curiosity and startles my pride. Her reserve accords with my taste, and my own nature; but she is not constant in this; she has sudden bursts of frankness that are at variance with her general disposition; thaws in January. She reminds me of the lady in the Fairy tale, who lived in a castle surrounded by insurmountable walls which, when the whim took her, she could dissolve by a spell. Her indolent fine-lady air sometimes goes off like an exhalation, and she is then as impulsive as a child; but I suppose all women are made up of these contraries; only there are few of them that we care to study."

It was curious to see how Stanley's impatience was subdued as he listened to this analysis of the lady of his heart—how all other emotions were merged in that most powerful.

"I told you I was afraid of Grace Harvey," resumed Clavers; "I am. I have never been able to bring myself to an explanation with her. Her aunt is my fast friend—not confidante, I do not fancy such wares. I have her father's concurrence. Her own manners to me are certainly not repulsive. I am not sanguine, but as far as I can judge, there is no one, yourself excepted, Gretton, and you, of course, as her cousin, as acceptable as myself. She was so animated, so very lovely this morning, that I was on the point of an explicit avowal, when you opened the door, and she, a little bewildered, gathered up some rose-leaves she had strewn about her, and escaped to her own room, as I thought, to hide the agitation she shared with me; but I may be in error, and my resolution stands, to wait till the storm bursts that is gathering over her, that I may avail myself of all the chances of war that fortune seems willing to lend me. Now, Gretton, I have lain open my heart to you, as I once believed I could not to any man. I am sure I have your good-will, and if need be, I shall have your good word?"

"No, Clavers—never. I must be honest with you. I have not asked or sought your confidence, and surely I am not committed by it. I never can forward your suit to my cousin—she ought to act independent of any suggestions but those of her own heart, and she will."

Clavers looked at Stanley as if he would penetrate his soul; but he replied as if no distrust were excited.

"Certainly she ought, and will; but Gretton, you know when the scale is turning a feather will make it preponderate—a kind wish, and that I am sure you will give me!"

Stanley's gravity did not relax—"I promise nothing," he said.

"Well, my dear fellow, you are not in your best humour this morning. I hope half the failing merchants in town are plaguing you with their business. You look ill, Stanley—upon my soul you do. Let me send your physician to you?"

"No, no! I am not ill—thank Heaven he is gone," exclaimed Stanley, as Clavers, departing, shut the door after him. "I could not have borne it any longer."

He had in truth been too long stretched on the rack. When he failed to answer to the tea-bell, little Adela came to his room, and frightened by his burning hand and throbbing temples, she privately despatched a messenger for Mary. Mary came and sent for a physician; and he, ignorant of the cause of the excitement, prescribed bleeding and calomel, which, combining with Stanley's mental agitation and cruel anxieties produced a

real disease that confined him at the critical period when the full possession of his powers was most desirable to him.

But what would they avail him—everything seemed working in a happy issue for Clavers. He had been induced to make his communication to Stanley, partly by that thirst there is in every human breast for sympathy; and partly to obviate a danger he merely thought possible, of Stanley's rivalry. The homely adage "set a thief to catch a thief," explains some suspicions that had dawned on his mind; but he knew how to count on the action of his generous nature, and he believed Stanley would not think it right to interfere with the great superiority of fortune he had to offer—so important to the Harveys at the present juncture of their affairs.

But on this head he miscalculated. Marriage was too sacred in Stanley's eyes to be decided by fortune or the want of it. He would as soon have trafficked with his soul as have made fortune any consideration in asking for the heart of the woman he loved, or a make-weight in the offer of his own. The two men were of different orders.

Clavers in his relation of his intercourse with the old man on the subject of his parentage, had told the truth, but not the whole truth. He suppressed the fact that in reply to his vehement and often renewed instances, Ross had finally entreated him for his own sake to desist, and left him with the impression that the discovery would be any thing but agreeable to him.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF GLAUBER SAULTZ, M. D.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

‘WHAT a beautiful boy!’ exclaimed Mr. Waller, who had accompanied me in the old vehicle; and as he said this, he involuntarily seized the reins, and we halted abruptly, (Codger always halts abruptly on the slightest hint,) under the projecting shadows of an ancient elm. Mr. Waller had scarcely left his apartments for a month, and experiencing that pleasing languor which accompanies returning health, was in a frame of mind to be delighted with the beauty of external objects, and with every influence of the glorious day, with its sun-light and its music. When the invalid lifts up his head from the couch of dangerous illness, how delicious are the first revisitings of health! The grave with its thick darkness is receding from him, and the dark valley of the shadow of death. The heart which was almost cold throbs again with its mysterious and mighty pulses; the ear is awake to earth’s intricate harmonies; the eye opens as from a deep sleep, and the illumined earth breaks in upon it—a gay and moving panorama. What a luxury is there in the west breeze, as it comes wooing the pale cheek! How intoxicating the perfume of flowers! What rapture in the voice of the birds! But sweeter than all tune are the accents of kindness to the affectionate heart. It is worth lying on a sick couch, with its fever and delirium, its days of anguish and nights of weariness; it is worth encountering pain and despondency, and the dismal phantoms which hover around the grave, to wake up from this into a new being, a new world of light and beauty, where all things greet you with a welcoming smile, and you hear but the voice of gladness. *It is only not Heaven.*

The ride had been long and pleasant. We had been sauntering over hill and dale; at one time stopping to pluck a flower, at another to admire the ‘garniture of fields.’ Then we came upon a romantic spot

where the rocks and stones were thrown together in a wild chaos, and we were caught in the pleasing intricacies of a dell or ravine in the woods, where like lost children we could have rambled until the setting sun, without a wish to be extricated. There was a charming coolness and solitude about the circuitous path, which was thickly overshadowed and grotto-like. The water came tumbling down a precipitous place, where an old tenement was perched amid the rocks and woods, and a ghostly miller looked silently down from his eyrie on the little water-wheel and the dark pool below. Here were many pine-trees, which they say sound musically when the wind sweeps through them, some shooting upward to an enormous height like vast excrescences of barrenness, others upturned by the blast with their roots high in air, thrown across the chasm in contrast with yon ærial bridge of the spider's web, across which the stray sun-beams glide on their passage. Here were to be found at once the germ and the maturity of greatness; the acorn toyed with by the dainty squirrel, the tender sapling and the giant oak; while prostrate on the ground lay the vast trunk, the relic of a former age, given up to decay, its inmost heart consumed, but mummy-like preserving the outward form and semblance of itself. Lichen and green mosses grew over it, and flowerets which once bloomed like pigmies at its roots, while vines and parasitic plants, whose ambition was to clamber up and be hid among its leaves, revelled around it in gay luxuriance, and blossomed and smiled over its melancholy remains.

How different is the city's solitude from that of groves, and how desolate are you when you ramble a stranger in the crowded mart! And of the thousands who pass by you in eager haste, none know you, care for you, or possess hearts which beat responsive with your own! But the fields, the woods, the rocks, the streams are your companions, and you go nowhere that you do not meet with friends. Not a leaf falls, not a rain-drop sparkles in the sun, not a blade of grass waves in the breeze, not a ripple stirs the lake, not a floweret blooms at your feet, not a bird sings on the spray, that each does not contribute to the pervading sympathy which animates all nature, and with eloquent implorings beseeches you to look up to the Maker of all things — God.

Some fondly talk of the sweet security of streets; and it might form a study which the heart of a cynic would delight in, to gaze at the unsocial company of those who throng in thoroughfares, to read the full outlines of history and character depicted in the flash of many faces, as the suddenness of the intense lightning instantly reveals on the dark night the landscape in its minutest details; the trees, the rocks, the river, the bridge. The multitudes of those who go forth on the genial morning on their own errands of gayety or sorrow; the joyous bridegroom stepping forth to support his young bride to the chariot, and hastening to the Gothic aisle, there in its solemn light to pronounce the vow upon earth recorded in heaven; the old man borne away to his dusty sepulchre, whose cold, dead heart, reckoning back through many a prosperous day, once fluttered as wildly on *his* bridal morning; the pilgrim with white locks trembling solitary among the erect men of another age, his dim eye and narrow vision yet mistaking the distance of his goal, and who is crowding gigantic schemes into life's little

interval, as he walks on the pathway where the tombs of his contemporaries throw their long shadows athwart his feet; the youth girding himself for the long race, and enchanted with the oak-leaf crown of victory; the strong man hastening on with resolute energy and concentrating the powers of his soul to gain the gold which perisheth; the rich rolling in gilded carriages, and envying the peace which wealth cannot procure; the poor creature of shame or poverty wistfully gazing with cold, wan eye; the beggar with outstretched hand silently supplicating for alms; the child of gay heart and few summers, whose firmament is undimmed with clouds, and whose earth is undefiled with graves; the maiden for whose blush the emulating palette has no colors, the life blood gushing up from a pure heart, the heavenly Madonna face upturned from earth to gaze upon the blue sky; the countenance where all the passions have driven in their chariots, and left their marks in wrinklins, contortions and frowns; the unbound criminal who longs for the clanking chains, and whose heart burns to confide the murderer's secret to the world; the unhappy wretch rushing to the river's brink, to be arrested in the fatal plunge by a voice, a word, some heavenly interposition which bids him still to hope; these and a thousand others pass you by, and leave you melancholy and alone. And still the crowd sweeps onward, and the hum goes up. The city's hum is but the turmoil of earth; the fields resound with the music of heaven. Every aspiration meets with its response, every voice its echo, every confiding breast with sympathy; and you cannot choose but join in the *Te Deum* which swells the grateful heart, when the simplest flower in the valley looks upward in the bright sunlight toward heaven.

Oh! there is in the great and wide fields a philosophy never dreamed of in the deepest speculations; a learning not found in the most erudite books; a poetry which surpasses the artifice of numbers; a music which excels the transports of the lyre; an eloquence which defies the wealth of words; an harmonious beauty which leads you into a sweet captivity, and fills up the soul to its utmost capacity with a pure delight. Here is a revelation which tells as clearly as the written word of the benign God, which is acknowledged in all objects in nature; in the sun at noon-tide, in the profound darkness or stars of night. No speech, no language; their voice is not heard; but their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

Thus musing, (and a Country Doctor is sure to muse and moralize in his long solitary rambles,) we emerged from that romantic dell, and breaking the charm of silence, struck upon a new path-way. We saw the waters of the Sound on the left gleaming in the sun, and the beautiful model of a steam-boat, with gay streamers flying, gliding on her course as if animated by a soul to guide her motions, and with a swift ease which can be compared only to the gracefulness of the living form. Ah! how different the sunny prospect, and the gently rippling waves, and the serene heavens, from that moonless wintry night when from yonder promontory I looked afar over the scene, and saw an ill-fated vessel wrapt in fire and the flames shooting luridly toward the sky, and took refuge from the bitter cold and from the dreadful scene in that cottage on the hill! There all was cheerfulness and peace.

The winds cried piteously about its eaves, but cheerily the fire blazed upon the hearth, while the widow read from the Ancient Book, lifting up an involuntary prayer for a son who was dear to her; and blessed ignorance! she did not know that he was suffocating at that moment in the wintry waves. But *I* knew how sad a spectacle was enacting there, and gazed silently at the embers on the hearth. The morrow came and brought no healing on its wings; but when the winter's ices had all vanished, and the spring-time arrived again, and the last relic which appertained to him who was lost was yielded up to these shores, the BOOK OF LIFE which had been given him to be his companion was found imperishable, and, emblem of happy significance! the victim's name was discovered upon its opening page, clearly written therein.

'I knew one,' said Mr. Waller, 'who witnessed that conflagration, and perished in it. Wild, joyous, of bright talents and an intense ambition, he bounded at once upon his career with a courage which no obstacles could oppose. For him there were fascinations which the world proffers not to all. He pictured the future in the brightest hues; its objects were of the true *colour de rose*. See, here are the last words which he wrote to me before he met his fate: 'Pardon me, my friend; I may speak too confidently; my heart is full of emotions, and the race is not to the swift. I have to work out my own destiny, and I set about it with no craven heart. Fear me not. I know what my friends, my country, the world expects of me. I shall not sit down in sloth or idleness; I shall not prove recreant to the trusts committed to my charge. I know what it is in me to effect; I know what I *will* do, so help me God! Pride, honor, manfulness, self-respect, all urge me on, to enter the great contest; to fight the battle, to win the crown. To-morrow — it is no matter; you shall hear from me yet again. Farewell!'

'And there was a player,' said I, 'among the number of those who perished. On the night before he died he was the favorite of a gay theatre; applauded to the echo; his very shadow the signal for a tumult of approbation and delight: and when the play was over, and he stepped forward in his player's garments almost into the midst of the eager, approving crowd, to receive the laurels he had earned, he made a well-timed speech: 'My friends,' said he, 'I am grateful. It is rumored that I shall not return here any more. I hope this may not be prophetic. Nothing can be farther from my intentions. I hope to see you soon again.' And so saying, he passed before the curtain, and never appeared again on any stage. And I knew a youth who perished in the same disaster; sanguine, gay-hearted, who had scarcely yet dreamed of death. Do you see yon country-seat with Greek portico and observatory? Only three nights before he died I saw him dancing in the lighted rooms. It was a festal occasion, a birth-day night. There were many happy children and bright faces. He admired and basked in the light of *one*. And this is the way of the world. There be those who say 'How beautiful!' to the roses of a banquet, who shall never live to lament them dead. For them the cypress is prepared, and all the melancholy flowers which we strew upon the grave. Ah! how infinitely removed, and yet at how short a remove, is life from death, and how nearly do the waters of bitterness spring up from the very

fountains of joy!* It is well that the dark future is hidden from us, and that we may be happy in the bright present. But could we look around upon the glad company, and know that the innocence which is so pure, and the wit so bright, and the laughter so hilarious, must on the morrow die, we should never know happiness any more. There are friendships so pure and loves so sweet that we despair at the death which threatens them, and perish in the graves where they are buried with our hopes.'

From such casual remarks we gradually slid into other topics, and coming on a great battle-ground, spoke of the men of the Revolution, and the scenes in which so much costly blood was spilled, and regretted the necessity of arms, and desired the happy age when they should yield to the toga of peace. Then we discoursed of the progress of the arts, and the charms of literature, whose peaceful triumphs are better than the tyrant's blood-bought crowns.

We were now arrived at a pleasing seclusion, and as already mentioned, beguiled to pause awhile under the covert of an old tree. A cottage in the French style stood not far from the road, and a child of four years was playing before the door on the green-sward. He was attended by a faithful domestic, and ever and anon ran to throw himself with a passionate joy into the arms of an old man who sat near, and whose hairs were as white as snow; speaking all the while in the French tongue, whose idiomatic graces lose nothing when falling from infantile lips. He was of a soft and tender beauty, as if fallen from the skies. How his mild eyes beamed with light, attempered by long lashes! — and his cheeks somewhat pale, and pure brow, and auburn hair falling over his shoulders, fitted him for caresses. What a spectacle is a child! Happy, passionless, innocent, uncontaminated, belonging at the same time to earth and heaven; sporting gaily in the golden age of his young years. He is born into a garden of Eden, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing, and there is yet no TEMPTER. Turmoils and anxieties there are none, and the terrible phantom of death cannot dispel the smiles which flit over the face of him sleeping. If there be clouds, they soon let the sunshine through them, and so his tears are but the forerunners of smiles and laughter; and if he has any grief it soon vanisheth away:

τίνα γὰρ φροντίς οὐκ ἄλγεῖν φιλεῖ. — EURIP.

What man of ordinary guiltiness can look upon an innocent child, thus playing among flowers, without a thought of what he once was, and without shedding tears of vain regret for what he may never be again? Mr. Waller was thus affected. 'Do you know the history of the old Frenchman?' said he.

'I should be glad to hear it,' replied I.

'It is short, and without plot to recommend it.'

'Perhaps I shall like it the better on that account.'

'It is well,' said he, throwing himself back in the old vehicle, and

* MEDIO de fonte loporū surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat. — LUC.

then in his sentimental way, making much out of little, told me these few facts as nearly as I remember them :

That little building with wings and conservatories and gardens so artfully disposed, once had its counterpart in a stately château and grounds on the banks of the Seine. There is not a nook or turret or casement of the latter which is not represented in yonder miniature mansion ; and so all the walks, flower-beds and pretty embellishments are but copies of a true original. Thus it is that the exile dying to his country, remembers the beloved Argos where he was born.

During the reign of faction and terror in France, when the elements of society appeared to be stirred up from the very dregs, and the state had become ripe for a revolution which brought the poor monarch Louis *Seize* to the block, among the many brave, noble, gallant, thrown from day to day into gloomy prisons to await their doom, or like the prisoner of the Bastille to become squalid and forgotten in the revolutions of the state, was that venerable man who has just clasped yon beautiful child in his arms. You saw how aged he looked, and how comely were his gray hairs mixed up with the beautiful tresses of the child.

At that time he was in the vigor of age, and full of manly beauty. Birth and talents fitted him for a prominent place, and he had already fallen under the eye of Robespierre, and his name graced the lists of proscription which like those of Sylla were doomed to fill the city with cries and mourning. But he had hitherto remained firm at his post. He was willing to die with, to die for, but not to forsake or survive his country.

One day he sat solitary in his prison. It was the approach of evening, when the last rays of light were struggling through the bars, and the sounds of the city became dull. Imaginations come up thick, fast, almost oppressively at such a time, even to the happy ; how much more so to the prisoner of hope ! He had dropped the book which he had been reading (it was a volume of Montesquieu) from his hand, and became lost in reverie. He remembered the past, and among its happy scenes sought refuge and consolation. The future he had been wont to picture, that boundless prospect, so full of enchanting sights, but now how circumscribed ! Then he steeled his soul to the worst of terrors, and was prepared to welcome death. At that moment he listened attentively, and caught the fall of footsteps without in the paved corridor. It might be the approach of the turnkey bringing the death-summons for the morrow. The heavy bolt shot with a noise which caused him to start nervously, the door moved slowly on its hinges, and in an instant he beheld—not the gaoler's gaunt form, but dimly revealed by the declining day, a woman's majestic figure. 'Marianne !' exclaimed the father, stretching out his fond arms ; 'can it be ? How unexpected this meeting ! How have you gained access here ? Bless thee, my child, this is not the time or place for thee ! Retreat immediately. Tarry not here. Make haste ! Let me bid you farewell—for ever !'

'Not so, my father. I came hither without attendant ; I cannot go forth without you. Ask me not who effected this entrance. I did it—gold did it. I have seen the gaoler. He was the old porter at

Neuilly. A great sacrifice is preparing. Bertrand, Montreville, Vileneuve, a score of others, you too, are destined for the morrow. The way is prepared; there is no obstacle. Fly, Sire; emigrate to another land.'

It was very dark within the walls of the prison, but not too dark to veil the moral beauty of the scene. Love, danger, filial piety, parental fondness, all powerfully appealed. The royalist embraced his child, and they passed silently down the gloomy stair-case, got beyond the sentinels, ascended the carriage, crossed the Pont-Neuf, and in two hours reached the old château. It was a beautiful summer night. There was confusion and bustle in the castle for many hours. Caskets and jewels were collected hastily, and whatever precious things could be removed with ease. A sad and solemn preparation was preparing for the morrow. Fields and groves and hereditary trees, which we love as dearly as dearest relatives or truest friends, were to be relinquished, it might be for ever. And there was a sadder farewell. Marianne walked in the garden — not alone. She was accompanied by one, young, ardent, of whom all the world spake well, and whom she *loved*; and he implored her with a tender eloquence, in vain. Two affections struggled in the same heart, whereof the noblest was victorious. It was the noblest because less tinctured with self. So she withdrew from him her hand, and dismissed him from her presence, to cherish him in her heart of hearts for ever. VARENNES disappeared among the trees, and she never saw him again.

When the gray light of the morning dawned they were awakened by the sounding of a huntsman's horn, which was the signal to be ready. Marianne hastened to the library. Her father had just impressed his seal on the last package. He seized her hand and gazed wistfully in her face, which was bright and cheerful.

'Varennès!' murmured he, inquiringly.

'Say nothing, I entreat you. I have bidden him farewell.'

'Nay, you must not, shall not accompany me; you shall remain, protected by our friends. I will go alone upon this voyage. In more tranquil times we shall meet again on this spot, and be happy.'

But neither commands nor entreaties can prevail against a woman's strong resolution. They entered the cabriolet amid the tears of the menials, and in an instant more were upon the road. When they had arrived at a spot whence it was possible to catch a last glimpse of the château through the trees, Marianne commanded the carriage to halt a moment, that she might take a final look, satisfied with which, she gave directions to proceed upon the journey, and leaning upon her parent's breast shed a torrent of tears.

The white sails of the brig were already flapping in the breeze, and they embarked on the voyage. Propitious gales wafted them on. When the shores of dear France were fading away from the sight, Marianne gazed eagerly toward the land, as she had taken a last look at the château. She felt a presentiment that she should never visit it any more. Deep sadness and melancholy stole over her when she thought of those whom she had left behind; (among them Varennès was not forgotten;) and a host of emotions came up over the soul

almost to overwhelm it. This was but a momentary weakness and defection. A better courage animated her breast and inspired her with new resolutions, when she beheld the form of one approaching her whom she loved more than any in the world. It was her father.

To him she would devote her whole life; sharing in his prosperity, alleviating his adversity, watching him in sickness, and tenderly regarding him when growing old. And for this she looked for none other reward than the approval of her own heart, the smiles of Heaven. And Heaven always smiles upon such noble conduct. The admiration of the world never inspired it, and cannot bestow upon it its just deserts. The strong mind of the virtuous hath rich resources within itself, and can draw much from its own deep and pure affections. How much soever the visible sun is absent from the heavens, there is a light which shineth in the soul, and it shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

A few years glided by, and yonder château appeared among the trees. It had been selected as a refuge and a home; and it was happy and beautiful, but it owed every thing to HER hand. She touched nothing that it did not exhibit the attractive graces of a pure taste. Without her, not a plant sprang up in the gay paterre, or a single flower in all the wilderness of sweets. If she planted any thing, though it were a tender, fragile exotic, it acknowledged the hand which fostered it, and flourished. For trees and plants and dumb animals have sensitive natures, and are susceptible of kindness; and nothing died beneath her affectionate care. It was her idea to make the new place image forth the old. It was its pretty diminutive. Arbors and grottoes and sweet alcoves were reduced upon the scale, and all things copied with a tenacious memory. Rose-trees and eglantines bloomed in their own places, and wherever she had planted a vine, there grew one, only with richer clusters and of a warmer hue, at the ancient château. It was a garden without thorns; a seclusion which Shenstone might have admired; and having rendered the place what it was by her own taste, it became the abode of kindness and hospitality. Hers was a fixed character; a resolute energy, a religious devotion. She founded the little chapel with gilded cross on the hill. At the matin-hour and at vespers she was unfailing as the gray-haired priest. There was not a poor or decrepit person within miles who did not regard her as an angel of mercy. She was the almoner of a bounty which giving never seemed to impoverish, and which imparted to the slightest boon a more than intrinsic value. Gold given from the reluctant hand is but despised dross, though it may save from starving; but a cup of water from the merciful imparts a shock of pleasure to the frame

‘More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.’

Marianne had been once beautiful; she was still stately and majestic. Her father listened to her voice as to that of a charmer. She filled up his whole house. She was instead of home, friends, country, and made the days of his exile sweet. With such a companion there is no exile. The very desert becomes an oasis, refreshed, verdant, and

blooming as the rose. She was passionately devoted to music and the arts, and the mistress of a harp, sometimes mournful. She was the admired of all the exiles. When the old Frenchmen came to her father's house to partake of his welcome and hospitality, to ramble with dog and gun in his woodlands, to talk of the old dynasty, to drink his wine of the ancient vintage, and forget their griefs, she presided at his table in such a manner as to leave nothing desired by the guests. Think not that all this is but a kind of the beautiful ideal without reality or truth. Are there not many who have beheld such excellence, and yet can testify how rare it is on earth? The path of such is as the beautiful path of the just. They scatter joy and gladness around them; relieving the dry places which were else fruitless; making the earth pleasant, and imaging in their faces the benign happiness of the better clime to which they shall be transplanted. Even so the waves of a fair river which lave the fairer shore, adding luxury to the verdure and beauty to the scene, shall one day be absorbed into the summer sky, and form a part of that heaven which they so gloriously reflect.

It was a mild day at the end of the uncertain, stormy month of March. The violets which struggle first upward from the snow in our severe clime shed a faint perfume beneath the windows, and the blue-bird heralding the new spring sang on the leafless tree. Untrue prophets! The winter was not yet past. It was usually a busy season of the year at the château, when the lady of the mansion was wont to order the gardener to clear away the old leaves, and prune the vines, and prepare for the happy summer. At present she lay ill (none suspected how ill) in her chamber. But the poor, the aged, the many pensioners of her bounty were continually coming to inquire after her health, and went away with anxious faces. Toward evening a deeper gloom rested over the house. The old man bending down with his white locks was weeping hopelessly over his daughter's couch. The menial looking out beheld a carriage before the door, and the name of VARENNES was on his lips. 'Faithful Jerome!' exclaimed the latter, springing into the hall, and almost embracing him: 'How fares the Marquis and his lovely daughter?'

But the ancient domestic, being almost choked with tears, could only articulate to his eager inquiries, and with a faltering voice, 'MARIANNE IS DEAD!'

CHAPTER NINE.

'AND what of the boy?' said I, when Mr. Waller had got through with the little French story.

'He is the old man's grand-child, whose mother died in France. He inherits her beauty, and is therefore the more loved. You observe yon white shaft in the garden. When it shall be inscribed with another name, and there are two graves in the small enclosure, Jerome will be intrusted to carry him back to France. That time cannot be far distant, for his grand-sire's head is whitened with the snows of many winters, and the companions of his exile are all dead. Then I foresee

that this pleasant place will lapse into melancholy ruin, or it will be invaded by others who will innovate on beauties which they have not planned and enjoy the fruits which they have not planted. Gee-up Codger! — the sun is getting warm.'

PERHAPS it was a month after this, perhaps less, that the Country Doctor was securely smoking a long pipe in his sanctum, involved in smoke, and thinking about nothing in particular, when he was hastily sent for. It may be remarked that disturbances of this kind were sure to come either when he was smoking a pipe or eating his dinner, or falling into a pleasant sleep. Hence it is that country doctors always have more philosophy and of a better kind than any other class of men. They rely less upon certainties, and are regulated by a rigid penance and self-denial. If they sit down for very weariness, it may be only to rise up again at the bidding of any one; they know how to dispense with a substantial meal whose provocative incense makes the deprivation most trying; and they emerge from the oriental splendor of dreams to visit the abodes of squalid poverty; and in return for this they receive the unkind rebukes of the ignorant and ungrateful. After all, where can those whose business is with the world look for their reward but in the conscious rectitude of the heart within, and in the right pulsations of that little monitor?

'But who is it that wants me now? Is it Cuff, or Bill, or Burks, or the blind ostler, or who?'

'Doctor, go to the French gentleman's; the little boy is ill.'

'Oh! — indeed; I am grieved to hear it; but not very ill, I hope?'

The old domestic's eyes filled with tears. He bowed, said nothing, turned upon his heel, and went out.

'I will follow his steps,' said I, 'immediately,' rising up, and letting my pipe fall in the hurry to be gone. Where are my hat and whip and gloves? All things are sure to be mislaid when one most wants them. Who has taken my spectacles off the shelf?'

'They're on your head, you foolish man!'

'I thank you, Madam. I am in haste. Do not expect me home to dinner.' So saying, I went out, and taking the reins from the hand of Flummery, drove away. 'I feel an unwonted interest in this boy,' said I; 'perhaps the reason is, that I was so much impressed with his beauty on first seeing him. Probably he is but slightly ailing, and I shall arrive to find him engaged in his usual sports. If the slightest accident happens to such idols, how is a whole household thrown into alarm!'

'Indulging in such reflections, I arrived at last before the door. Passing through the library, (it was well furnished with books,) I ascended into an upper chamber, where I saw the old French exile supporting in his arms and watching with a tender solicitude the same beautiful boy whom I had before seen playing on the green. What a contrast! — the veteran oak of four-score stormy winters, the blooming plant of a few peaceful summers; and which was destined first to droop and die? I looked at the boy's flushed cheeks and felt his quick fluttering pulse, as he reclined on the old man's breast. He was languidly

turning over a *porte-feuille* of water-colored paintings, exquisitely tinted, (the artist's hand was cold!) and these he at last put from him, too ill to regard them any more. A painful expression came over his countenance, as he turned his head away and would not be entertained.

'Ah! how ill he is!' said the old French gentleman; 'Jami never refused to be delighted with pictures before. The fever must abate soon. He has a fever, has he not, Doctor?'

'Yes, said I, 'it is *scarlatina*.'

Terrible disease! There are those who hear the name with as much equanimity as the mention of a deadly pestilence or plague. How many houses that used to be gladdened by the voices and merriment and carnival pleasures of children are rendered desolate by it! And when the Christmas and New Year come again, which would also bring them, a joyful company, around the sacred hearth, their places are all empty, and the broken-hearted sit there in silence and tears, while the Patron Saint once so ardently expected turns away his aerial chariot, and goes to deposit his gifts in the midst of happier homes! I know many families in town and country to whom this malignant disease has not spared one out of the group of children who were the delight of fond parents, and the hopes of their house. In its character and developement it is such as too frequently to disappoint the predictions of medical skill; ever running into new stages, at one moment giving hopes of recovery, at the next putting on malignant symptoms, and at last, when least expected, resulting in death.

'Is the child in any danger?' said the old man, relinquishing him into the arms of the attendant; 'he has not complained much until to-day.'

'He has scarlet-fever, and in its milder form there is little to apprehend.'

'Thank God for that! Watch him closely, Doctor. He is a very dear boy. He prevents my gray hairs from going down in sorrow to the grave.'

'Jerome!' exclaimed the boy, rousing up a little from his listlessness, and speaking in the French tongue; 'good Jerome, give me the musical box.'

'Ha!' said the old man, smiling for pleasure, 'better! better! The fever will soon abate; his cheeks are already less flushed.' So they wound up the box, and placed it in his hands, and it played the *Ranz des Vaches*.

'Pretty tune!' exclaimed Jerome, looking into his face; 'we will make it play again.' But a change came over him, and he put it away peevishly, and was querulous for something else.

'I think,' said I, 'he had better be put into bed.'

'Certainly. Wheel out the crib;' and in a moment the nurse brought out from the next apartment a notable piece of furniture, of dark mahogany, and of rare workmanship.

'It is an ancient relic, Doctor, an heir-loom in the family. I slept in it when a child, and some brave generals and renowned men of France have slumbered there, I assure you. Jerome, put the boy in it; he will rest better.'

I could not help scrutinizing the venerable crib, and such a singular train of associations stole upon me, connected with the fortunes of those who had once occupied it, and in reflecting how much more peaceful were their infantile slumbers than the feverish dreams of their after life, that it would be foolish to put down my thoughts; and when I awoke from the reverie, it was time to administer the medicines and come away.

I HAVE said that there was little to apprehend from the milder and more benign form of the disease. But it came in its most malignant shape; and I find in my diary, after the lapse of a few days, the short record of the child's death.

I recollect it quite well. Perhaps there were some incidents which impressed it more deeply on my mind. How cutting is it to witness the pangs and agonies of a dying child, when he looks around so supplicatingly on those who have been accustomed to gratify his slightest will, but looks in vain for succor; and when at last conscious of the approach of death he gathers up his little resources and takes a touching farewell of the world! It melts the stoutest soul to pity, and calls up tears difficult to be staunched. It is a triumph which is sublime in the brave man.

It was toward the close of a beautiful day in autumn, and the reapers were mowing down the hay on the lawn. Within, the Reaper of Death was putting in his sickle. So thought I, as I looked first out of the window and then upon the countenance of the beautiful child. It wore an expression of intense pain, but how patient, how innocent, how infantile! Who would not become a vicarious sufferer in these cases, if it were possible for such pangs to be transferred! There were many toys scattered about the room which were soon to be gathered together and locked up in some little depository. Alas! who would be left in that house to discover such a magazine in after years, and to bedew each fond memento! For such incidents *do* happen in families; and they call forth many a secret gush of old sorrow, and that hopeless pining for the dead for which we have no word, but which the Latins denominate *desiderium*. The books with pictures which used to afford so much delight, all thumbred and dog-leaved and tattered; the box of games, the Christmas presents, the sword, the gun, the trumpet, the drum, the gay plume—look at the cheeks of the mother, and say whether the tear is less sacred because it rolls in silence!

There was a toy-horse upon the bed. The child threw out his wasted arm, drew it toward him a few inches with a wistful look, and then let go the string. But he drew his grandfather down to him, throwing his arms about his neck, and seeing a tear which had filled up the wrinkle on his face, (it was the last from a once full fountain!) he wiped it away, kissed him with parched lips, and articulated with French accent, 'ADIEU!'

'It is too much!' said the old man, pressing his hands upon his heart and sinking into a chair. Then he rose up and went out of the room.

'Jerome,' murmured the child, looking wildly.

'Hasten, hasten, Jerome! — he is calling you.'

But when the faithful domestic came up, the child was speechless ; and in a few moments after he was dead.

Ah ! how beautiful is that sleep which is without dreams by night, and from which there is no waking in the morning ! I stood over him, and as the golden light streamed through the casement and lay upon his auburn locks and on his pure brow, I thought within myself, ' How dainty a potentate is Death ; and seeing that his realms are only darkness and his food the worm, what need has he to quench the light of the young, or to deck his kingdom with the beautiful ? When there are such multitudes who would willingly throw themselves into his arms, and hail him as a boon friend, why does he exact the company of those who shrink from him as the KING of TERRORS ? Why does he despise the decrepit, the aged, and the unhappy, and take with him the beautiful child, the young virgin, and the youth of promise ? To these, the air which they breathe is luxury, and they pine not yet for the peaceful rest of the tomb. These are not questions for the heart to suggest, for the lips to express, or for man to answer. But this we know, that neither animated rooms nor gay assemblies, nor the living world itself, contain so much of what was once wit and beauty, and passion and glory, as thy still, cold sanctuary, oh Grave !

Such reflections stole upon me ; and going home and sitting down in the undisturbed solitude of my chamber, I composed these few lines :

T O A D E A D C H I L D .

Oh ! brightest dream and fairest form
My vision ever knew !
Thou art melted from my sight away
As heaven absorbs the dew.

Closed are those lips that cannot speak,
And the dull eye is dead ;
The rose is banished from thy cheek,
The dimpling smile is fled.

Thy little feet no more on earth
Shall ramble midst its sweets,
But kiss the flowers of heavenly birth,
Or tread the golden streets.

Oh ! in yon high ethereal isles
By ancient patriarchs trod,
Thy brow is radiant with the smiles
And sunshine of its God.

For thee, so destitute of sin,
So passionless, my boy !
The task was light to enter in,
And claim the promised joy.

Oh ! for the spirit of a child,
A mould of purer clay,
To burst its bands with rapture wild,
And rise to endless day !

THE COURT CARD.

CHAPTER I.

On the evening of the 10th day of September 1804, it was very evident that great events were expected in the fine old manor-house of Eresby. A splendid building it had been in the days of its first proprietors, with grand corridors and lofty halls—with rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and grotesquely-carved ornaments on the oak rafters of the ceilings; but time had had its usual effect on Eresby Manor, as well as on inferior things, and it had long fallen from its high estate, and settled into a sort of nondescript building, between a farm-house and a ruin, never visited by its proprietor, and occasionally let by the tenant of the estate, who resided in a modern mansion at a great distance, to any one who was not deterred from inhabiting it by its extreme loneliness and its very dilapidated condition. It lies in a deep valley in one of the most beautiful districts of Devonshire, within a mile of the loveliest of all inland seas, the Bristol channel; and is surrounded on all sides by the most splendid scenery in England. But it was not the loveliness of the scenery that had tempted its present occupier to make it his abode; he seemed to have little appreciation of the natural advantages it possessed, except in so far as they extended his sports—for the gun and the fishing-rod seemed the principal objects of his attention; and by limiting his thoughts to these two admirable companions, he appeared to be totally independent of any other society. The inhabitants of a straggling line of houses which occupied the whole course of the valley downward to the sea, had at first wondered what could induce a gentleman of Mr. Auriol's appearance to take up his quarters at the old manor; but gradually he became a portion of their neighborhood—as much so, indeed, as the old manor itself—and they would now have been equally astonished if Mr. Auriol had ceased to occupy the house. His wife was seldom seen among the villagers; she seemed either very proud, or in very bad health: but still, as all that was known of her was her kindness to the poor when they were in distress, the coldness of her manner was forgiven, and the lady at the old house was quite as popular as her husband. They had now been settled at Eresby five or six years. They had seen nobody—for there are no families resident within several miles of the valley—except occasionally the clergyman of the parish, who, perhaps, called on them more as a professional duty than as a neighborly compliment. And therefore, the events, whatever they were, which were now about to take place, were only of importance to the very limited circle in the neighborhood of the house.

Mr. Auriol sat beside a glorious wood fire, which was roaring and flashing up the prodigious chimney of the great dining-room, and throwing a fitful light on the prominent carvings on the rafters, leaving the deep recesses of the wainscoting in darkness—a poker, that most inestimable comforter of the afflicted, companion of the lonely, refuge of the idle, was from time to time vigorously applied to the larger logs, and that healthful occupation, alternated at intervals with a rapid walk through the immense apartment, served to work off some of the nervous excitement under which he was evidently laboring. He even went so far as to open the door, and listen to the deserted corridor, but it was impossible to hear any thing but the whistling of the autumn wind among the turnings and twistings of the passage. At last, as if unable to restrain himself any longer, he rang a large hand-bell, which stood in a niche beside the door, and, as if satisfied with what he had done, returned to his employment of stirring up the fire.

The door in a short time was gently opened, and a little thick-set, round-featured man walked toward the fireplace on tiptoe.

"It's all right, sir," he said. "I thought I'd just come up and tell you so myself. Never saw any thing going on better in my life."

"He! Mr. Hookey," said Mr. Auriol; "you're very good to take so much trouble—but be careful, sir," he added; "your responsibility on this occasion is awful, and failure may be attended with most appalling consequences."

Mr. Hookey seemed struck with alarm at these pompously spoken words of Mr. Auriol.

"Responsibility—consequences, sir?—I hope you don't—upon my word, sir, I don't know!"

"Yes, sir, if you fail to exert your utmost skill—but no, it is too dreadful to contemplate the possibility of disappointment—I have always felt a conviction that a line that traced upwards through seven hundred years of fame and power, would not be allowed to fail—I knew it! And now, after seven years of marriage—of hope delayed—to have my expectations gratified! I view it as an interposition of Providence, sir, and am grateful accordingly."

"You've great reason, Mr. Auriol," replied Mr. Hookey; "'twas the luckiest thing in the world I had settled at Risby-on-the-Sea, sir—you wouldn't have found another practitioner, sir, nearer than Barstubble, sir—and you couldn't have been luckier in a lady's maid, sir. I think Miss Gribble a perfect treasure, sir."

"My wife has great confidence in her," said Mr. Auriol, in a tone which showed that he did not share his wife's opinion of the merits of her attendant. "Is she better now?" he added; "'tis a pity she's so ill at this agitating moment."

"She'll kill herself, sir," replied Mr. Hookey, "out of sheer regard to her lady. Such a creature I never saw. She'll be ill after it—I'm sure she will; but I'll order her to bed the moment the affair is over, and treat her as if she was as much an invalid as her mistress. She's a perfect treasure, she is; and if 'twas a gentleman—a rich man I mean—I don't know what I wouldn't do to Miss Gribble—I don't indeed, sir."

But Mr. Auriol was too deep in his own contemplations to pay much attention to the panegyrics of the voluble Mr. Hookey.

"Hada't you better go?" he said, in a tone that showed he was somewhat tired of his companion.

"Quite right, sir," replied that worthy gentleman, slipping out in the same noiseless manner as he had entered; "things are drawing so close I can't be spared from my post. It's a maxim with me—it ought to be with all medical men, sir—never, on any account, or at any time!"

"To waste a moment in 'words when action' is needed," interposed Mr. Auriol; "retire, sir—a chattering ignorant blockhead," he added, when his command had been obeyed, and he was reduced once more to the society of the poker; "but fortunately he has had great experience in matters of this kind, and all will go well. 'Twill be bad news for my lordly cousin at Lindores. He has been married twenty years, and has no children. How he'll envy my happiness. If it kills him, why?"—a prodigious thump on a refractory log concluded the sentence; but it was very evident how the speech would have ended, if it had found vent in words. It was indeed a great day for Mr. Auriol. Born of a younger branch of a noble Scottish house, a number of intermediate deaths had made him next heir to the title and estates of Lindores, when he was simply a lieutenant in a regiment of the line. The chief of the family, with the predisposition—which he showed in common with most people—to hate his successor, was by no means soothed by the first proceedings of Mr. Auriol. He received a legal notice from that gentleman not to proceed with some improvements on one of the estates, which some indiscreet friend had persuaded him would be hurtful to his interests. Lord Lindores vowed vengeance against the upstart relation, of whose very existence he had been ignorant till the extinction of another branch of the family, and a deadly feud existed between the cousins; for Mr. Auriol, coming suddenly into such dazzling expectations, was filled with too great an idea of his own consequence to submit to any concession. He married the portionless daughter of an English baronet, sold out from the army, and retired, as we have seen, to the cheap solitude of Eresby Manor. Mrs. Auriol had been a beauty, and had married the handsome lieutenant for love. Eresby at first, to a woman with no resources, who had been the ornament of ball-rooms, and had always felt miserable when alone, was worse than a nunnery or a prison. Love in a cottage, that she had pictured to herself in her dreams of romance, was a very different thing from matrimony in an old ruin, with three hundred a year. Discontent made her fretful—her fretfulness made her husband unhappy; and though she still retained the inclination to please him, she had got so much out of the way of it, that she had nearly lost the power. She became cold in her manner to every body—even to her husband. But as it is impossible to exist without some person to share one's confidence, add as she had long found it impossible to rely entirely on Mr. Auriol, she had made more a companion than a servant of Miss Gribble, who had officiated as her maid. Solitude gives a great advantage to a clever designing woman over a weak one; and in a short time the positions of these two women were exchanged in every thing but in name. The lady was under Miss Gribble's authority; and found it an iron yoke, which it would have been impossible to break, if she had had energy enough to wish to try it. But of that there was no danger. Weak natures delight in being guided; and to Mrs. Auriol emancipation would have been cruelty. Even the approaching event, which was to crown Mr. Auriol's felicity, had no effect in softening her manner toward him. All his pristine tenderness was re-awakened; he saw a brighter era of rank and honor opening before him—he forgot all her chillness, and for a few days he repelled him with coldness and reserve, and devoted himself more than ever to the society of her maid. Mr. Auriol took to his fishing-rod and his gun again, and ceased from any further demonstrations of his affection. Married people's love is more tried by misfortune. Domestic happiness always flourishes most in a populous neighborhood. Perhaps these thoughts were passing through Mr. Auriol's mind, for he was evidently in deep thought.

"All right, sir!" exclaimed our medical acquaintance, Mr. Hookey, rushing into the room; "finest baby as ever was seen."

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Auriol.

"A boy, sir; you're quite right, sir—a reg'lar trump, sir."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Auriol, solemnly, and covered his eyes with his hand. "Is it likely to live?"

"Live! what's to make it die, sir?—I'll insure its life for seventy years—it's an immense long-lived child, sir—shouldn't be surprised if it lived to a hundred, sir."

Mr. Auriol looked in the face of the excited practitioner, and saw very evident symptoms of his extraordinary exertions. Other people might have supposed that brandy and water had something to do with the red cheek and flaming eye; but no suspicion crossed Mr. Auriol's mind. He went to a table at the side of the fire, and filled up two glasses with wine. He gave one to Mr. Hookey, and said, "I drink the health of Sholto Archibald Auriol, the future Lord Lindores."

"Quite right, sir," said Mr. Hookey, emptying his glass: "I say amen to that—it's easier than saying the name, sir—amen."

CHAPTER II.

YEAR after year passed on, and still the old manor of Eresby was the residence of Mr. Auriol. Some slight change had taken place in its appearance; for the loud voices of children were ringing through the old halls, the tapestries that used to hang in idle tatters were mended, a few articles of modern furniture introduced, and flowers were again cultivated in the long deserted garden. Yet, in spite of these improvements, and the companionship of Sholto Archibald and his little brother Walter, who was little more than a year younger, Mr. Auriol found his situation almost as solitary as before. His wife had become more melancholy every year, and more under subjection to Miss Gribble; and if it had not been for the friendship that had sprung up between the young people and the children of Mr. Waters, the clergyman who resided at Ralston, about three miles farther down the coast, the retirement of the place would have been insupportable. A boy and girl composed the family at the parsonage—the boy the same age as Walter, and the girl a few years younger. A beautiful sight it was of a fine summer evening, to see Walter Auriol, and Henry and Emma Waters, in the old garden at Eresby Manor, their light forms and gay laughter contrasting strangely with the mouldering walls and moss-grown sundial. All the day long the three happy children seemed never to tire of running all over the choked up alleys, and down to the brook that hid itself among the thick foliage of the old orchard; the elder brother, in the meantime, was instructed to think above these childish amusements, and Miss Gribble would have thought it beneath him to associate with the children of simple vicar; accordingly, the young gentleman rarely joined them, unless to interfere with their sports—to show his superiority by making himself as disagreeable as possible. Fortunately Henry Waters discovered that the future noble was not so heroic as his rank would have required, and administered a drubbing that made him fly for protection to Miss Gribble; but he and his sister were instantly banished from the old manor by that irate virago, and the life of young Waters made miserable by the loss of his companions. Mr. Auriol would fain have interfered; but by long habit he was so reconciled to the idea of sacrificing every thing for the sake of the heir of his name and honors, that he took no steps in the business. It was therefore left to the benevolent Mr. Waters himself to soften the offended dignity of Miss Gribble by humble apologies, and by commanding his son to make his excuses to the injured tyrant; and after a while the ancient state of amity was restored. But there still lingered in the magnanimous bosom of Sholto a hatred mixed with fear—the bitterest hatred of all—toward both Henry Waters and his brother. But the two went on in their amusements, caring very little for his wrath; and at last, to the great delight of both parties, Mr. Waters called one day at the manor, and offered, if Mr. Auriol would entrust him with young Walter, to educate him along with his son. Walter was soon transferred to the parsonage, and only occasionally ran over to the manor. His reception on these occasions was not such as to endear his home to him very much. His brother was sulky and gloomy; Miss Gribble managed always to keep him from being alone with his mother; and his father was so absorbed in the contemplation of the future grandeur of his eldest son, that he paid no attention to the younger. Strange power of paternal pride! for Henry and a sister were not more unlike than the two boys. The eldest was a short, square-built, low-featured individual, with harsh manners, and the vanity that consumed him impressed upon his whole appearance; while the other was a fine, open-countenanced, bold-eyed boy, uniting in himself the peculiar beauty of both his parents. If he could have seen the glow that came to the wasted cheek of his mother, and gave a new brightness to her eye when she saw him; if he had seen the pride that filled her as she heard his praises from Mr. Waters; and had seen at the same time the timid look she directed to Miss Gribble, who had now risen to be recognized as her friend and companion, he would not have left her, as he now too often did, with his heart bursting with sorrow at the coldness of her manner. He would have felt that she loved him; and would have known that she was only prevented from making him aware of the full extent of her tenderness, by a fear of being accused by Miss Gribble of neglecting her eldest son: for there are some low creatures who heap every thing on their favorites, and regard attention to another as an injustice to themselves.

"Oh, very well, marm, I see how it is?" she said; "it's very evident to every body who you likes."

"Can you wonder at my liking Walter?" replied the lady submissively.

"Me wonder? Oh no; far be it from me to wonder at any thing of the kind? Mr. Walter is far hand-

some than the other—his brother, marm. I'm not a-going to deny that; nor to wonder at it. Oh no! I only gives you notice that every body is a remarking of it—and it looks so unnatural not to like the heir the best—it is indeed, marm. I only advises you to hide your preference a little better, marm—that's all that I ever ventures to do—Wonder, marm? Oh no!"

"Well, don't I always show my preference to Sholto? Don't I keep the other way from me? and treat him coldly—harshly—till sometimes I ask myself, can I be his mother?"

"And what do you answer when you asks yourself that ere question, marm? Do you answer in the affirmative, as the Reverend Mr. Cursandhowl at the chapel says—or do you answer in the negative? I advises you not to ask such extraordinary questions, marm, but pays a little more attention to your eldest born, that's what I advises—and moreover, and notwithstanding, as Mr. Cursandhowl says, he's worth a million of that saucy jackanapes, and I thinks he would be better behaved if he stayed more constant at the house of the man of sin, as Mr. Cursandhowl calls that wolf in sheep's clothing, Mr. Waters—and did not keep running over here once or twice a fortnight. My young lord don't like it; and when the title comes, will keep him out of his sight—that I'm sure of, marm."

"I haven't seen him—no—not for a month," faltered the mother.

"Yes; but then you see Sholto every day—you can gaze in his beautiful face, and look in his beautiful eyes, and hear his beautiful voice. If ever there was a lord's son an angel, it's him as will be young Lord Lindores. I don't think I ever sees you a-kissing him. I really advises you, marm, to kiss the dear boy. It would look so motherly, marm; it would indeed." Mrs. Auriol made no answer, but tears came to her eyes, and the amiable Miss Gribble pursued her triumph. "Oh! you're always so ready a-crying when I stands up for the eldest son; but I thinks it's my duty marm, or the dear child would be neglected altogether. He has no friends but me, marm—no, not his own father and mother, marm, and that's what it is that makes me always take his part; and here he comes, marm; I hears his foot in the passage."

Mr. Sholto Archibald Auriol here entered the room. He was now sixteen years of age, and might easily have passed for half a dozen years older.

"Come in, my dear young master," said Miss Gribble; "your mother was just a-saying she was a-lon'ing to see you—wasn't you, marm?"

"Where's father?" said the youth, without paying any attention to Miss Gribble's address. "I don't care whether she was lon'ing to see me or not—where's father, I say?"

"He has gone over to the parsonage, to bring the boys and Emma back with him," said Mrs. Auriol.

"Always the way. What are these Waterses always doing here?"

"That's the exact same thing as I was a-saying, sir, to your mother: it's a providential coincidence, as Mr. Cursandhowl says."

"Hold your tongue about such a low-born rascal," replied the youth. "A man wants to see father on business, he says, of importance!"

"Hada't you better walk over to the parsonage, and bring them home?" said Mrs. Auriol.

"Me?" replied the son; "I'll do nothing of the kind; a pretty thing to asked me to do—to go over to the parsonage, as if I was a common messenger!"

"A pretty thing indeed, marm," chimed in Miss Gribble, "as my young master says. He has more pride, marm, than to demean himself in any way of the kind. He knows his station, marm, and I have always taught him never to let any body else forget it, marm, and that's more."

"But the business is of importance," said Mrs. Auriol. "Where does the man come from?"

"What should I know?" replied Mr. Sholto. "Do you think I talk to such fellows?"

"Well, some one had better be sent for Mr. Auriol. He was to be back by twelve o'clock, and it's now nearly one. Are you sure they are not in the garden?"

"I don't know—and don't care," said the youth as he stalked out of the room. But whether from curiosity about the business of importance, whatever it was, or for the opportunity of being uncivil to his brother and the Waterses, he leaped toward the garden. At the end of the main walk he saw the party assembled; Mr. Waters was among them; and the three young people were apparently as happy as youth and fine weather could make them. Mr. Auriol was in conversation with Mr. Waters, when a sudden cessation in the joyous exclamations of the two attracted his attention. He looked down the walk and saw Sholto approaching, followed at no great distance by the stranger who had asked to see him; and had been directed toward the garden as the likeliest place to find him.

"This man wants to see you," said Sholto, placing his foot at the same time on a bunch of flowers which Emma had gathered to carry home.

"Who is it?" inquired Mr. Auriol, whose solicitude had made him too nervous to receive any one without trepidation.

"What should I know," replied the graceful youth; "can't you ask him?"

The stranger by this time approached, and lifted his hat with a profound obeisance.

"I'm sent here by the great W. S.'s of Edinbro, Multipoleindings and Hornings—ye'll maybe have heard tell o' them—they're weel kent in the Court o' Sessions—to tell ye that Lord Lindores is dead."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished auditor.

"There's nae doubt on the pint. Here's a legal certification of the demise; and our offish has taken possession till your lordship gangs down to the Castle?"

It was the first time Mr. Auriol had been addressed by his title, and he started. He had some thoughts of diving into his pocket for half-a-crown to reward the messenger, but on reflecting that Messrs Multipoleindings and Co., would probably take good care of themselves in their bill, he resolved to save the useless expense.

"This is quite unexpected. What would you advise me to do, Mr. Waters?"

"Your lordship should lose no time in entering on possession. I should recommend you going to Edinbro immediately, to put yourself in communication with your agents. There will probably be a number of forms to go through, and whenever the business part of the arrangement is completed, I shall be very happy to go down as escort to Lady Lindores."

"Nobody wants any service of the kind," interposed Sholto. "Mother can take good enough care of herself; and old Gribble can manage it all."

"You should thank Mr. Waters for his offer, Sholto."

"Why should I? His journey would be at our expense, I s'pose—and I won't have it; and that's enough."

"I'm afraid we must not contradict the master of Lindores," said his lordship, apologetically, "on this happy occasion. I think I shall start this very hour."

"I've gotten a poshaise at the yett," said the messenger; "if you like we can get in't as far as Brunstople."

"Lord Lindores and I shall go inside," said Sholto; "and, as for you, you can either walk or hang on behind, whichever you like."

"I was like to ken who ye are, young man, afore I answer the observations you've made to the society. Ye'll be the wallet, may be, or his lordship's body futman? Noo, if such is the case, I gie ye fair notice, that if ever yer ugly mouth is opened!"

"That is my son, sir," interrupted Lord Lindores, who dreaded the belligerent propensities of the Scotch messenger—"my eldest son; sir, the Master of Lindores."

"That! I wadna hae believed it; but, if such is the case, I humbly ask his pardon; and beg to assure him, if I hadna been misled by his behavior and appearance, I wadna hae treated him with such disrespect. But we shouldna lose time with clishma-clavers. The snuer your lordship gets down to the north, the better for all concerned."

"You are quite right, Mr.—ah—ah!"

"Morrison's my name—George or Geordie—it's a' the same thing in the north."

"Well, Mr. Morrison, I shall merely go and announce this important intelligence to my wife; and we shall then start immediately."

"Peremptore et sine mora; and that's baith good sense and good Latin," replied the great Mr. Morrison, as, along with the rest of the party he proceeded to the house.

In the great dark dining-room they found Lady Lindores propped up in a large old-fashioned arm-chair, and Miss Gribble, as usual, at her side.

"I've come to wish you joy, my dear," said Lord Lindores, holding out his hand; "and to present our two boys to you in their new rank—the Master of Lindores, and the Honorable Walter Auriol. My cousin is dead, and I have succeeded to the title and estate."

By a great effort the lady raised herself in her chair, and, holding out her arms, said, "Come to me—come to me."

Her eyes were fixed on Walter, but Miss Gribble interposed with her sharp shrill voice.

"Sholto, go to your mother. It was Sholto you called, marm—your eldest son—I think I was right, marm—wasn't I?"

"I don't want to go to her," said Sholto. "I hate all that sort of nonsense."

But Walter had flung himself into his mother's arms.

"Very well, marm—very nat'ral, indeed," continued Miss Gribble: "You're always a-kissing that favorite boy of yours, and neglecting my young lord—people notices it, I assure ye, marm." But the effort had been too great for the invalid's strength; and Miss Gribble's indignant eloquence fell upon unhearing ears. Lady Lindores had fainted.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT eight years after these events, a traveller arrived by coach at a village in the north of Scotland, and after depositing a carpet bag of very slender dimensions in the bar of the humble Public, proceeded up a splendid avenue, toward a noble house in the centre of a park. The deer were resting under the fine old trees, and the pedestrian himself was the only object in motion in all the landscape. It was not long, however, before another figure was seen coming in the opposite direction, looking anxiously forward as if in expectation of a meeting; and at a bend of the avenue the woman—for to the softer sex the individual evidently belonged—turned aside toward a clump of trees, to which she was soon followed by the other.

"You've come, I see," said the sharp voice of Miss Gribble—"it would have been better if you had stayed away."

"You're quite right, my dear—quite right in saying that I've come," answered the man; "but about the other part of your speech time will show."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Money—lots of it, and soon. Come, come, old gal, this here aint the way to receive an affectionate, loving, tender hus!"

"Silence!" almost shrieked the bashful Miss Gribble—"remember your engagement. What money do you want? You've had all I can scrape together already."

"Gammon that is—I say again that ere's gammon; and, to make matter's perfectly secure, I repeat it for the third and last time, that ere is gammon. Now do you understand?"

"What can I do? My lord is so close, and my lady won't stand it much longer!"

"Why, how much has the young cove at Oxford?"

"Four hundred a-year. It was to have been six, but Sholto persuaded his father to give him two of it."

"He did, did he? he's a clever 'un, that ere. Then I s'pose he gets on precious well himself. What's the ticket for him?"

"He has a thousand a year independent—and his brother's two hundred!"

"And the run of the house?—Then I'll tell you what I wants. I must have three hundred a-year, paid reg'lar, or I'll publish our certificate, and have you away to keep house for me, like a honest woman should. You've laid by a trifle, I s'pose?"

"Not a penny. That boy would beguile a bird from a tree, and never leaves me a shilling."

"What boy?"

"Sholto."

"He'd be a rare hand at the poaching, if he's such a clever 'un at getting the birds from their perch. But see that I don't play a trick with the perches you're all on here, if you don't stump up handsome, as I have told you. What's three hundred a-year? Why, nothing. Sholto could pay it all himself, and never feel the loss. But as I like that 'ere feller—I do indeed, Hannah—I'll let him off easy. Let him pay two hundred, and the young blood at Oxford, one. And any little thing extra I may want must come from you; and I know you won't grudge it, will you, old gal?"

"I tell you it's impossible; Sholto is above my management."

"Then you must screw the old lady."

"I have told you she can't bear it long. She'll die."

"You're quite right, my dear. Always so sensible,—and if she dies—what then?"

"Even as it is, he hates me; and wants to turn me out of the castle."

"He does, does he?—I like him. He's a trump. And do you think of going, Hannah? If you do, your faithful Joseph's arms are open to receive you,—and his purse empty; Hannah—I conclude you don't intend to leave the castle?"

"He may drive me."

"Oh no, he mayn't—I know better than that!" said the man, with a low laugh. "Your roots are pretty deep in the soil here; and a rare good soil it seems. I shouldn't care to be transplanted here myself. Do you think I should flourish, Hannah? But come, my dear, do you agree to what I ask?"

"I can't, I tell you. I can't raise half the money. Will you take a hundred every year? I think I could give you that."

"Do you think me a fool, Hannah? I never used to be thought so. No, no, once for all, is it a bargain—yes or no?"

"I tell you it can't be done. My lady has sold her jewels already to supply you. What have you done with the money?"

"Think of my charities, Hannah—with all my subscriptions to useful knowledges, and orphan asylums, and all the societies—you don't know nothing about the pleasures of them praise-worthy actions," said the man with a sneer—"Do you think money can last a man for ever? But don't trifle any longer. The money I must have. If you don't get it me, I must raise it myself. Can I see your mistress?"

"My lady you means—no."

"Oh, you're positive?—I'm not to see her?"

"No—you shan't see her," said Miss Gribble.

"Then I'm afraid our marriage can't be kept secret much longer," said the man; "and you'll have to change your name, my bride, my beautiful," he added, putting his arm round her waist.

"I shall deny every thing. You've no proof."

"I've proof of that, Hannah, and a few queer things besides. Bess Hallet, our charming bridesmaid, is still alive. I saw her at Eresby a month ago. Can I see your mistress, I say?"

"You'll only see a corpse if you force your way into her room. She's so weak the smallest start would kill her."

"Well, I recollect when I was in the medical profession, I had no objection to see a interesting subject. But I've given up them scientific pursuits, and limit my labors to the brute creation, and will therefore see the young lord. It would really be a pleasure to meet him; he must be a reg'lar swell. Them high-born chaps always—only they're rather inclined to look down on the plebeians, as if they were only fit to be walked on. I will see him!"

"Oh no—for any sake—for my sake!"

"Oh, goodness me!—why didn't you mention it afore?" For your sake? What a sweet gal you are, Hannah! I'm sure you'll dub up that 'ere three hundred pounds. I needs it, I assure you. I'm going into partnership in a very grand concern, and want to appear the perfect gentleman that I am in reality; related, by George, to half the noble families in the kingdom. Have we any marquises in our family, Hannah? If we have, name them, that I mayn't appear uncivil to our connexions."

"Oh, how can you talk so, knowing the situation we are in?"

"A very good situation it is, Hannah; so just let me see the young nobleman. I am sure he wouldn't hesitate to advance such a trifle to such a regular aristocratical individual as your dotting hus—"

"Yoicks! yoicks!" cried a voice at this moment, which Mrs. Gribble in an agony of apprehension recognised to be that of the Master of Lindores—"Ferret 'em out, Rover! at 'em, Neptune! I saw a bonnet in this copse, and a he fellow close beside it. Ride round, George," he continued to his attendant, who was also on horseback; "the rascal is perhaps setting snares. Yoicks! yoicks! set the dogs on the woman; tear him down, Rover!" The dogs rushed up the little footpath that led into the copse, while the manly sportsman rode round and round, cracking his whip and hallooing them on. The agitated Gribble ran for protection close to her companion, who, with a couple of blows with a stout stick he held in his hand, sent the two dogs howling out of the covert. As if his blood was up from the encounter, he pursued the retreating assailants down the walk, and at the end of it perceived his way blocked up by Sholto and his horse. He rushed forward, and seizing the rein, raised his stick. "You cowardly scoundrel," he said, "how dare you set your dogs on me?"

"Hold! hold!" cried the young lord. "George! whip him off—the man will murder me."

"I would serve you right if I did, you unnatural whelp; but as I can make more use of you if you live, you're safe. Do you know me, sir?"

"No—I never saw you—indeed, I did not. Let go my horse, he'll rear and fall with me. Do let him go!"

"There! and now look again. Did you never see me at Eresby manor?"

The young gentleman withdrew his horse a yard or two, and recovered his courage when he found himself out of reach of the stranger's cudgel.

"No, you poaching scoundrel!" he said. "I'll have you transported for this. I don't care whether I ever saw you at Eresby manor or not; but I'll teach you to come here attempting to murder a nobleman on his own estate—I will. George!" he added, to the domestic, who had staid at a little distance, in the earnest expectation and hope of seeing his master well thrashed by the stranger—"flog out the woman; let us see who the companion of this villain is."

George, upon this, put his horse over the low fence, and in a few minutes Miss Gribble walked out of the copse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the young noble—"Old Gribble, upon my 'soul!—So, so, old woman, you go a courting in rare fashion, and choose most respectable beaux, I must say. Go home this moment, and pack up, and be off: You shant sleep another night in the castle; and as for this fellow, he shall be snug enough in two hours from this time in jail—Off, off, I say."

"Don't you move, Hannah, now—don't ye," said the man; "and as for you, Short-toe, or whatever your name is—for I have forgotten it, though I was at the christening, too—my beautiful Hannah here—the charming creatur—will have a few minutes' conversation with you, and deliver a message from me—won't you, lovey?—that will maybe hinder you from breaking in on the private flirtations of two lovers like her and me?"

"Lovers—ha! ha!—get out, I tell you; and George, ride down to the village, and tell them to put this vagabond in the stocks. I'll make oath against him when he is once caught, and he'll have good luck if he escapes Botany Bay."

"Oh, Sholto, be wise—be kind—there's a sweet, winsome darling. You can't be so cruel—I know you can't."

"Can't I? I'll soon show you that;" and, unrolling his long whip, he kept his horse well in hand, and applied the lash very vigorously to the cheek of the stranger.

"You will, will you?" exclaimed the man, smarting under the stroke. "Tis the dearest blow you ever struck; and now, Hannah, lovey, I shan't trouble you to speak to the young gentleman; I'll have a little conversation in a week or two with the old lord himself."

"Oh, no, no!—spare us—spare us!" cried Gribble, holding out her hands in supplication; but the stranger, casting a scowl of mingled scorn and hatred on the sneering face of Sholto, turned suddenly down the path, and walked rapidly away.

"Don't follow him, Sholto, darling—he'll kill you! He's a dangerous man. You don't know him—you don't, indeed."

But perhaps the sturdy figure and stout staff of the stranger had as much effect in hindering Sholto's pursuit as the adjuration of Miss Gribble; and in a short time the park was left to the undisturbed possession of the deer, as it had been before the incidents of the last half hour. The entreaties of the now humble Gribble had been insufficient to mollify her young master's wrath on the way to the castle. He jumped from his horse, and hurried into the house. "Mother," he said, bursting into the room where Lady Lindores was busy writing, "you either part with Gribble or with me. One of us must leave the place this day."

The lady looked at the face of her attendant, but gathered nothing from its perturbed expression.

"What is it?" she inquired—"what has happened? You alarm me."

"I caught her in company with a thief of a fellow who tried to murder me; but I horsewhipped the rascal as he deserved. He said he knew me as Eresby, but I never saw the villain; and Gribble encouraged him in his assault."

"At Eresby? In heaven's name who was the man? Hannah, tell me—conceal nothing."

"Your son, marm, will tell you all. He won't attend to a word I tells him. It would be wiser for him to be quiet; wouldn't it, marm?"

"Who was it from Eresby that said he knew him?" pursued the lady—"Do not keep me in suspense. Who was it?"

The attendant stooped down and whispered in her ear.

"Can it be?" said Lady Lindores, as if thinking aloud. "But why am I surprised? Have I not known it would come? Hasn't the present moment haunted me for years? and a worse moment than this which is still to come. I have seen it, as plainly as now that it approaches. But let it come. I am prepared."

"Sholto," said Miss Gribble, "I thought you would be kinder to your old nurse, that has known and loved you ever since you were born. Can you bear anger against me, and part with me in hatred?"

"To be sure, I can; I only wish the dogs had torn you down as I told them. Off you march, old woman, bag and baggage; and if I catch you in the house again, down stairs you go, or out of the window."

"And your mother, sir," inquired Miss Gribble, "what will she do without my help? She's ill now, and my lord is feeble. They need my care. Would you turn me off in old age to poverty?"

"To the poor-house; but let us have no stuff like that about your poverty—I'll be bound you, and that scoundrel who tried to kill me, have feathered your nests; but I'll have your boxes searched before you go. There's no use in letting you off with all the spoons."

"And you'll never relent?"

"Never! Come, troop—or—"

"Would you lift your hand to a woman? to me?"

"Only to help you off—right about wheel—left shoulder forward—quick march!"

But Gribble raised herself to her full height, dashing aside his hand, and in her usual bitter unflinching tone, with no remains of the deprecatory manner she had assumed, said—

"So you are going to turn me off, are you? Oh, very natural—but p'raps not so easy. And you'll be living in this grand house when I'm in the poor-house? for my lord is dying, and you'll soon be a nobleman yourself; never thinking of poor old Gribble in her wretched dwelling. Let me have a minute's talk with you before I go, and show no airs to me, sir. Come with me this minute—do you hear, sir? Come!"

Whether from the force of long custom which led

him to obey, or that he was subdued by the determined energy of her manner, he followed her submissively from the room, and Lady Lindores was left alone.

"This then strengthens me in my design," she said as she resumed her pen. "I shall write for Mr. Waters to visit me here. The advice of a wise and good man will save me from madness. Oh, that I had opened my heart to him before!"

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was a pleasant sound of summer rain as it pattered upon the broad leaves of a rustic arbor in the garden of Ralston parsonage; and few people would suspect that the two full-grown individuals, so comfortably sheltered within it, were the boy and girl who so many years before had loved each other as playfellows—Walter Auriol and Emma Waters. Years that had increased their stature seemed to have also a strengthening effect on their affections; and it was evident to any one who might take the trouble to observe it, that they did not care how long the shower continued, to which they were indebted for so interesting a *tête-à-tête*; and probably they might have believed it was still pouring cats and dogs long after the sky was clear and blue again, had they not been disturbed by the voice of Mr. Waters calling Walter as loud as he was able. The lovers paced slowly up the walk; and as perhaps descriptions of beauty are generally best omitted, I shall only say that it is not much to be wondered at if the eyes of the old man brightened as he saw so beautiful a sight. "A letter," he cried, as they drew near; "an epistle, Walter, as crabbed as Greek, but yet I think I can decipher it without a lexicon."

"Is it for me?" inquired Walter.

"Or to me, papa?" said Emma.

"Perhaps both are so interested in it," replied the old man with a smile, "that you may dispute my right to it; but it is certainly addressed to me."

"But about us?—it is no ill-natured objection from the north, I hope?"

"It is certainly from the north," said Mr. Waters. "and apparently is not ill-natured. It is only an invitation for you to go and join the circle in the Commercial Room for two days at the Spotted Dog in Congleton."

"Oh, an anonymous hoax of some jealous Cantab," said Walter, apparently relieved; "some person, envious of my present happiness, wishes to have a laugh against me. I think, if that be all, we may continue our ramble in the garden."

Emma had taken his arm, and the lovers were on the point of tripping off, when Mr. Waters stopped them:

"No, Walter; although the letter is anonymous, I have a strong impression that it is no hoax; and my advice, my request to you is, that you lose no time in accepting the writer's invitation."

"At the Spotted Dog in Congleton!—and you turn me from your door on such a fool's errand? Isn't it, Emma?"

It was very evident that Miss Emma thought it one of the greatest cases of oppression recorded in history; but her father interposed—"Don't think I turn you away, my dear Walter, unless for your own good. A week will enable you to ascertain the writer's object, and you can then come back to us—never to leave us again. Your parents have most unaccountably thrown you off, and bestowed all their affection on your brother."

"Oh no!" said Walter; "it is by the authority that designing old woman Gribble has obtained over my mother, that all this apparent unkindness is produced. If she were once disposed of, my home would be a very different place."

"I much fear Sholto supports her in her tyranny over your mother; but mention is made of them both in this mysterious letter, and therefore you had better be off at once. I will walk with you to the village, and we can examine the epistle by the way."

A very few days saw Mr. Walter Auriol in Congleton. He was received by the gentlemen of the circuit with the urbanity and politeness which have at all times been characteristic of their profession; and made himself so agreeable by his wit and pleasantry, that on discovering that he was merely a volunteer upon the road, he was unanimously admitted as an honorary member of the society. He had been three days at the inn, and was anxiously on the look-out for some recognition from his anonymous letter-writer; and at the end of the third evening had nearly determined to return to Devonshire, and no longer be the dupe of what he now felt certain was a hoax, when he was summoned from the room, and hurried to a post-chaise that was drawn up ready for starting at the door.

"Quite right, sir," said a man, well wrapt up as if in expectation of a night journey, in the inside; "this is the ticket, and no mistake. Here's all your toggery—not forgetting a nightcap, and flask of rum."

"But stop a moment," said Walter; "are you the person who wrote?"

"The letter to old Waters. Jump in. I'm the boy, and no other. I'll tell you all about it as we go. I was detained a day or two settling a few things in Edinburgh; but now it's all right. Drive on, post-boy."

The man was very respectful in his manner toward his young companion, but refused to satisfy his curiosity on the subject of the journey. As if to make up, however, for his silence on that point, he was very communicative on all others. He extolled, with many just encomiums, the distinguished circuit which, it appeared, he had belonged to for several years. He was also enthusiastic in his descriptions of the wonderful efficacy of some cattle medicines, of which he himself was the inventor; and told many marvellous anecdotes of their success. And in the midst of these interesting revelations, and of various conjectures, none of which, however, were at all near the truth, Walter in due course of time arrived in Edinburgh; and, after a few hours' delay, proceeded further northward, till on the evening of the third day after leaving Congleton, he saw the towers of Lindores Castle rising proudly above their surrounding woods. "As if you'll just step up the avenue," said his companion, when they had arrived at the village, near the gate, "I will follow you in ten minutes; and take

care of that 'ere copse on the left hand; it's been a most misfortunate place to one young gentleman I know of. But I'll pay him off; won't I? that's all."

Walter walked up the avenue, and entered his father's house, into which he had not been admitted for several years, with any feeling toward it as to a home. Nay, at that moment his thoughts reverted to a small straw-roofed cottage, in a pretty little garden in Devonshire, very close to an old church; and he fancied he saw the waving of a very small white hand out of the flower-covered lattice. But fancies of the kind were soon driven out of his head. There was no one in the spacious hall. He walked forward to the great library, and, on entering it, was surprised beyond measure to see Lord Lindores, now very feeble both in body and mind, seated in his arm chair, and, standing close behind him, the venerable form of Mr. Waters.

"My lord, are you prepared to receive him? He has this moment entered the house."

"Who? Sholto?" replied the old lord, in a voice of alarm. "No—no—since it has come to this, tell the young man I decline to see him—he is so violent."

"I don't mean him, my lord—but your son, Walter; he has been too long neglected; but I can answer for him that his heart is, at this moment, glowing with affection to your lordship."

"Is it?—Can he forgive me, do you think? but he was always a noble, manly boy—I wonder we did not see it all before. Is Gribble gone?"

"Yes—for a fortnight she has left the house, but we expect her every hour. But your lordship hasn't welcomed your son. Come forward, Walter."

Walter stepped forward, noiselessly, to his father's chair. The old man looked at him for a long time, with eyes in which recognition seemed to return very slowly. At last he held out his hand, and, in a trembling voice, said, "Do you forgive me, Walter? We have used you ill. How could I be blind so long to the bold eyes and proud bearing of the Auriols? Are you sure Sholto is gone, Mr. Waters?"

"No, my lord, Sholto is not gone," said that individual himself, walking fiercely into the room, and casting looks of hatred on the trio—"and more than that, Sholto does not mean to go. I despise the trumped-up stories of a set of discarded domestics, and detected poachers;—and as to this youth, this Walter, I order—"

"What is all this?" exclaimed Walter: "I have borne your insolence, as an elder brother, too long. I have never found you any thing, from my earliest years, but a bully and an enemy; but now I warn you to desist from your mean machinations. Though you are my senior, and will be chief of the family!"

"My dear Walter," interposed Mr. Waters, "moderate your cholera. The person you address is unworthy of your notice. He is not your brother."

"No—no he is not your brother," stammered out the old lord. "Don't say a word, Sholto;—I tell you he is not your brother. The lawyer will be here immediately."

"And what do I care for lawyers?" said Sholto;—"for four-and-twenty years I have been recognised by father and mother—I defy you to prove the story that has been raised to ruin me, by a set of wretches, probably bribed to the deed by this unprincipled boy, and a greedy priest, his accomplice. Why don't you confront me with my mother?"

"It is what we intend to do immediately," said Mr. Waters; and, in a few hurried words, explained to Walter the cause of his arrival. He told him also that Lady Lindores, though dreadfully agitated, was impatient to embrace him. Walter would have hurried immediately to her room, but was prevented by the entrance of a stout middle-aged man, with a large roll of paper in his hand. "Yer servant, gentlemen; I couldna find any body to announce me, so I maun act the part of bellman to myself. I'm George Morrison, W. S., olim clerk in the house of Multiplepointings and Hornings, but now set up for many years in business on my ain account. Yer servant, Mr. Waters, I had since the pleasure of seein' you before; and yours too, Mr. Walter,—I mind you weel, an' the honny bit lassie you were so gleg on, yon time, in Eresby garden. As for this young lad, I aye thoct he was my lord's footman;—and noo, that we a' ken each other, we'll proceed with the business."

"This is a declaration made by the right honorable Louisa Lady Lindores, that, by the instigation of the devil, and the advice of a single woman of the name of Hannah Gribble, she did, in the year 1804, for the purpose of securing an heir to the title, and thereby gaining the lost affections of her husband, falsely pretend to give birth to a male child. That the said child was the son of the aforesaid Hannah Gribble; and that the said Hannah has always hitherto prevented the deponent from confessing this horrible imposture by threats and intimidation; and the said right honorable Louisa Lady Lindores further declareth, that she was, in the year thereafter, the mother of a man child called Walter; and, therefore, that the said Walter is true and lawful heir to the title and estates of Lindores."

"Then follows a great deal of particulars," continued Mr. Morrison;—"but that's the pith of the matter. Here comes a second declaration from the aforesaid Hannah Gribble; then a third declaration from the medical attendant at the time; and, fourthly, a declaration from one Bess or Elizabeth Hallet, who was employed as nurse."

"They are all forgeries," exclaimed Sholto;—"it's a base conspiracy, and I'll have you all hanged!"

"Quite right, gentlemen," said the stout old man who had accompanied Walter from Congleton. "If that feller says he'll hang ye, he'll do it if he can; but p'raps it ain't so easy to get a rope about respectable gentlemen's throats as the young rascal thinks. Do you see this whip-mark on my face, ye young dog?"

"You're the poaching scoundrel I found in one of my copses on this estate," answered Sholto; "I wish it had been leaded, and gone into your brain."

"Here's a feller!" exclaimed the stranger;—"pon my davy, if I warn't bald, the unnatural villain would make my hair stand on end. Gentlemen, you wouldn't believe in such iniquity; for my part, I think the world is coming so an end. This here sarcy jacker-neys calls his respected parents all manner of names;

and, after telling his venerable mother she was a precious sight worse than she ought to be, he ups with his whip and gives his own father a cut on the cheek, as if he had never heard tell of the fifth commandment."

"What do you mean, you poaching scoundrel?—I struck nobody but you"

"I knows you didn't; but I forgives ye, boy; we forgive a great deal to our own flesh and blood—don't we, Hannah, lovey?"

The lady, as if appearing at this adjuration, rushed forward. Lord Lindores involuntarily shuddered as he saw the sharp features of the dreaded Gribble, but sank again into the state of apathy, from which it was difficult to rouse him for more than a minute at a time.

"Oh Sholto, you never would believe I loved ye; you rejected all my caresses. Ah, you wouldn't have done so if you had know'd it was your mother—would you, darling?" She tried to put her hands round his neck, but he pushed her from him.

"Remember, I'm the Master of Lindores," he said.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, "I told ye what a unnatural feller he was. *He* the Master of Lindores! *He's my son*. I claim him, and I'll prove I'm the father of him—though that 'ere aint much to boast of—in any court in England. *He* the Master of Lindores!—he aint master of a sixpence; but still natral affection is powerful; and therefore, although he haint no right to my name, not being born, Mr. Waters, in the bonds of holy wedlock, still, as Hannah and me married shortly after, I'll allow him to belong to my family. Gentlemen, I beg to introduce you to Short-toe Hookey, Esquire."

"Hookey!" exclaimed Lord Lindores, in whose memory the sound awakened some "echoes that had been silent long." "Hookey! that's the name of the surgeon who attended Lady Lindores at the birth of my son Sholto; I called him Sholto, for it's an old name with us and the Douglasses. The thirteenth baron was a Sholto—he died at Flodden."

"Quite right, sir; you and I had a glass of wine on that happy occasion; and I humbly thank you for all your kindness to the young man ever since. Short-toe, have ye no gratitude, you rascal?"

"Gratitude!—curses on all your heads; but I defy your plots. I shall take possession of my rightful inheritance whenever the gray-haired dotard beside you dies. In the mean time, I shall order the domestics to flog you from the door; and for that benevolent purpose he hurried from the room.

"Won't you kiss your mother afore ye go?" said Mr. Hookey. "'Pon my life, Hannah, that 'ere boy does no credit to his education. If I found him a clever 'un, I'd stock him with cow-medicines, and set him up as a doctor in New South Wales; for as to myself, I think I shall retire from the profession, and live comfortably on the allowance Mr. Morrison has secured me."

"Hush, man!" said Mr. Morrison; "eat your pudding, but say nothing about the dirty dish ye get it frae. Your income shall be regularly paid; and now, I think, nothing remains to be done but to wish joy to the new-found Master of Lindores."

When it came to Mr. Water's turn to shake his hand, "Walter," he said, "you are now the beloved son of your parents. Rich in their affections, and the power of doing good, you have not a wish ungratified."

"Oh yes! I have, though," said Walter; and whispered a few words, among which decidedly the most audible was "Emma;" and as Mr. Waters shook his hand with a still warmer emphasis than before, there is every reason to conclude that the observation, whatever it was, met with his full approval.

Mr. Hookey retired from the Circuit, and it is conjectured that he in reality carried his intention of sending his son to New Holland into effect; and I am happy to say that Walter, now Lord Lindores, continues his name on our books as an honorary member, and only last Christmas sent to our annual dinner at the Hen and Chickens a haunch of venison and a large assortment of game.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

THE COUSINS.

BY MRS. MARY L. GARDINER.

Adelaide Mowbray was the only child of wealthy parents; who hailed her birth as the brightest era of their existence. Loving each other with that pure and holy affection which connects kindred souls, their every wish centered in this sweet pledge of their affections; who, ere she attained her tenth year, was left an orphan; a prevailing disease having swept her parents to the grave. Mrs. Mowbray's spirit was the first to soar away to a brighter sphere. She committed her child to God, as an unfailing friend. As she drew near the final scene, Adelaide, who but seldom left her, clung still more closely to her bosom, kissed her pale lips again and again, as the last mortal agony fixed its seal upon her icy features. Mr. Mowbray, with a heart overflowing with anguish, hung over his beloved wife, and supported her head upon his bosom; while his daughter, clasping her mother's hand, pressed it to her heart. Mrs. Mowbray gazed upon them with intense affection, returned their love by an agonizing kiss; and then, with a hope full of immortality, welcomed the messenger of death.

Mr. Cleavland, who was a brother of Mrs. Mowbray, on receiving news of her death, hastened, with Mrs. C., to their brother, whom they found very ill; and remained with him until he died, which was only two weeks after the death of his wife. Sensible he could not recover, Mr. Mowbray, tenderly embracing Adelaide, committed her to the care of her uncle and aunt; requesting them to bring her up, and educate her with their own children. Taking the weeping child in their arms, they promised faithfully to attend to his request, and be a father and mother unto her. Their hearts were touched by her grief, as in anguish of soul she clung to her beloved father; nor could they separate her from him. Knowing she must be composed, or relinquish his hand, which she grasped firmly in her own, with her face resting upon it, she would sit by his bed-side and gaze upon him until her young heart was nigh bursting, while her only movement was to frequently brush away her gushing tears.

She received a lesson in the death of her parents she never forgot. She recollected, through her whole after life, the chapters that were read, and the hymns that were repeated around their dying beds: and ere Adelaide Mowbray was twelve years of age, she was a lamb of Christ's fold.

She returned with her uncle and aunt to their abode, where they were welcomed by Edwin and Emma. Mr. and Mrs. Cleavland sighed as they saw the little orphan wipe the

tears from her eyes, as they embraced their children.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Cleavland, "these are your cousins."

Emma wound her arms affectionately around Adelaide's neck, and kissed her.

"You must love each other,"—continued Mrs. Cleavland; "Adelaide has no parents, no brother or sister; you must be very kind to her—and remember, as an orphan, she has a double claim upon your affections."

Adelaide retired to rest, but "tired nature's sweet restorer" fled from her eyes, steeped with sorrow's tears; while her cousins rested and slept in sweet tranquillity. Parents whom she loved rushed upon her mind—kind words, pleasant voices, endearing actions, soft and cherished smiles stole over her, and she wept under their soul-subduing influence. If she for a moment became lost in sleep, she heard the soft murmuring of their voices, and her arms were extended to embrace them; which effort broke the ideal charm, and she awoke to the perfect consciousness of her situation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. were untiring in their efforts to render her happy; nor was Adelaide insensible to their kindness.

Edwin Cleavland, although a youth, had the maturity of manhood. He was sixteen years of age when his cousin first met his eyes. He saw her in the very bud of her being. As the opening rose becomes more lovely by morning dews, so were the charms of Adelaide heightened by her falling tears. Her mourning dress, her white neck, her rich and flowing hair, her expressive eyes, ever moistened by sorrow, even in her gayest mood, rendered her an object of peculiar interest, as if the spirits of the departed were present to her view.

Emma soon became attached to her cousin. So much did they resemble each other, they were like "a double cherry seeming parted, but a union in partition." Mr. Cleavland procured teachers of the first respectability for the girls, who closely and faithfully applied themselves to their studies. Their's was no superficial education; every branch which they pursued was thoroughly understood. They were proficient in the English and French languages, skilled in music, fond of reading, fond of retirement, happy in themselves. Their own family circle formed their world of enjoyment. No seeds of bitterness sprung up among them; all was peace and love. They mingled but little with the gay world; independent and free from the shackles of the fashionable routine of a city life, they studied their own happiness, and the happiness of those around them; and their own fireside and shaded arbor were to them the brightest spots below the sky.

Mr. Cleavland's dwelling was situated on

the banks of a beautiful river, which wound its silvery way amid wooded hills and valleys. The grounds around were laid out with the nicest taste, exhibiting the high character of their possessor. The lawn was clothed in nature's own dress, with here and there a forest tree, rendered dear by associations, and which shared equally in admiration with the magnolias which towered in majesty above them. Flowers and shrubs sparkled in the sunbeams, while Adelaide and Emma presided over these mute emblems of their Creator. The little birds, won by their gentleness and love, warbled their sweetest notes, happy and unrestrained amid the branches.

Edwin Cleavland watched the progress of his sister and cousin's minds. He was at the University of R—, and during his vacations he devoted his leisure hours to them. The opening charms of both surprised, while they pleased; and he felt a glowing delight, as he contrasted them with many young ladies in the city of R—. They were buoyant as the air, and their forms were light as the young fawns of the mountain, when, with disheveled hair and glowing cheeks, they indulged in their favorite ramble on the river's banks—climbing the sloping hills, and reposing on the velvet sod. But in conversation, they were rational, sensible and communicative. So well read were they in the English classics, they hesitated not in giving their opinion of different authors.—They read no works so slightly as to be unable to judge of their merits or defects; praising, nor condemning, as the popular voice decided. This was what he wished, and approved. He furnished them with the light literature of the day, and saw with pleasure their judicious selections. Their favorite retreat was a Gothic structure on the banks of the river, at the termination of the lawn, beneath the spreading branches of two splendid magnolias. The room was large, there being but one, in which was a library of select books. Flowers of various descriptions ornamented this rural abode. The front of the veranda was arched with folding doors of Venitian work; which, when opened, commanded a view of the river and the surrounding scenery. It was here they loved to assemble; it was here that poetry and music hallowed every feeling of their souls, and made their lives pass on in uninterrupted happiness.

At the close of a summer's evening, when even nature herself seemed dressed in primeval loveliness, Emma requested her brother to read to them, as they reclined beneath the curling vines which wreathed the arched dome.

"Come," said she, "read now our favorite pieces."

Edwin cheerfully complied with her re-

quest, and taking from his pocket a small book, inquired what she would like.

"Read 'Marco Bozzaris,' if you have it."

"It is here, I believe," said he. "I always carry that, and a few other choice pieces with me," smiling sweetly on Adelaide as he spoke.

"Are they those Ady placed in your pocket book?" inquired Emma, archly.

"Yes," replied he, opening it. "Here is 'Bryant's Thanatopsis,' that is a favorite piece of your's, I believe, Adelaide; Halleck's 'Marco Bozzaris,' part of Campbell's 'Vale of Weeping,' 'The Musician's Last Hour,' by Park Benjamin; Longfellow's 'Voices of the Night,' 'David's Lament over Absalom,' by N. P. Willis, and Irving's 'Broken Heart.' Choice pieces, indeed; and now, while the sun is casting his last rays upon the mountain, we will form a lyceum—hem—ladies, which piece shall be the first?"

"Speak," said Emma to Adelaide, "for I see you are getting quite sentimental."

Adelaide turned her soft blue eyes upon her cousin, while a faint smile played over her inimitable countenance—"Read what you please, but let the 'Musician's Last Hour' be the concluding one."

"Then," said Emma, "while it is bright, read 'Marco Bozzaris.'"

Edwin commenced; but the look Adelaide gave Emma had reached his very soul, quickening every pulsation of his heart. Piece after piece he read, until, excited by the irresistible pathos of the poems, his eye, like the personification of Genius, kindled with unusual brightness; and never had Adelaide Mowbray known until that hour, how closely her existence was connected with his. During the first years they were together, he won her affections by his tenderness and watchful care; many a falling tear had he wiped away, and hushed many a half-suppressed sob, and bursting sigh, which wrung her young and tender heart; led her forth amid the flowers, plucked the fairest and dressed her flowing hair with wreaths his own hands had formed; fed the Canary, listened with pleasure to its reiterated notes; wooed the ring dove to their hands, and listened to its shrill coos as they caressed it. These attentions won her friendship and her affections; she sighed when he was absent; but never, never, until this hour, did she know how dearly she loved him. After reading the pieces mentioned, the spirit of which took such full possession of their hearts, that the very air seemed impregnated with the witching strains of poetry; and the breeze, as it gently moved the branches of the magnolias, chimed a dulcet note to every awakening and soul subduing measure. The spirits of the brave, the dead and the dying, overshadowed them, as

they sat, rapt and inspired beneath the melting influence of exalted minds.

"Do not read the 'Broken Heart' Edwin," said Adelaide. "I cannot bear it now."

"No," said Emma, "do not read it, I beg of you. I confess I am all poetry myself, and shall fly away, if a little more excited, upon some floating zephyr."

"Shall I read the 'Musician's Last Hour'?" said Edwin, as he gazed upon Adelaide, who sat with her head resting upon her cousin's bosom, whose arm was wound around her neck.

"Yes," said Adelaide, "for see, the sun's last rays are departing."

As Edwin gazed upon her, he felt as his sister did when she said she was all poetry: he felt as if he could gaze and gaze forever upon the two beautiful beings before him.—
"Where shall the pure and lovely meet?" said he.

"Proceed," said Adelaide.

Never was that inimitable sketch read with more feeling than in that hour. The air seemed rife with the harp's last echoes, and the fire and enthusiasm of the dying musician, as his daughter swept the chords, flashed their beating hearts with the same glowing flame.

"Let us return," said Adelaide. "O lead us home. What a scene is this! Methinks I hear the dying away of distant music, like the soul's last echo! What a gorgeous display of the sublime and beautiful! O, that setting sun, unobscured by a single shade.—Now—now he sinks—is gone!—So die the righteous—so let me die!"

"Talk not of dying, dear Adelaide," said Emma, "but really, brother, you must not let me see that pocket book again while you are home."

"What shall we name this spot?" said Edwin.

"This hallowed spot," said Adelaide.

"This fatal spot"—said Emma, as she saw the blush which mantled the cheeks of her brother and cousin.

"It has three names already," said Edwin. "When I am gone, and you here gaze upon this beauteous landscape, will you think of the one, who, with you, so richly enjoyed this banquet of the soul, this never to be forgotten hour?"

Alone in her chamber, Adelaide mused upon her feelings during the past hour. "He will leave us soon, and how lonely we shall be. O, my parents, my beloved parents, were you but here to guide and direct me.—But I will look to One, even my Father in heaven, and pray for wisdom. There was something in that setting sun that had a voice which whispered—'so die the righteous,'—when my heart responded—'so let me die.'"

She took the sacred volume, and opened to her favorite psalm. "Best of books," cried she, "while mortals' writings pain me by their exquisite power, these calm and delight me by their beautiful influence. Both I love—but oh! how different the effects which they produce."

Calm and composed by communion with her Maker, she sunk to repose; nor awaked until Emma, kissing her forehead, beautiful as a Madonna's, softly whispered, "Dear Adelaide—come, we have an invitation to spend the day with the Misses Morton; they have company from New York, and wish for our fair selves to help form a constellation, whose brilliance shall dazzle even the widower, their father."

When Adelaide appeared, there was indeed a smile upon her face, like a sunset glow, which lights up every surrounding object, while a roseate flush covered her face.

"My dear child," said her aunt, approaching her, "did you feel fatigued with your walk last evening? Have you rested well?" and leading her to a sofa, she threw her arm around her beautiful niece, and drew her closely to her affectionate bosom. Mrs. Cleavland was one of those mothers who live their lives over in their children. She was the confidant of each one, and knew the avenues to their young hearts. She had heard from Edwin of the last evening's scene; she loved her niece, and what more could a fond mother wish, than to know all around her were happy.

"My dear cousin," said Emma, "are you ready for our visit?"

Adelaide would rather have remained at home, and expressed her wish to stay.

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Cleavland, "you are not afraid to meet these city ladies, are you?"

"No, not exactly afraid, my dear aunt, but I had rather remain with you."

"Nonsense," said Emma, "I insist upon your going: there is just enough poetry remaining in you to render you enchanting: and as for myself, I shall be a looker on. But go I certainly shall, and see who these gay ladies are; perhaps there is a beau among them for me. What say you, my fair cousin?"

"I will go with you," said Adelaide.

Edwin had not spoken; he hardly knew whether he wished her to go or not. But when he saw how willingly she yielded to his sister's request, he banished self from his own heart, and hastened to accompany them.

The cousins were met at the door by Frances and Elizabeth Morton—two sweet blooming girls; the only children of the Hon. E. Morton, of R—. Their mother died when they were young; and they were the idols of

their father's heart. They received their visitors with much pleasure, and hastened to introduce them to their friends. The drawing room was filled with gentlemen and ladies, who chatted incessantly about "Fanny Ellsler," "Mr. Slick's Letters," "the Prince de Joinville," &c., until dinner was announced, paying but little attention to the cousin. At the table the conversation turned upon general subjects. Mr. Morton was a member of Congress, possessed of a highly cultivated mind, affable and agreeable in his address, attentive to all, particularly to Adelaide and her cousin. He by degrees drew them forth in conversation; the readiness and tact they manifested in their quick replies, their prompt and decided answers, their unrestrained manners, their gracefulness and ease, their beauty and intelligence, produced a spell, which, unconsciously to themselves, wound itself around every heart. While some admired, others envied; and even the orphan Adelaide—the child of tears—became the object of vituperation and scorn.

"I wonder," said Miss Mountford to a gentleman sitting near her, "who these two little *importants* are?"

The gentleman seeing her object, knowing from whence it came, replied "I do not know. I had no idea of finding such beauty and talent in so secluded a place."

"Beauty and talent! Do you think them handsome?"

"I do," he replied, "with the exception of your fair self, beyond any thing I have lately, if ever met with."

"I dislike very much to see country girls put on such airs; to me they are always disgusting."

"True merit," replied Mr. Vernon, "is often concealed. The poet spoke true when he said—

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.'

Miss Mountford bit her lip with vexation, as Mr. Vernon turned away.

Mr. Morton led the way to the music room, and all followed him. "Now ladies," said he, "for the melting strains of Orpheus.—Such as shall indeed soothe the savage breast, soften rocks, and bend the knotted oaks."

The Misses Mountford exulted in the victory they anticipated, and with apparent pleasure suffered themselves to be led to the piano. They had no idea the cousins understood music, and played with manifest consciousness of their superior powers. They were a long time selecting their pieces, but their taste was not calculated to please. Edwin looked at the girls, but he trembled not; conscious pride sustained him, for he knew their powers. When the Misses Mountford

finished, or rather stopped, with the idea of being urged to play longer, Frances Morton asked Emma to play. Mr. Vernon, the gentleman who had been conversing with Miss Mountford, led Emma to the piano, and while he hoped, he trembled for the lovely girl. Seating herself with much composure, she turned over but one leaf, when a favorite piece met her eye. How was he pleased, on her being asked to sing, to see her commence without fear; and listened with delight to her voice, which, while it enraptured, enchained his heart. She arose, covered with blushes, and Mr. Vernon led her to the sofa where her cousin was sitting. Mr. Morton, approaching Adelaide, said, "Will you permit me, Miss Mowbray, to conduct you to the piano?"

Adelaide looked up as if to say, excuse me, when she met the encouraging eye of Edwin, who, with a sweet smile, beckoned her to come. She arose with dignity, and seating herself, Edwin turned to their favorite piece, "I would not live away," and as he pressed the leaf down with his hand, he at the same time pressed her's, which was under it, as if to say, fear nothing. They both overheard the remarks made by Miss Mountford, and he was anxious she should see what "the little *important*" could do. At first her voice was weak and tremulous; but on recollecting the remark, she exerted herself; and her clear, rich voice rose and fell in impassioned strains with the instrument, which seemed to feel the electric touch of her taper fingers, as they flew over, rather than touched the keys. Not with her strength did she play, not mechanically, but her whole soul was in requisition; for both Edwin's and Mr. Vernon's voices mingled with her's; and so forcible, so touching were her strains—so imbued had she become with the spirit of the words she was singing, that she seemed to have forgotten all else, till she had finished them. Loud was the applause as she arose; but she displayed no vanity, for she felt none.

"I dare say she is some poor clergyman's daughter," said Miss Mountford to Mr. Williams, a young lawyer present, "and this is all done for effect."

"And what an effect it has produced," he replied with emphasis.

As Miss M. was whirling over some plates which lay upon the centre table, she covered her eyes with her hands as she caught Mr. Vernon looking steadily upon her. He was a young gentleman whose friendship she prized above all others, and who, she had for a long time hoped to have ranked in the list of her admirers. But he was a person of too much good sense to be duped by the artifice of an envious woman. He had heard from the Misses Morton a glowing description of

the fair cousins whom he admired. He had long been in the fashionable world, and, tired of its empty show and parade, was really "in search of a wife." One who would make his home pleasant, mingle in his feelings, manage his affairs with discretion; whose mind as well as person was adorned with every necessary grace. Emma Cleavland was one with whom he thought he could be happy.

The next day, as he was walking with Mr. Morton, he inquired of him concerning the cousins. Mr. Morton spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Cleavland; and observed, as they were near his dwelling, they would call upon them. They were received with much politeness by the family, and after spending an hour very pleasantly, returned.

"You see," said Mr. Morton, "what an excellent mother and aunt these young ladies are blest with. Mrs. Cleavland is a woman of excellent mind, good taste, and sound judgment. She manages her household affairs herself; and in addition to the young ladies' other accomplishments, they are excellent housewives."

"Many inquiries were made on their return, much to the chagrin and mortification of the Misses Mountford; who were surprised to hear of Miss Mowbray's wealth.—Frances and Elizabeth Morton were sincerely attached to the cousins, and when they saw how certainly envy would punish itself, they learned a lesson they ever afterwards remembered.

Edwin Cleavland and Charles Vernon were kindred souls: a friendship which was never broken commenced with their first interview. It had long been Edwin's determination to visit Europe. Charles Vernon concluded to go with him. The morning they left, the vows of both parties were plighted, and they parted with the pleasing anticipation of being united on their return.

It was in April when they left: Adelaide and Emma, like the fitful month, were sunshine and tears, as they dwelt upon those hours which preceded their departure. Like the roses of summer, they bloomed in their native vale, lovelier for retirement. Although the cousins loved each other from their first interview, ties of a holier nature now bound them more firmly together. Their eyes were the index of their minds; and they read each other's souls by intuition. They walked, read, and sung together. How many would have given thousands for their unrivalled skill in music; which, like the rose in the desert, often wafted its sweetness over their own happy souls when alone. From one altar arose their hearts' pure incense; for they both knew and realized the source of all their enjoyments. Both clung to the same promises, while their prayers and thanksgivings

blended together. And never were more fervent petitions offered up for a friend and brother, than arose from the lips of these fair cousins.

One evening, as they with their parents were seated around the centre-table, all looking over the numerous publications just handed in, Adelaide's attention was arrested by an article which met her eye. Hardly conscious of what she did, she touched Emma's hand, which hung over her shoulder, and pointed to the place. A mist seemed to blind her, as she motioned for her cousin to read what she could not.

"What have you found, my children," said Mr. Cleavland, seeing their agitation, his own countenance expressive of deep emotion.

Emma handed the paper to her father, who read aloud the supposed loss of the President—in which ill-fated vessel it had been the intention of the two friends to sail; or, if disappointed in this respect, in one of the regular sailing packets—the New York.

"Did Edwin surely sail in that ship?" inquired Mrs. Cleavland.

"I cannot really say," replied her husband, "do you know, girls, in which packet he sailed?"

"I think," said Emma, "it was in the 'New York.'"

"Do you know, my dear Adelaide?" tenderly inquired her uncle, seeing her extreme nervousness.

"Indeed I do not; but I think the President. Edwin thought he should go in her."

"I think so too," replied Mr. Cleavland. "But this may be only a rumor; I presume she is safe; she is a noble ship, strong, well manned, and faithfully proved."

"What is proof, my dear uncle, against winds and waves?" said Adelaide.

"God holds them in his fist, my beloved one," said her aunt, "cheer up, my child, I feel they are safe;" while the falling tear she endeavored in vain to conceal, told a different tale. But Mrs. Cleavland did feel her heart comforted by her knowledge of a supreme power; and there was something in her own soul which consoled her; a hope, which cheered her darkness, and illuminated every hour of gloom.

Time passed on; but no further tidings came. All was anxiety—all was still; the sun shone in vain, the flowers opened and died unheeded, the Canary's notes no longer delighted, and the music ceased. Closed doors, close examination and prayer, were the daily scenes of that once cheerful abode.

Mr. Cleavland went directly to New York, where he found the names of his son and Mr. Vernon entered as usual for the President; but upon further inquiry he found that they

were also entered for the "New York." It appeared that, from some unknown circumstance, they had changed their minds in respect to the President; and, owing to the hurry and bustle of the moment, it was left undetermined in which vessel they sailed.—Notwithstanding this unsatisfactory intelligence, and although darkness had shrouded their horizon, hope, like a star of beauty, gleamed faintly in the distance. Emma indeed *felt*, but, like her mother, she did not despair. She seemed impressed with the idea of their safety.

Not so Adelaide. "From my childhood's hour," said she to Emma, as she wiped away the falling tears, "have I been the victim of sorrow and disappointment! What did I ever love but was sure to fade and die? Come, let us go to the consecrated spot where Edwin told us to remember him; for oh! I feel we shall never meet again."

"Dear Adelaide," said Emma, "you had better not; your eye is sunken, your cheek is pale, you are not well."

"Perfectly well," replied Adelaide. "Pray accompany me; if not, I shall go alone."

Emma looked at her mother.

"Go, my love," said Mrs. Cleavland, "go with your cousin, but do not stay;" and kissing them both, she returned to her chamber to weep.

Neither of the cousins spoke until they reached the beautiful, the charming, the consecrated spot. Adelaide threw back her bonnet, her hair, escaping at the same time from its confinement, hung in loose curls around her beautiful neck, and her countenance beamed with mingled emotions, as she exclaimed,—
"Look, my Emma; that is the same glorious sunset as on the evening when Edwin read to us;—look, my cousin—see the gorgeous hues of the western sky; see the shadows upon the mountains—just so, when he read 'Bryant's Thanatopsis;' when we could almost see, in the varying colors, man's constant changes. Remember you not the kindling up of his eye, the swelling of his breast, as he read the concluding sentence—'Hast thou followed in the caravan, my love, my love?'"—she exclaimed, "hast thou indeed wrapped thy mantle around thee and laid down to soft and pleasant dreams?"

Emma did not interrupt her; she gazed upon her like an angel of light; she saw an unearthly lustre enkindling her countenance, and her heart drank in the spirit of her dream, and mingled in her aspirations. Stretching out her beautiful hands, as the sun sank beneath the horizon, she cried—"So die the righteous! was I not right? Edwin, in your last hour remembered you not your Adelaide? Thought you not of this hallowed spot? But we shall meet again—yes, in the spirit land,

where all is bright, and no earthly mixture comes.

'There we shall meet as heretofore,
On that unknown and silent shore.'

She stood gazing upon the scene for a moment, when she exclaimed, "Who brought the harp to thee? What were the notes which fell upon thy ear? Not thy Adelaide's or thy Emma's voices like Ella's soothed thy last hours: the wind-god swept the strings; while ocean's depths sent back its echoes; and thy blest soul in the mysterious music soared to its native heaven!"

"Adelaide, my dear Adelaide, let us return," said Emma, overcome by her emotions.

Adelaide spoke not; she was still, calm, and beautiful. Her enthusiasm had ceased, her soul had wasted its energies, scarcely a pulse moved the mysterious mechanism of her heart; when, casting a hurried glance upon all around, she gathered her veil about her neck, as Emma put on her bonnet, and, without speaking, returned home. Mr. and Mrs. Cleavland met them, and were both struck with their appearance. Emma had been weeping, and her face was flushed.—Adelaide was pale and cold as marble; and ere they reached the house, almost as senseless. Mr. Cleavland raised her in his arms, and bore his lovely burthen home. A physician was sent for; her aunt and Emma watched with her through the night; a burning fever was upon her; and for many days her life quivered upon a single point. Frances and Elizabeth Morton were continually with her, assisting in administering to her wants. Her youth and constitution prevailed over the disease; and, as consciousness returned, the first object she saw was her aunt hanging over her; who, kissing her affectionately, whispered—"be composed, my child, all is well."

All was well; for while Mrs. Cleavland and Emma hung over Adelaide's bed, listening to her wild and incoherent murmurings, which were stilled only by the repetition of some sweet promise from God's holy word, or some treasured hymn;—while Mr. Cleavland was walking the room almost in a state of distraction, the post boy, ever a welcome guest, entered with letters; giving him the pleasing intelligence of Edwin's and Mr. Vernon's safety. They were in Boston—arrived in the Caledonia, from Liverpool; and would, after spending a few days in New York, return home. Mr. Cleavland stood like one amazed; he was transfixed; he spoke not—stirred not, until a servant enquired if he would have a chair? Awakening from a reality of brightness, which he fancied still a vision, he sought Mrs. Cleavland, and communicated the cheering news.

"God be praised," she exclaimed, "O my children, my children, my children, how have I felt for you! How have I died and revived under your smiles and tears."

"How is Adelaide?" inquired Mr. Cleavland.

"No better—wild and restless; continually murmuring some melting expression. I have, as I watched her through the night, thought there was a slight change for the better, but I dare not hope. I will go to her immediately, and send Emma to you."

Mrs. Cleavland entered Adelaide's chamber as she opened her eyes from a peaceful slumber of half an hour, with Emma's cheek laid down to her's, who herself was sleeping when her mother entered; kissing Adelaide, she softly whispered "All is well: be quiet, my child—here is Emma—close your eyes again, my love, while I watch you both."

Weak and feeble, Adelaide faintly smiled, and turning her face nearer to her beloved cousin, gently fell asleep. Mrs. Cleavland's heart beat with fearful rapidity—her frame seemed panting with excess of joy. If ever mortal tasted of an unmingled cup of bliss, Mrs. Cleavland did, as she gazed upon these lovely children of her heart's deep affection; knowing those they loved best on earth, for whom their every prayer was breathed, were safe; her Edwin well—perhaps on his way home. A ray of light beamed in her countenance when the cousins awoke together, and Adelaide gave evidence of her return to consciousness. Emma, scarcely knowing whether she was asleep or awake, gazed first upon her mother and then Adelaide; the wildness of whose eye had fled, while a lustrous softness remained, as she closed her long silken lashes; and a tear trickled down her cheek. Mrs. Cleavland brought her some nourishment. She partook of it and motioned for more, saying "This is good, my dear aunt."

Frances Morton took her seat by the bedside, as Mrs. Cleavland and Emma withdrew—Emma, that she might yield to the joy of grief: Mrs. Cleavland, that she might tell her child the pleasing news of her brother's and her lover's safety.

"Weep not, my Emma," said Mrs. Cleavland, as the lovely girl, in the fulness of her soul, shed the gushing tears of gratitude.

"O let me weep, my mother; these are delicious tears; she lives!—she knows me; and I am contented."

"Emma, my child, be composed; there is greater bliss in store for you," and taking her in her arms, she unfolded the pleasing tale. Emma sobbed aloud upon her mother's bosom, and their tears mingled as they fell.

"Let us go to our beloved Adelaide," said Emma.

"Be sure you do not say one word, my child; the least excitement would injure, if not destroy her."

When Mrs. Cleavland and Emma entered, Frances Morton was conversing in a low tone with Adelaide, whose hand was clasped in her's.

"My dear aunt," said Adelaide, "have I been dreaming?"

"If you have, it is sufficient you are now awake; be still and quiet, and in a few days you may talk with us all, and set up a little."

"May I, my dear aunt," she replied, when a shade passed over her beautiful features, as a fleecy cloud passes over the face of the sun, concealing for a moment his resplendant beams. Mrs. Cleavland understood the cause, and motioning for the girls to withdraw, she sweetly soothed her lovely niece by telling her who ruled and reigned.

Two weeks had passed from the day Adelaide awoke from her fearful delirium. As she from day to day regained her strength, she saw a smile so sweet resting upon the countenances of her uncle, aunt, and Emma, she could not avoid remarking it.

"We are so glad you are better," said her aunt, reading her heart.

"O, but you are so cheerful." Her lip trembled as she spoke, and, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. It was then with the greatest caution they bade her hope. Adelaide, with intensity of soul watched every word, investigated every look—questioned them; until, with much trembling, fearing that, as she had drank so deeply of the cup of bitterness, these mercy drops would burst the frail tenure of her existence, they told her of Edwin's safety. As the flowers of summer, withered beneath the scorching rays of an arid sky, when moistened by the dews of heaven in the morning, bloom and blush with renovated beauty, so did the news of Edwin's safety heal the malady of her heart, and as the springs of life were again moved by the seraph Hope, Adelaide looked up and lived. The meeting of friends is a bliss too sacred for the pen of mortals to paint. Let the curtain close over the soul's full fountain, and imagination bring home a joy so full and overflowing. The meeting was such as is only known in those families where love is the connecting chain; where the happiness of one is the happiness of all; where the slightest sigh finds a response in every heart, and the smile of content, like the sun's bright rays, dispense joy and pleasure to all around.—Daily did the fair invalid regain her strength; and beauty, rendered more transcendantly beautiful by sorrow and joy, robed Adelaide Mowbray in her brightest hues.

Edwin and Mr. Vernon had concluded when

they left home to embark in the 'President,' but a friend of Mr. Vernon had taken passage on board the 'New York,' with his family, and being a particular acquaintance of his, and engaged in the same business, he and Edwin changed their minds and sailed in the same vessel. They wrote from Havre, after a passage of fifteen days. These letters, however, never reached those for whom they were designed; and the want of opportunity, owing to their rapid travelling, together with, perhaps, a little more neglect than should have been manifested under the circumstances, the gentlemen did not trouble themselves with writing again until they had reached Boston, on their return home. Hence the uncertainty in which the family remained for so long a time, and the serious consequences that followed. From Havre they proceeded up the Seine to Rouen, thence in a post chaise to Paris, where they tarried for some time, much delighted in viewing the vast variety of interesting and delightful objects of nature and art which met their eyes in every direction. They left Paris in a diligence for Brussels, passed through a portion of Belgium, visited Ghent, Antwerp, &c. Took boat for Rotterdam, thence to Amsterdam, where, after spending a week, they returned to Rotterdam by the Hague, and embarked for London, where they remained for some weeks, busily engaged in 'sight-seeing'—gazing upon what unnumbered eyes had beheld before; on scenes which had often been pictured forth by able and glowing pens, both in history and poetry. By mail coach they proceeded to Oxford, Stratford, and a number of other places; visited Melrose and Abbotsford, and arrived in Edinburgh, where they spent some time in making excursions to old abbeys and castles. Next to the highlands of Scotland, visiting Falkirk, Stirling and Bannockburn, and many other places of note; sailed up Loch Lomond, stopping at Ellen's Isle, then passing on to Rob Roy's cave, rambled over the hills and ascended Ben Lomond—thence in a steamboat to Dunbarton, and thence by the Clyde to Glasgow; visited the Giant's Causeway; thence to Dublin, crossed over to Liverpool, where they embarked on board the Caledonia, and left the old world for the new, with the joyful anticipations of their approaching union. Their hearts were truly pained at the recital of the sufferings their absence had caused their friends. But now all was gladness again, and Edwin and Adelaide determined upon a speedy union. Emma and Charles Vernon were to be married at the same time; and again the sun of prosperity beamed upon their dwelling.

"Emma," said Adelaide, one day, as the gentlemen were planning their bright schemes

of future happiness, "I would like to select a place—" for the ceremony—she would have said, when, blushing deeply, she hesitated.

"Speak, my Adelaide," said Edwin, "select a place for what?"

"For our union," replied the lovely girl.

"It shall be just where you please, and just as you please," replied he, "but let it be soon."

"Where," asked Mr. Vernon, "is the favored place?"

"That must remain a secret between myself and Emma," replied Adelaide.

"We will confide cheerfully in your selection," said he, taking Emma's hand, "hearts like yours' will hallow every spot, and beings like yourselves will confer peace and happiness upon any place."

It was in the leafy month of June, when the Gothic structure, beautifully decorated by nature and art, formed the sacred spot where the altar of Hymen was erected. Frances and Elizabeth Morton, ever happy in dispensing pleasure, assisted Adelaide and Emma in decorating the temple dedicated to Friendship, with festoons of laurel and woodbine, hanging a garland of the choicest flowers from either arch. And there, at the close of a day without clouds, on that spot, that hallowed, fatal spot, where the extreme of life's pulsations had vibrated, where the Muses held their revel, and wound their hidden spells around the heart; where they had feasted upon the beauties of nature and drank deep of the soul of poetry; there, upon the banks of that beautiful river, while the sun was casting his last rays athwart the landscape, they gave themselves to each other in the sight of earth and heaven.

Sag Harbour, L. I., Jan. 20th, 1842.

Original.

THE COUSINS; OR, A TALE OF PASSION.

FAST fell the rain and hoarsely moaned the wind as it swept through the streets of our giant city, chilling with its breath the lonely wayfarer. Bitter was the blast to the houseless wanderer, who in vain sought a refuge from its fury; but all unheeded was its voice to the party assembled at the mansion of Mr. Everett. Reclining on the luxurious ottoman, or whirling amid the mazes of the waltz to the merry guidance of voluptuous music, amid the reflected brilliance of a thousand lights; young hearts beat gaily, and age cast off the mantle of her years. Little thought of suffering was there I wean—and though many a manly spirit and many a gentle breast in that fair crowd would have responded to the call of sympathy for others' woe, the intoxicating scene of pleasure banished reflection: disease and want were forgotten. Amid the lovely band there congregated was one distinguished above them all. Cheerfulness sat upon her brow, mirth sparkled in her eye; her laugh was merriment, and her voice was melody. Sprung from a long line of illustrious ancestors; reared with the kind indulgences of parental love, every movement of her sylph-like form gave the evidence of native grace and cultivated polish. The soul and centre of gaiety, as she stood surrounded by her youthful friends, her high and expanded forehead—the index of thought and talent—her glossy hair, more deeply dark than the wing of night, simply parted above it, a complexion tinged by a southern sun, yet clear and transparent, with the blush of innocent excitement just mantling on her cheek, her dark eye full of light and joy, beaming with intelligence, and reflecting in its crystal depths the pure and varied feelings of the heart; with lips of rosy hue—the very lurking place of love—while her simple, though rich and costly attire, not quite concealing the gentle heaving of her bosom, and a form delicate, though not diminutive, seeming at once of fairy brightness, yet of queenly pride—well did she deserve the homage that was yielded to her. While her beauty claimed the admiration of the casual acquaintance, her sweet and lively temper, her vivacity and kindness, her feelings susceptible and ardent, together with a mind naturally powerful and assiduously cultivated, yet strictly feminine in its tone, and confined to the sphere of woman's accomplishments, convinced the more intimate that the rich casket contained a richer gem. On the evening we have introduced her to the reader, she had reached her eighteenth year—and among the many who wished the partnership of the dance might be exchanged for a more enduring one, was the chosen of her heart. But recently she had received the assurance of her attachment, and the anxiety of passion had merged in the devotion of sanctioned love.

Rarely falls to the lot of poor humanity a fuller or a purer joy than swelled the breast of Henry Ormond, as when pressing to his lips the cheek of her who was soon to become his bride, he whispered the farewell word, as morn—
g trod fast upon the heels of night. Swiftly had fled the hours to all, but especially to him, who reckoned time

but by the absence of his idol. The storm had ceased its wailing; the stars, just fading before the more powerful rays of a clearer light, still twinkled in the firmament as though reluctant to withdraw their soothing influences from a world so recently the sport of contending elements; and as the balmy breath of the gently sighing wind was heard where the tempest had been raging in its might, it seemed to harmonize with the bright hopes and unwavering faith that had succeeded the fears and agitation of his love. His life had been one of vicissitude; marked by trial and difficulty. Every trial had been met, and every difficulty been grappled by an energy that knew but to conquer. Success had rewarded him; and while prosperity was bearing him on her waves triumphantly, and wealth was just showering on him her favors, his happiness seemed about to be perfected in the joyous future. What wonder then that his step was elastic as he trod the silent street to his own abode, or that when there reclining on his lonely couch his dreams were of an earthly paradise made blessed by the presence of his bride! Yet, while he wandered thus unfettered in the realms of an imaginary world, and while in his waking moments he seemed so near the realization of his happiness, while apparently the sky was cloudless and the whole prospect clear, even then was danger threatening and destruction hovering near him.

Not alone had he felt the charms of Caroline Everett. There was another, and that other, one of passions as strong, of desires as untameable and of principles far weaker, who had seen and loved her. Charles Ormond was the cousin of Henry. Educated under different auspices—left at an early age an orphan, with wealth unbounded, he had never restrained a feeling, or denied himself a gratification. Polished in his address and prepossessing in appearance, with a person tall and finely proportioned, his society had been courted every where. His experience in fashionable circles had weakened, if not absolutely destroyed any principle by which he might have once been governed, and rendered more exacting his native selfishness. He lived but for himself. Seldom had he been defeated in his aims. Success had rendered his desires but the more imperious: to gratify them no artifice was too mean: no stratagem too contemptible—no project too sinful. Proud and arrogant he had met with Caroline, and the blaze of her beauty fired, while the simplicity of her manners charmed him. Perhaps for the first time in his career of selfish dissipation he really felt a passion he had often feigned. That he loved her was true; and perchance had he won her smiles the baser portion of his nature had been purified, and under her gentle influences he had become a better, as well as a happier man. But rejected by her whom all his arts had not blinded to his true character, disappointed in the only passion where he had been really interested, all his darker and ungoverned feelings revelled wildly in an undetermined scheme of vengeance. To destroy what he could not cherish—to blight the flower whose fragrance was not to be exhaled for him—to cast destruction around the path he was forbidden to travel—to whelm in ruin what he could not enjoy—to

throwback the tide of bitter agony, of aroused suspicion—of damning jealousy, of fruitless love on her who caused his grief. To accomplish this was his one great aim; and over his fancied success he gloated with the hellish triumph of a malignant fiend. "Thou hast crossed my path, fair cousin of mine! Thou art the barrier to my wishes; were it not for you her eye would not fall so coldly, or her pulse beat so calmly! You have wrested the prize; bitterly shall you rue the day you won it! Never man opposed me yet and prospered, and shall the deepest, deadliest injury of all be unrevenged? Dream on, poor fool! Dream of happiness and joy! Dream that her bosom rests on yours! Dream that your lives flow on as the peaceful rill; and wake, ay, wake! to the thunder and the scathing storm of blasted hope, and mourn the wreck of all thy proud anticipations! The arrow that has pierced my soul shall reach to thine; but I will revel in revenge! Revenge!" Such were the thoughts of Charles Ormond, as with scowling brow, and a cheek whence the paleness of deadly anger had driven the usual hue of health, with hasty and measured step he traversed the broad streets, heedless of all the mingled interests of the thousands by his side. Many a wondering eye followed his quickened movement, as though speculating on its course, until turning from the glaring light of the more peopled thoroughfare, he was lost in the darkness of obscurer paths. For many minutes he walked on with undiminished speed, when suddenly pausing he knocked, rudely and violently, at the door of a lonely dwelling. Though standing apart, the house was well built and costly, and as the door opened at his impetuous summons, there were evident indications that wealth had not been spared in its decoration. Through the ample hall he proceeded without word or inquiry and entered a magnificently furnished apartment. Carpets of varied dye yielded to the tread, while the richest drapery hanging from the walls and reflected in the gilded mirrors added to the splendor. At the farther end of the room, half reclining on a luxurious sofa, was a youthful female. A book just dropping from her side was scarcely held by a soft small hand, of purest white, on the fingers of which sparkled the rarest gems, while her loose and flowing robe revealed the outline of a form slightly above the middle height, of the most exquisite symmetry, with the rounded waist and gently swelling bosom almost painfully voluptuous. Her light tresses fell luxuriantly around her neck and shoulders, shading a face of more than usual beauty. Over her features there seemed to play a thousand feelings, betraying a soul restless and anxious, while on her cheek there was a fitful flush, too bright to last! and from her large blue eye there beamed a fire of unearthly lustre. Rising at his sudden entrance the blood rushed wildly to her face suffusing her marble brow with its bright color—while springing towards him, she flung herself joyously on his breast, as she murmured, "Charles, Charles, I feared you had tired of your own Louise." But, "as she marked his pale and ashy countenance, "you are ill, my love,"—and her searching glance ran rapidly over his agitated features. "Bid your servant bring me wine," he said hurriedly, as

he but half returned her warm salute, "I am ill indeed, Louise—sick at heart, but not in body." The wine was brought, and after drinking freely he cast aside his cloak, and drawing near the fire, for a while he seemed forgetful of the presence of the lovely being beside him. "Dear Charles," she softly whispered, as she clasped his hand in her's, "what moves you thus? speak, why should there be concealment from me?"

"Hush, Louise," he replied in a harsh uneven tone. "I need repose. Let not your ill-timed curiosity torment me," and again he relapsed into his sullen silence. Stern and gloomy he sat unmindful of the anxious look and injured feelings of the beautiful girl, who vainly sought to cheer him. "'Tis true, 'tis true," at last broke from her lips in very bitterness, as though her secret thought had escaped unwittingly, "he no longer loves me." Approaching to where he sat, she said:

"For many a long and weary month, dear Charles, have I marked your growing indifference; for many a day and long tedious night have I waited your coming vainly 'till hope deferred has sickened my very heart. A thousand doubts have whispered that I no longer charmed you; but you returned and I was happy. Again a month has passed, and for the first time I see you; and now how changed! how odd your manner! how careless of me! say, Charles, say at once, for better is it to know the truth, is your Louise's love indifferent, has her poor beauty lost its charm,—is she forgotten in another?"

"Are you not surrounded with luxury?" he rudely interrupted her, "is not your every want supplied; is not my purse ever open? why then ever complaining as though I were unkind? your foolish fretting vexes me."

"What then is wealth purchased at the expense of shame? was it for luxury, Charles, or gold I listened and yielded to your temptings? was it for these I left my father's house, forgot a mother's love and forfeited my own esteem? Think what my too fond affection has made me, and say, do I not at least deserve your love! Under the solemn assurance that I should claim the name and station of your wife, I fell, and is your promise never to be realized? If sinful in the eyes of others, to you I have been faithful, and if you would save me from the wretched grave redeem your promise now."

"Harrass me not with your solicitations—they have been the burden of your converse lately. Why seek to bind a love so freely given you? You no longer esteem me for myself, and would have the name of wife for the rank and station it would give you. It cannot be."

"Now mark me, Charles," as with flashing eyes and heaving bosom she rose and drawing herself to her full height, she cast on him a look of mingled anguish and affection, blended with haughty pride, "now mark me well. Scarce twenty summers have breathed upon me—and deceived, betrayed, by you under your solemn promise, I have left my father's roof—become an outcast from my family—severed all the ties that bound me to them—yielded all my youth, my beauty and my heart to you. Solaced by your love, confident in your honor, I have regretted nothing. Devoted to you I could and would have forgotten all; but even here, it

my retirement, shut out from the world, a recluse for you, even here has come the rumor of your marriage with another. I believed it not until your coldness proved it—nay! Interrupt me not! I have seen your proud and haughty temper! I have seen your determined spirit and have witnessed your deadly vengeance. I have seen you shed the brother's blood while vindicating his sister's honor, and still, still I loved you. But when you violate your own assurance, when you prove yourself the base deceiver, and with passion gratified would desert your victim; when you would cast her from you and take another to your bosom, know that a woman's vengeance is more deadly than your own; know that she tears from her heart every feeling of tenderness; that she has your own wild spirit, and will avenge herself. Never! no never shall another occupy the place that belongs to me!"

"Calm your transports: listen to the voice of reason, Louise. If other considerations compel me to marry, can I not still love you? If Miss Everett is to be my bride, may I not—"

"Miss Everett! the name I heard! and he avows it! base, deceitful! think not you shall triumph!" Her strength was overtasked, and she fell fainting to the floor. A smile of deep mysterious meaning passed over the face of the seducer as he placed her insensate form upon the couch and rang for aid. "The plan works well," he muttered to himself, as leaving her to the care of domestics he wrapped his cloak around him, and left the house.

* * * * *

Caroline Everett was seated in the parlor of her father's house, musing over the history of her past, and indulging in bright anticipations of her future life. Her thoughts ever clustering round him on whom she was soon to lean for support, in whom her young heart confided, round whom her warm affections clung, as twines the ivy round the towering oak—without a single doubt to ruffle, or one suspicion to disturb her. Absorbed in the happy paintings of her imagination, she noticed not the entrance of a female, who throwing aside her veil, stood gazing on her with a fixed and earnest look. The stranger like herself was young, and with as much of beauty, but on her features were the traces of deepest agitation. As Caroline raised her eyes a blended feeling of admiration and of dread thrilled through her frame—of admiration of the stranger's loveliness, and yet that undefined sensation of coming evil as connected with her—a sensation springing from what source we know not, and yet which all have felt.

"You know me not, fair lady. The paths of innocence and guilt meet not; and yet we once were friends. Do you remember your girlish playmate—the school companion of past and happy years—do you remember her then called your own Louise?"

A strange expression, half joyous, half painful, swept over the features of Caroline, as the reference to her younger days called up her memory, and she recognized in the being before her the sprightly girl who had been her early friend. A confused tale of guilty passion and base deceit had reached her ears; she knew that friend

had fallen, but she knew not her betrayer. Half extending her hand, the involuntary shudder that shook her frame did not escape the searching glance of her visitor.

"Let not your kindness conceal your detestation. Between us there is a barrier impassable and eternal. Vice should not seek communion with the virtuous. I need not to be reminded of what I am."

"Cease, cease your self-upbraiding. We all are weak—we all may err: let not the remembrance of the past shut out the consolations of the future. There is to all—"

"Lady! for me there is no future: the past, the dark, the dreadful past, is my eternity. I came not here to gaze on virtue, or to prate of joy: I came to save you from self-inflicted anguish—from withered hopes—from the racking torments of despair. You smile! you deem me mad! You turn to him who has vowed his love—to whom you have plighted yours: you dream of happiness. Look, lady! look on me! Once I had beauty fair as thine—at my shrine knelt as many. Once, I, too, was virtuous and good: a father's heart honored, and a mother's love adored me. With innocence and gaiety, with sparkling wit and conscious pride, no doubt distressed, no fear of ill alarmed me. The tempter came. I fell with the warmth of a too ardent passion. I heard and believed his promise. In a brief hour of ecstasy, I forgot myself—the world—all, all but him I loved. My dream was done. I woke to shame, to infamy. A father's curse followed, and a brother's death was caused by me. Spurned by the good—society abandoned—I clung to my destroyer, and had he been but faithful—had he but redeemed his promise—but no!—grown cold and careless, he sought for other charms: he found them, lady: and I wonder not, for in *thee* he found them. Start not! spurn me not away! My betrayer is your lover! Trust him not! For me, my days are numbered. Disease has fastened on my frame, and the grave will be my shelter. I have warned, and now I leave you. Here are proofs; take them! and if you believe not me, credit, at least, the very words of Ormond."

She went as noiselessly as she came, and Caroline was alone.

"Your baseness is discovered. The history of your life is known. The seducer of another must forego all claims to the hand of my daughter. Explanation is unnecessary. Conscience will tell too plainly to what I allude, and justify my decision."

Such was the tenor of a note addressed by Mr. Everett, that met the astonished Henry Ormond, as, after a few weeks absence, he returned to his residence. Utterly amazed—confounded—he distrusted the evidence of his own senses, as he read it. That it was the result of misrepresentation, was apparent, yet from what source did it originate? He knew of no enemy. He was conscious, indeed, that his rivals were many, but who among them all would stoop to the villany he was persuaded had been practiced? That it arose from caprice on the part of Caroline, he could not for a moment believe. Indeed, the very terms of his abrupt dismissal precluded such a possibility. Though alarmed

and agitated, though sleep was banished, and the morning light found him treading the floor of his apartment, he felt that there could exist no real obstacle to the consummation of his love. He doubted not but that an interview with Mr. Everett would lead to explanation; then he could prove his worth; and he taxed himself with folly in even suffering a momentary annoyance. At an early hour he called at the residence of Mr. Everett. What was his dismay on finding it closed, and learning on subsequent inquiry, that the family had departed, and that their absence would be protracted. Then, for the first time, he realized his loss—then he felt the blow dealt by an unseen hand. Without a clue to guide him in his search, in utter ignorance, he was dashed from the full enjoyment of reciprocated attachment, to the very depths of wretchedness. Stupified with the suddenness and extent of his calamity, in a wild chaos of uncertainty, of doubt and suspicion, he fed upon his grief. In the solitude of his own room, all other interests were forgotten, and it seemed as though all worlds, save that of his own despair, were blotted from existence. As time flew on, his better judgment came to his relief; his calmer reason condemned his excess of sorrow, and his manly pride whispered that he should not bow before injustice. Gradually, to outward view, his demeanor regained its accustomed tone, his mind took cognizance of other interests, and the duties of his profession again employed him. Winter had passed away, and spring found him suffering, it is true, but suffering silently, and as new honors crowned, and new triumphs greeted him, to the thoughtless crowd, he seemed an object to be envied. None who listened to his eloquence, as he advocated a client's cause, or in the more popular assemblages, he swayed them to his will, as, hanging on his every word with breathless interest, and following in his argument, they responded to his stirring appeals, none knew the secret agony of him who spoke, or deemed he sought excitement but to direct his mind from sorrow.

And was there no answering grief in the family who had left their home? Did not thought turn to him? Was sympathy destroyed, and was love banished from the heart of Caroline? A far different tale did her secret emotions tell. The various papers left with her, the evident sincerity and deep affliction of her who gave them, permitted but little doubt of Ormond's guilt. The father, jealous of his daughter's honor, hurried her away in hope, in other scenes, to wean her from her strong attachment. She offered no opposition; passively she yielded to his request. Indifferent to every object, now the chief charm of her being was destroyed, vainly did parental kindness strive to heal the wounded heart. She appreciated a father's motive; her reason sanctioned his conduct, her judgment was convinced, but her heart was unchanged. Though pride and principle would have forbidden her union then with Ormond, her love still clung around him. As the graceful vine, torn from the tree round which it twined, seeks no other resting place, but withers and dies, she felt that for her there was no other guide. The freshness of her soul was gone; and though she strove to hide her grief

within her bosom, the paleness of her cheek, and dimness of her eye, told of its fearful ravages.

Through the fields of vine-clad France, and the plains of sunny Italy, her parents led her. On their route Charles Ormond joined them. The name, the associations, all revived the pain of Caroline, but as day after day passed on, and he became the partner of her journey he whispered again his hopes; and though assured he could never be to her other than a friend, he believed it not. A year had passed, and time had soothed the fair girl's woes; her rectitude of principle strengthened her, and a chastened cheerfulness seemed to reign around her. They reached again their native land, and once more their own home welcomed them.

'Twas a bright and beautiful day in June. The sun shone warmly, the breeze gently fanned the waving foliage, the birds were singing their song of praise, and nature seemed full of joy. At the altar stood Charles Ormond, and by his side was Caroline. There sat the flush of triumph on his brow, but her's was more pallid than the hue of death. They knelt before the man of God; the book was opened, and the solemn prayer was uttered; but as the holy man inquired "who gave the bride away," there came along the aisle the full, manly tone of Mr. Everett—"Father! I give my daughter's hand, but not to *him*." The priest was hushed, and for a moment silence reigned profound.

"What means this interruption?" exclaimed the groom, when dismay allowed him utterance.

"It means," said Mr. Everett, as he came still nearer, followed by Henry Ormond, and the frail, though beautiful victim of Charles' guilt, "it means, that your disgrace is known, your machinations are revealed, your dark and damning scheming brought to light, your cruel perfidy exposed. It means, that she, whom you robbed of virtue, and then deserted, found, when too late to prevent the last years' misery, that you had deceived her to promote your own revenge; that it was another Ormond who claimed my daughter's hand; within this very hour she has revealed it all, to save from further woe the heart that has already bled so freely. Begone! if you would not feel a father's vengeance."

Had a voice spoken from the tomb, not more ghastly would have been the face of Charles. For a moment, he stood as though a blighting palsy shook him. Quickly came the blacker passion to his aid. "Ah," he shouted with a fiendish yell, "and art thou here, my cousin? thou hast crossed me once again; thou shalt not now escape me!" A shining blade glittered in the sunlight, as he leaped with tiger spring to where his cousin stood. Ere an eye could trace its course, it descended, but it had found another victim. Louise had watched his movement, and throwing herself forward, the keen blade was buried in her bosom. A faint smile beamed upon her face, beautiful in death, as though she welcomed freedom from the hand of him who caused her fall; a single sigh scarce heard, and her spirit fled to the God who gave it. She died, but not alone. With that last fatal blow, passed the

strength of him who struck it. Nature had yielded to his violence; the blood flowed from his mouth in torrents, and with a strong convulsive struggle he fell dead.

A few months rolled on. The dread scene had lost its frightful reality. Once more the mansion of Mr. Everett re-echoed the sound of music and the laugh of gaiety, while the father's pulse beat quickly and proudly as he looked upon his lovely daughter, the bride of her young heart's love- Henry Ormond.

W.

THE COUSINS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WHAT do you think of Charlotte Estaigne?" said Fletcher Cowell to his friend Henry Desmond, and removing his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl up in a white silvery line, along his face.

"She is dazzlingly beautiful—a perfect Juno!" enthusiastically responded Desmond.

"Do you admire her more than you admire her cousin, Helen Steevens?" said Fletcher, and he replaced his cigar, and pushed the flask.

"To be sure. Helen is pretty, sweet, amiable and all that; but she has nothing of that magnificent beauty which characterizes Miss Estaigne. The one might pass for a queen, the other would only do for her humble companion. One's fancy pictures the one on a throne, while the other sits at her feet, looking up into her face."

"But, after all, the humble companion, though not so showy, may have more real merit than your dazzling queen."

"Never. Give me a dashing, brilliant creature—a little aristocratic, haughty if you will—and I would not exchange her for all the amiable young ladies you can rake together from now till Christmas. No—no, Charlotte Estaigne is as far above her cousin, as the star is above the fire-fly. What a superb walk she has! And then her air,—why, my dear fellow, Helen Steevens, should she live till doomsday, will never excite a buzz like that which follows her cousin every time she enters a room. I wonder how you can compare the two!"

"I do not compare them: their characters are too opposite. But that Helen would make, for either you or me, the better wife, I have no more doubt than that I am now knocking the ashes from this cigar. Granting all you have said in Charlotte's favor, she has one fault that will always make her and those around her unhappy—she has a bad temper."

"Pshaw! she has been giving you a bitter retort, and you have not yet forgiven her. A bad temper!—if wit makes a woman ill-tempered, or if a proper spirit is to be called anger, then indeed is Miss Estaigne passionate. Believe me she has a temper far better than her cousin, who indeed seems never to think for herself, but to submit to imposition with an inertness that often makes me question her intellect."

"So much for a superficial study of these fair cousins. Catharine, I grant, is showy, but she is also shallow; her wit is the ripple on the surface and not the deep tide below. But Helen is the very opposite. Her modesty, at first, conceals from you her real merit, but once gain the footing of a friend with her, and you will soon be convinced of the superiority of her intellect. True, she always yields to her cousin, but that is because Charlotte

is selfish and high tempered, which Helen is not. Nor can Miss Estaigne ever love as her cousin could love. The one is too much occupied with herself to bestow a very large share of her heart on a lover; but the affection of the other, when once she yields to the passion, will endure till death. I would marry Helen to-morrow if I thought I could win her."

"And more fool for it! Give me her queenly cousin. As for your prognostics of her ill-temper I mind them not; and even should your prophecies turn out true, I could soon correct this evil in *my* wife."

"I fear you would find it more difficult than you suppose. Of all habits that of indulging in bursts of passion, is the most difficult to overcome; and it can only be broken by a long and rigid course of self-denial. Charlotte is not capable of such a struggle, and though love is a powerful ally, it cannot always win the victory. Besides love to Miss Estaigne would always be a secondary matter."

"You are incorrigible," said Desmond, drowning his chagrin in a glass of champagne, "and I am half minded to challenge you for abusing Miss Estaigne; but I believe I shall pass it by, only retaliating by saying—what I really think—that Helen Steevens is as pliable as willow, and as simple as a child. But come, if we talk this way of the cousins, we shall get at dagger's points. Let us have charity for each other's opinions, for I begin to suspect we are both in love. Suppose we adjourn our discussion, and each drink his charmer's health."

"With all my heart," said Fletcher, "and I will add to the toast, 'may you never be deceived in Charlotte.'"

"Hush!" said Desmond, lifting his finger, "not another word. Let us stick to our compact, and each, as the Scotch say, dree his own doom."

Fletcher had, however, formed the more accurate estimate of the characters of the two cousins; and indeed his love for Helen was based on his superior appreciation of her merit. Like most others, he had at first been dazzled by the wit and beauty of Charlotte, but a more intimate acquaintance had dissolved the charm, by convincing him that her sparkling satire was in reality the offspring of an ill-tempered heart. Of the wit of the imagination she had but little.

She was selfish, exacting, vain, jealous, and superficial. Fletcher soon turned from her in disgust, the more readily because the sweetness and intelligence of Helen had won on him more and more at each succeeding interview. He found that Miss Steevens, though less showy, was more solid than her cousin, that her beauty, though not so dazzling, better endured scrutiny, and that her affability of temper was the result, not of an imbecile, but of a well regulated mind. Where Miss Estaigne was only accomplished, Helen was well

informed. Where the one was generous from impulse the other was benevolent from duty. While the elder cousin sought on all occasions only her own gratification, the younger one labored as much for the pleasure of others as for that of herself. The love of Fletcher, therefore, for this sweet girl was the offspring of a firm conviction of her worth. It was a passion which, he felt, could end only with his life.

The love of Desmond for Charlotte was a different thing, a mere romantic fancy, nursed by the imagination, and which would have been at variance with the judgment if that faculty had not been lulled to sleep. Struck by the fascinations of Miss Estaigne he had shut his eyes to her imperfections. Like too many lovers, of both sexes, he had created an ideal being, no more like the reality than a landscape mellowed by twilight is like the same scene beneath the noonday sun. He heard the strictures of Fletcher, therefore, with real astonishment, and magnified into virtues—as we have seen—what his friend called errors. His opinion of Helen was formed without any intimate acquaintance with her. It was an error such as is often committed by superficial thinkers.

Time passed. The attentions of Desmond to Miss Estaigne soon became decided, and at length their marriage was spoken of as an occurrence which would speedily take place. Nor was the public voice more reserved in assigning Helen Steevens to Mr. Cowell. For once, too, the rumors were correct. The two young men were married within the same month.

A bare six months had elapsed since his marriage ere Desmond's whole character appeared to be changed. His brow wore an anxious and care-worn expression, which the extravagant mirth that he affected at times failed to remove. It was evident that all was not right within, that happiness was a stranger to him, and that he strove but vainly to conceal his feelings. It speedily came to be rumored that he rarely spent an evening at home, but was ever to be found with gay and dissolute companions. As month after month rolled by, his disinclination to the domestic hearth became more and more apparent, until finally his desertion of his wife became the theme of general remark. As usual some blamed the lady and some the gentleman. A few spoke of peevishness, self-love, and constant recriminations, which were said to have made Desmond an exile from his home; but the greater number denounced him as the most brutal of men for his desertion of an unoffending wife.

It was about a year after his unhappy marriage that Desmond dropped in one evening to see his friend Fletcher. The tidy room, the air of comfort around, and the happy smiles of the wife caused an involuntary sigh from the haggard and now morose Desmond. His visit was of short duration. After he retired a mutual

silence prevailed with the young and happy couple. At length the wife spoke,

"Poor Desmond!" she said, "how bad he looks! Charlotte, I fear, has never acted toward him as she should: indeed I often see things there which make my heart ache. Alas! for my deluded cousin."

"Do you know, Helen," said her husband, fondly drawing her toward him, "that I foresaw all this, and used every honorable effort to open Desmond's eyes to Charlotte's true character? I told him that she was selfish, vain, but above all high tempered. He could not see her character in the same light in which I saw it: we came near having high words; but wisely concluded to avoid a subject on which we could not agree. His looks, when he visits us, convince me that he remembers our conversation."

"And yet," said the young wife, after a pause, "he might be happy if it was not for Charlotte's temper, for her vanity and selfishness, and indeed all her other errors might, by the aid of love, be corrected. But oh! the scenes I have witnessed there. It would break my heart, dear Fletcher, to have you look at me as she sometimes looks at her husband! And she is daily becoming worse. Her husband's visible unhappiness stings her heart, and awakes all her evil passions. A single spark blows all into a flame. Alas! for the life they must mutually lead."

"It is indeed dreadful to contemplate," said the husband, "I always feared a high temper, and believe half of the unhappy marriages, of which we hear so many complain, can be traced to it. But let us, dear Helen, change this gloomy conversation. You shall sew and I will read to you."

A year from that time, Desmond, who, meantime had become thoroughly dissipated, was found drowned. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. Let us hope it was so, and not attribute it to despair, brought on by his wife's temper.